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SPORTS

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COMICS



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ORDER NOW FOR HALLOWE'EN

THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN

A
REAL
STORY

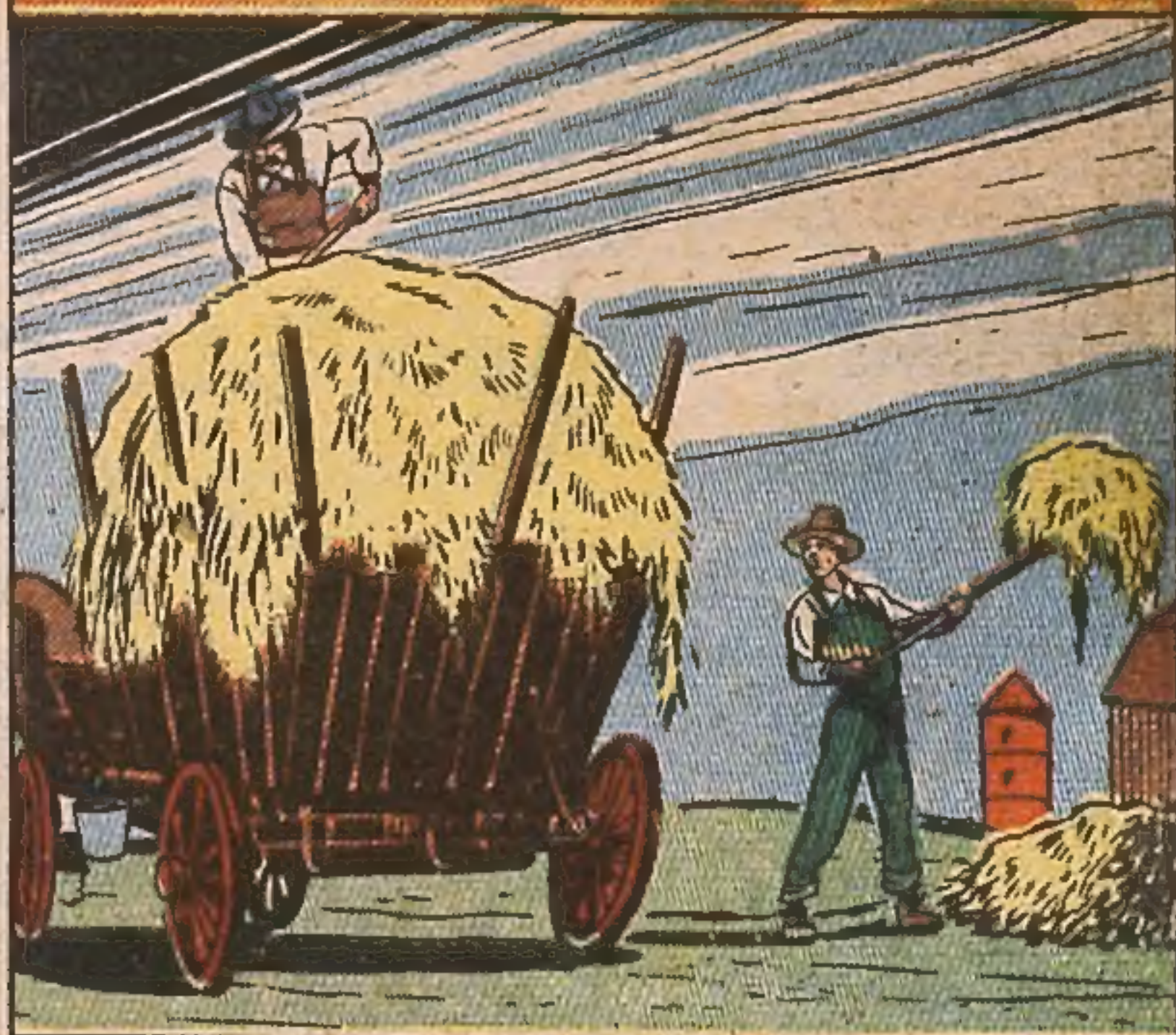


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MEBBE YOU YOUNG 'UNS NEVER HEARD OF **STANLEY KETCHEL**, BUT ME, I'M AN OL' TIMER 'N' I REMEMBER 'IM.... 'N' SO DO LOTS OF OTHER FOLKS.... 'CAUSE IN TH' **TWENTY-FOUR YEARS** HE LIVED HE BECAME A **LEGEND OF FIGHTIN' FEROCITY**.... ONE OF THE **ALL-TIME CHAMPS**.... C'MON, SET A SPELL... LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT 'IM....



'KETCH' WAS BORN **STANLEY KIECAL** OF POLISH FARMER STOCK 'N' FER A TIME WORKED ON HIS DADDY'S MICHIGAN FARM NEAR CEDAR RAPIDS..



BUT FARMIN' WASN'T FER YOUNG STANLEY 'N' NEITHER WAS SCHOOLIN' SO 'ROUND ABOUT TH' FIFTH GRADE HE QUIT 'EM BOTH 'N' WENT TO WORK IN A CEDAR RAPIDS FURNITURE FACTORY AT FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK...



BUT THAT DIDNT SET TOO WELL EITHER 'N' WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN THE WANDER BUG BIT 'IM AND HE

STARTED TO WORK HIS WAY 'ROSS THE COUNTRY TO TH' WEST COAST HOLDIN' IN TURN SUCH JOBS AS


FIELD HAND, QUARTZ MINER 'N' CHECKER OF LIVESTOCK... BY THIS TIME HE'D REACHED BUTTE, MONTANA....



THERE, HE GOT 'IMSELF A JOB AS A BELLHOP BUT THINGS WERE SLOW 'N' TIPS WERE PRETTY SCARCE....

ANOTHER BUM NIGHT.... I HAVEN'T MADE A **BUCK** ALL WEEK!!

LISTEN, KID..IF YA NEED **DOUGH** WHY DON'T YOU DO A LITTLE **BOX FIGHTIN'** LIKE I DO? I COULD GETCHA A MATCH AT **CROUSE'S SALOON** 'N' YA COULD PICK UP A FEW **BUCKS**....



I KNOW HE'S KINDA **SMALL**, MR CROUSE BUT I SEEN 'IM FIGHT 'N' HE'S OKAY!

JUST GET ME A **PAIR** OF **GLOVES** 'N' I'LL SHOW YOU!

GLOVES? HUH! YOU FIGHT BARE KNUCKLES HERE!



HEY **MC GINTY**! DID JA SEE WHAT **CROUSE** MATCHED ME UP WIT'?

A **PUNK KID** NOT OLD ENOUGH TO **SHAVE**!!

HA! HAH! HA!

DON'T **KILL** 'IM, **PETE**!



DON'T WORRY, **BABY PANTS**.... I'LL END IT NICE 'N' QUICK!.... YA WONT FEEL **NUTHIN'**!

BONG!!




WHAM!



REMARKABLE! PETE MUST OUTWEIGH THAT KID BY A **HUNDRED POUNDS** AND HE PUT HIM AWAY WITH **ONE PUNCH**!... GET HIM OVER HERE!... I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!

YES SIR!

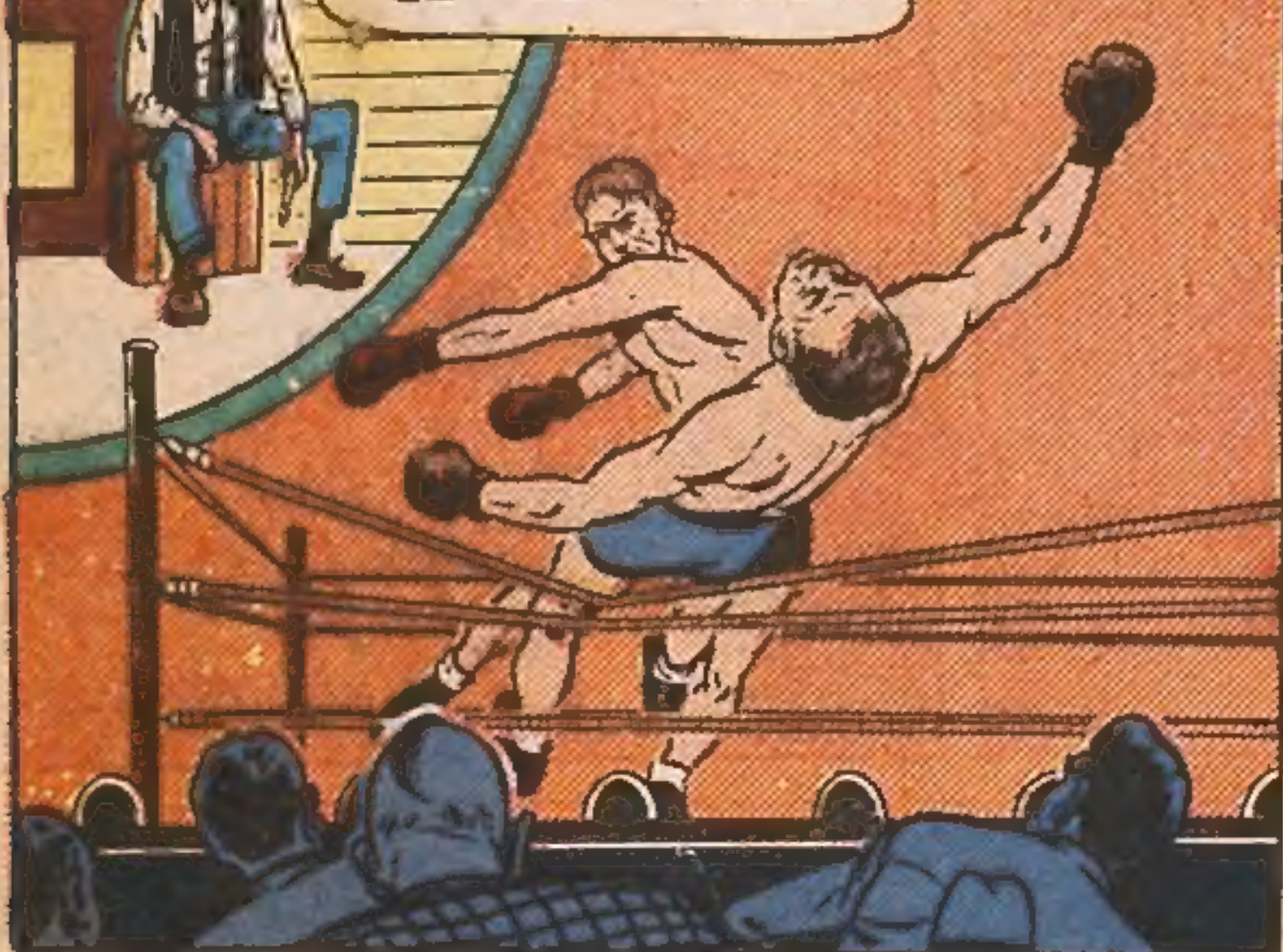


I OWN THE **BUTTE CASINO**, KID AND I'LL PAY YOU **TWENTY DOLLARS** A NIGHT TO MEET **ALL COMERS**... INTERESTED?

TWENTY....?!... MISTER, YOU GOT YOURSELF A **FIGHTER**!



WAL, KETCH DID MEET ALL COMERS 'N' ACCORDIN' TO HIS OWN FIGURES FOUGHT **OVER TWO HUNDRED FIGHTS!!** AS HE PUT IT HE HIT SOME OF 'EM SO HARD THEY SAILED RIGHT OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.... YA' SEE, THE RING WAS SET UP ON TH' **STAGE** OF TH' CASINO THAT DOUBLED AS TH' LOCAL THEATRE BETWEEN FIGHTS....



THAT'S THAT!! WHATEVE YOU GOT THERE?..

A **HANDBILL** ADVERTISING A **KID TRACEY**, WORLD'S **UNOFFICIAL CHAMPION!!** WANT TO TAKE HIM ON?... IT'D MAKE A **GREAT GATE!!**

SURE... I'LL FIGHT ANYBODY!!



UNOFFICIAL CHAMPION...HUH! I'LL BET HE'S A BIG **PHONEY!**

I'VE SEEN HIM FIGHT IN SOME OF THE TOWNS I'VE PLAYED, STAN, AND YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT... HE **WINS HIS FIGHTS** AND LET ME TELL YOU **WHY...**



KETCH HAD BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR TWO YEARS BY NOW 'N' WEIGHED HIS **FULL 160 POUNDS..** A FIERCE, AGGRESSIVE FIGHTER, HE WAS A GREAT CROWD FAVORITE 'N' WHEN TH' MATCH WITH **KID TRACEY** WAS MADE, TH' CASINO WAS SOLD OUT A WEEK IN ADVANCE.....

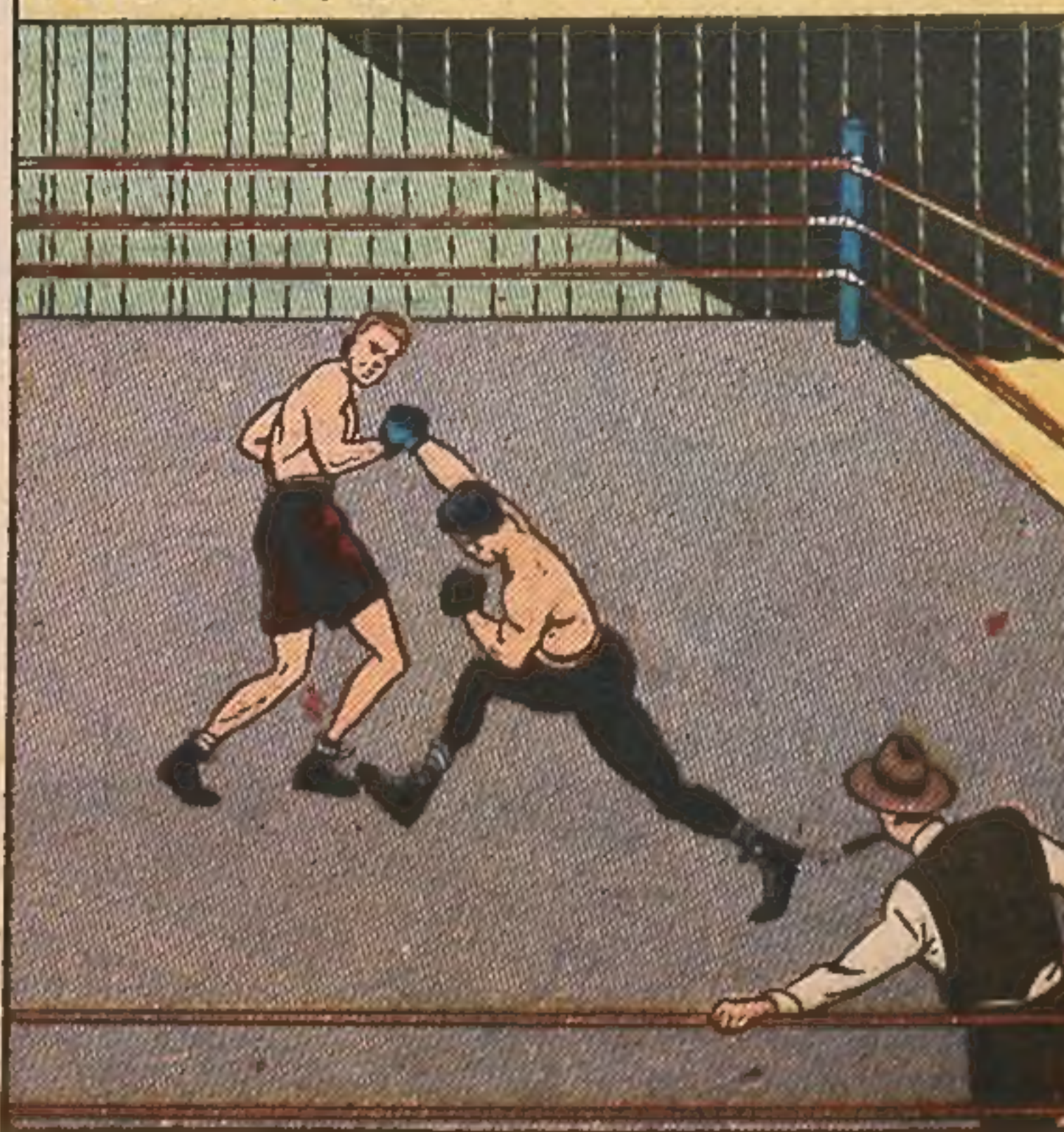


THAT KID LOOKS **TOUGH!** WE'D BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND....

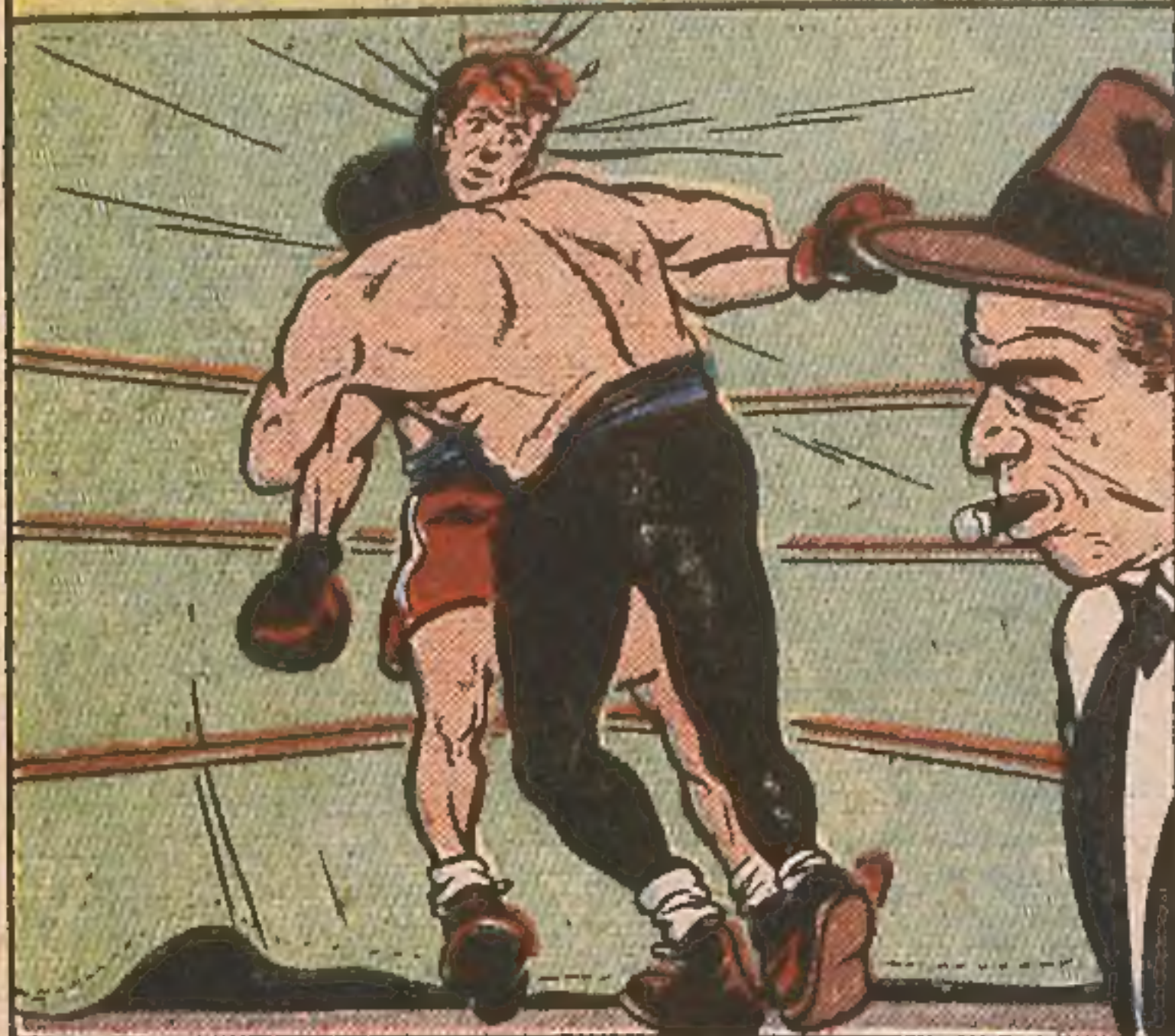
YEH!... JUST GET HIM BACKED UP AGAINST THE BACKDROP 'N' ME 'N' MY LITTLE SANDBAG WILL DO THE REST!



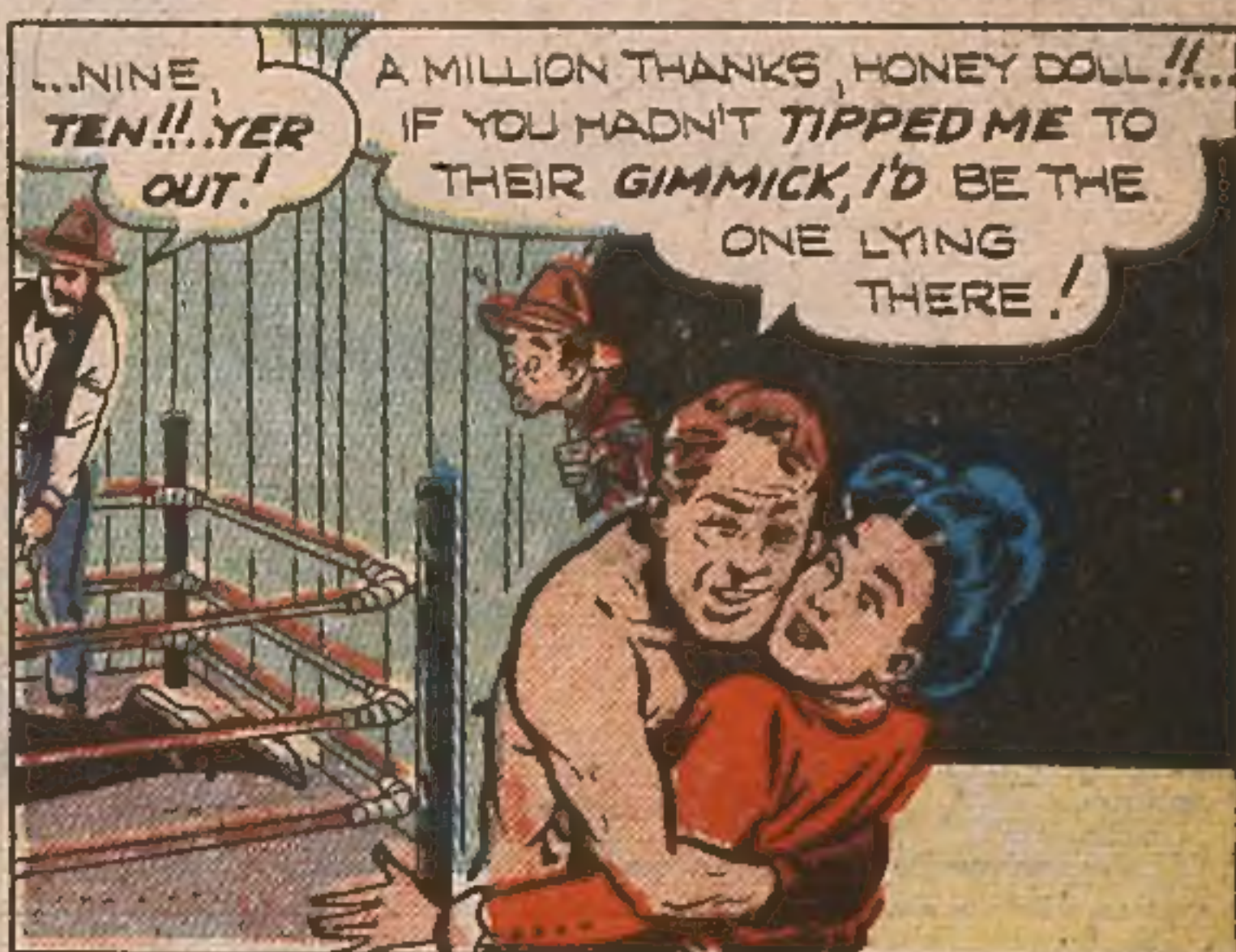
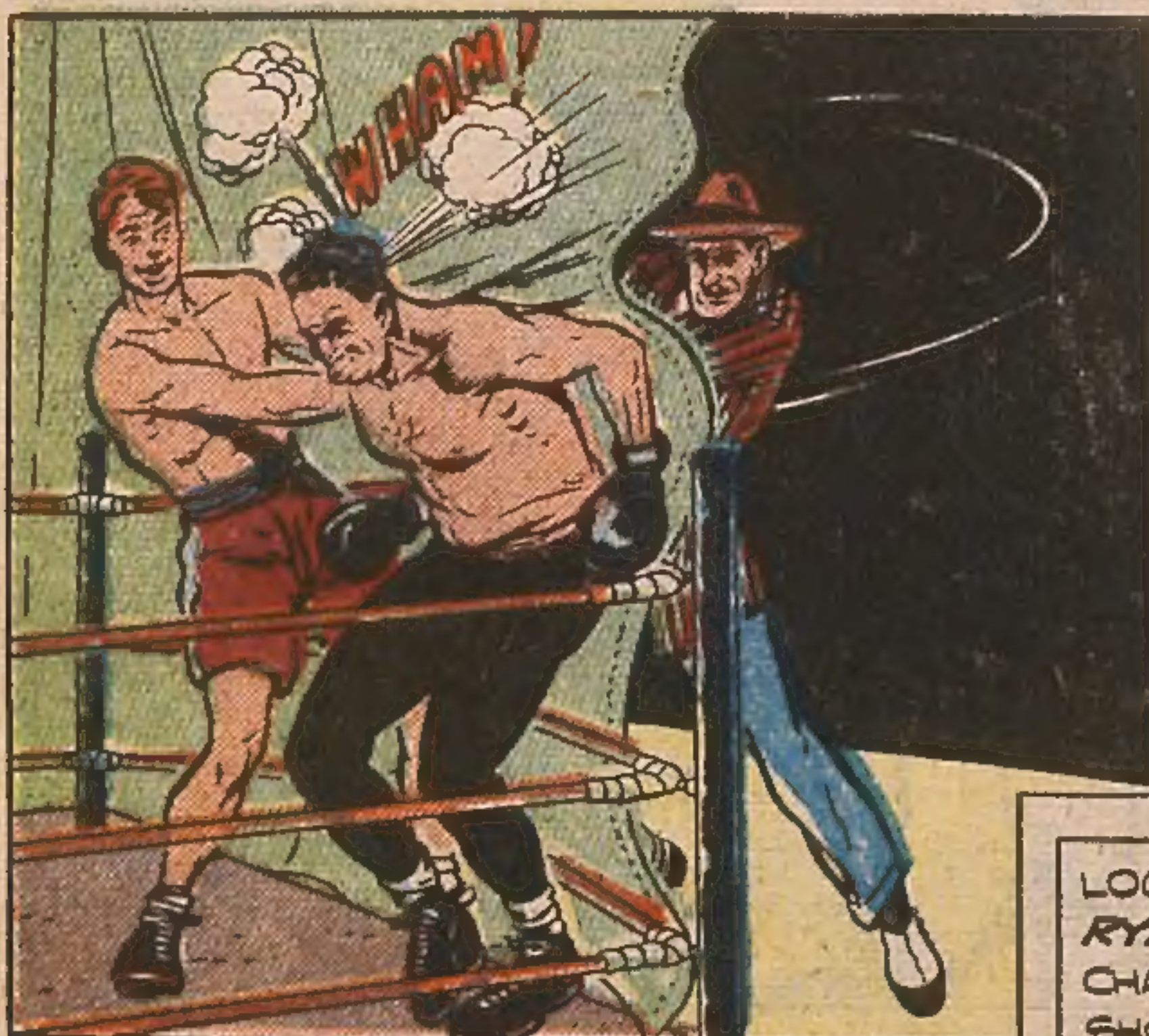
AT THE BELL, TRACEY'S MANAGER DUCKED BEHIND TH' CURTAIN 'N' TH' KID RACED AROUND TO KETCH'S RIGHT, SHOVIN' 'N' PUNCHIN' HIM TOWARD TH' BACK OF TH' STAGE...



CLINCHIN' BOTH OF KETCH'S ARMS, THE KID KEPT HIM HELPLESS WHILE HE WRESTLED HIM TO THE STAGE'S CURTAINED BACKDROP....



AH!!!...SUCCESS!!! NIGHTY NIGHT, MY DEAR MR KETCHEL!... SWEET DREAMS!!



...NINE, TEN!!...YER OUT!

A MILLION THANKS, HONEY DOLL!!! IF YOU HADN'T TIPPED ME TO THEIR GIMMICK, I'D BE THE ONE LYING THERE!

KETCH FOUGHT FOR ANOTHER YEAR OR SO.... THEN BEGAN TO ITCH FOR TH' BIG TIME, 'N' WHY NOT, HE FIGURED... HE WAS JUST TWENTY-ONE, IN GOOD CONDITION... HE DIDN'T CARE MUCH WHO HE FOUGHT..... 'N'

HE'D BEATEN EVERYBODY THAT HAD TH' NERVE TO CLIMB IN TH' SAME RING WITH HIM.....



LOOK...NOW THAT TOMMY RYAN, TH' MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP HAS RETIRED, WHY SHOULDN'T I CLAIM THE CHAMPIONSHIP?... IF SOMEBODY THINKS I DON'T DESERVE IT, LET 'EM COME IN TH' RING WITH ME... I'LL PROVE IT!

OKAY, KETCH.... OKAY....



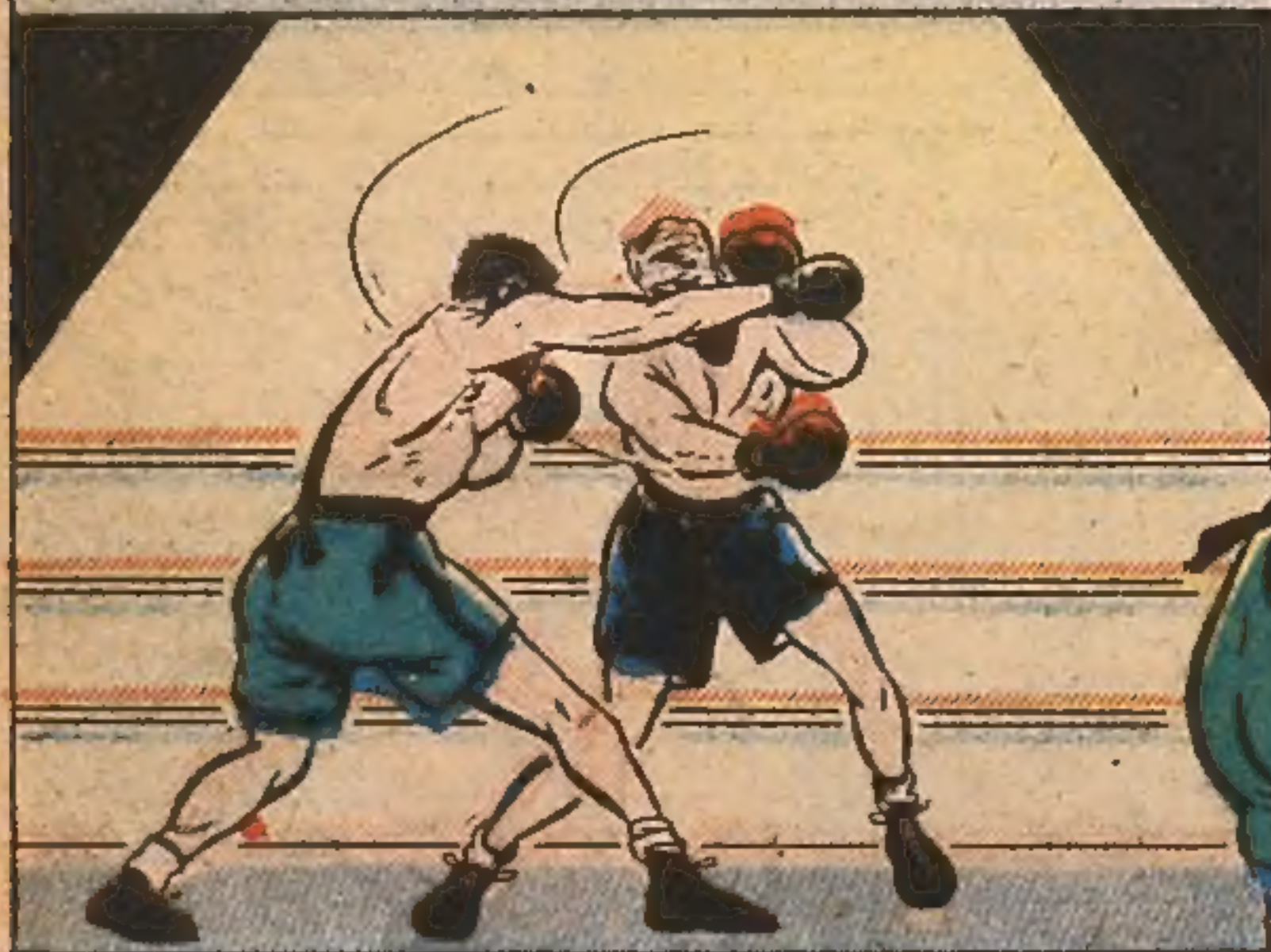
WELL ONE **JOE THOMAS** DIDN'T THINK **KETCH** DESERVED IT 'N' SETTIN' HIMSELF UP AS TH' **CHAMPION** ISSUED A **CHALLENGE**....IT WAS PROMPTLY MET 'N' A FIGHT TO TH' FINISH WAS SCHEDULED IN **SAN FRANCISCO**....



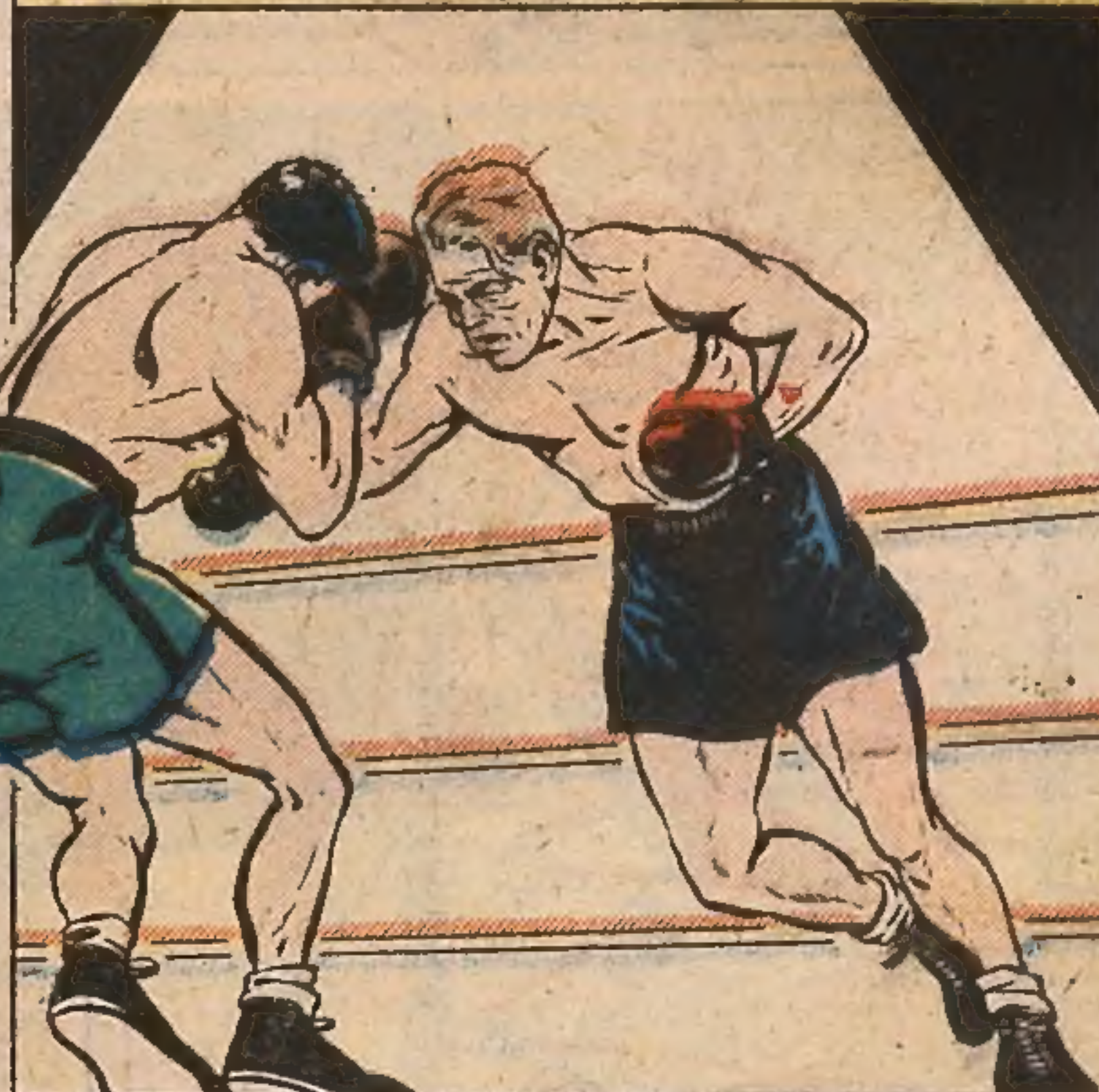
A GOOD FIGHTER, **THOMAS** WITHSTOOD **KETCH**'S FIRST RUSH 'N' SETTLED DOWN TO A GRUELLING BATTLE....



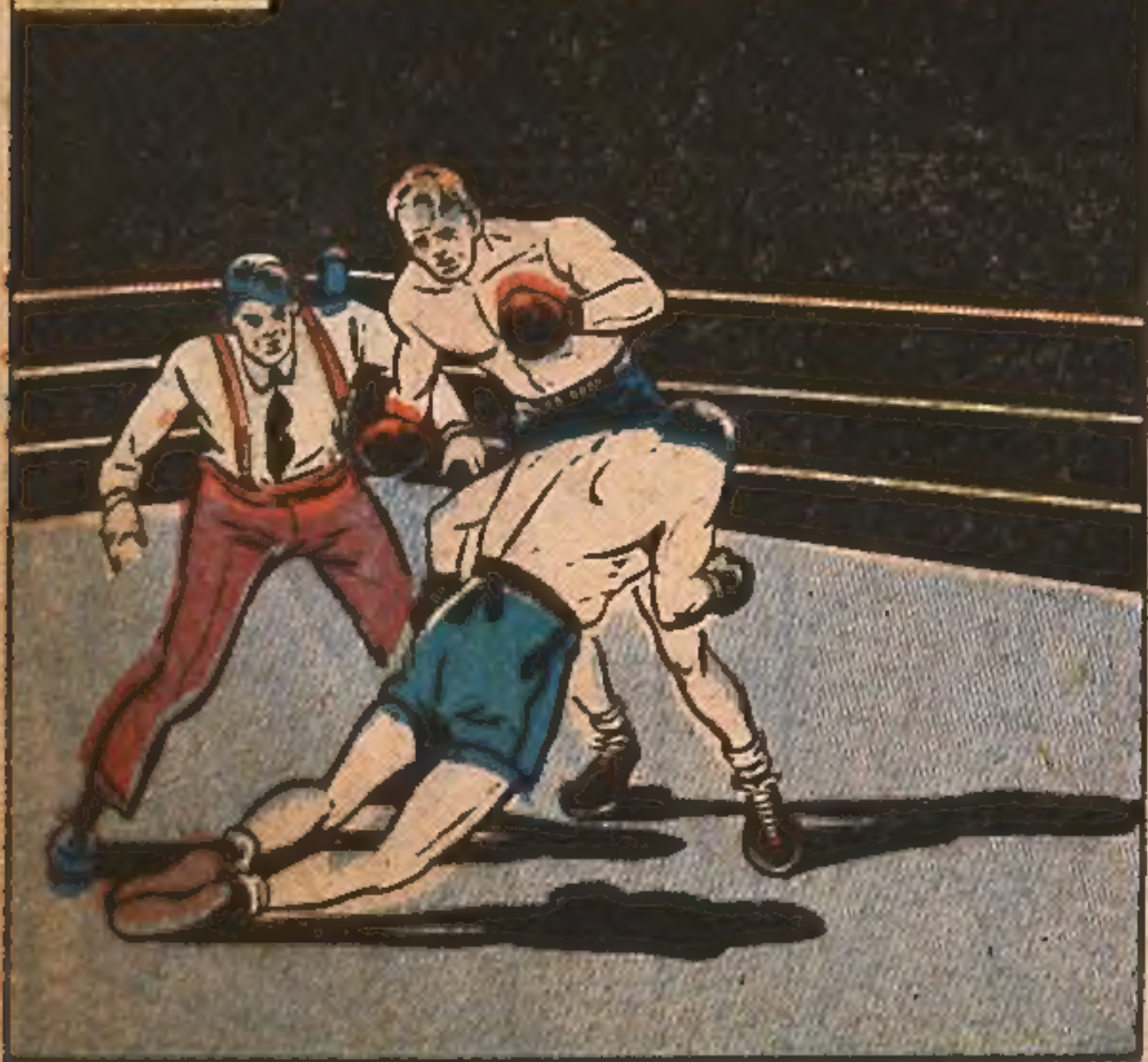
TEN ROUNDS PASSED...THEN **TWENTY**...BOTH MEN WERE BATTERED 'N' BRUISED BUT KEPT BORIN' IN...



IN TH' **THIRTIETH ROUND** THEY WERE STILL AT IT, GRIMLY HANGING ON, REFUSIN' TO QUIT....



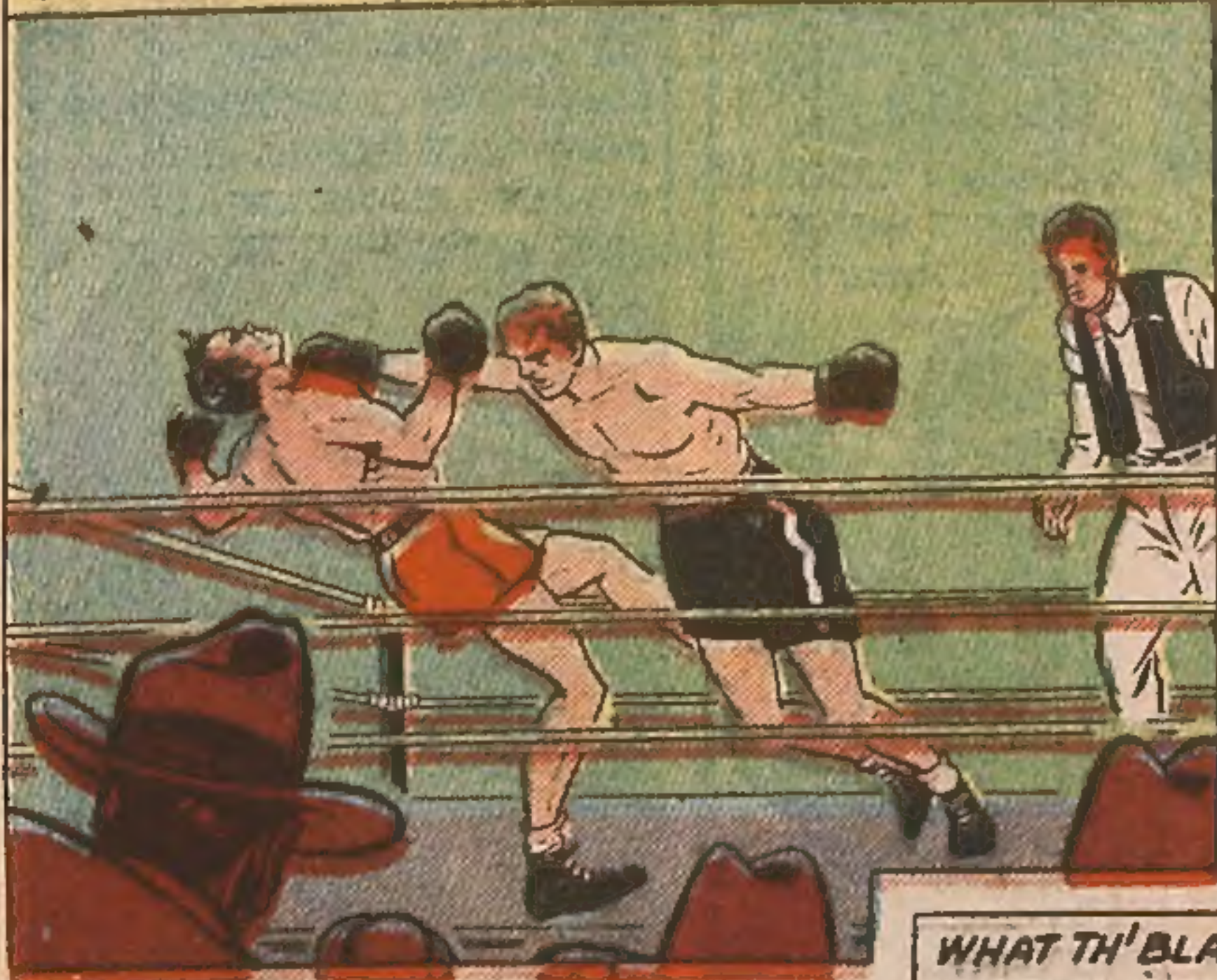
'N' THEN IN TH' **THIRTY-SECOND ROUND** IT HAPPENED...IN A SUDDEN FLURRY OF PUNCHES **KETCH** CONNECTED 'N' **THOMAS** WENT DOWN 'N' OUT....



IT ESTABLISHED **KETCH** AS TH' **CHAMPION**.... BUT WITH **PLENTY OF CONTENDERS**....LIKE IN HIS OLD **CASINO** DAYS **KETCH** MET 'N' BEAT ALL COMERS, INCLUDIN' TH' **TWINS**, **JACK** 'N' **MIKE MCFARLAND**....



HE WHIPPED MIKE IN *SIX* ROUNDS, BUT IT TOOK HIM *TWENTY* BEFORE HE FINALLY PUT TH' CRUSHER ON JACK....



THAT, M'FRIEND, IS ONE *SWEET FIGHTER*!... HE'D BE WORTH A *FORTUNE* TO A *SMART* MANAGER... A MANAGER LIKE ME, FOR INSTANCE... I THINK I'LL TALK TO HIM....

OH! OH!... I'D BETTER GET KETCH OUT OF HERE!



HEY!!! WHAT'S TH' IDEA?!... MY CLOTHES...!?

NEVER MIND THAT!! C'MON!!! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!! HURRY!!



WHAT TH' BLAZES IS TH' MATTER WITH YOU? DRAG-ING ME UP HERE TO TH' HOTEL ROOM 'N' WITHOUT MY CLOTHES!! I'LL GET 'EM FOR YOU NOW, MEANWHILE I'M LOCKING YOU IN 'N' WHEN I GET BACK WE'RE LEAVIN TOWN... BUT QUICK!!



LET HIM LOCK YOU IN, MR KETCHEL... HE CAN'T KEEP ME OUT... AND YOU AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO DISCUSS!

HUH?... WHO ARE YOU?!



I, SIR, AM *WILLUS BRITT*... AND I MIGHT ADD... YOUR NEW MANAGER!

YEH?... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?!



LISTEN, KID, THAT JOKER YOU HAVE NOW DON'T KNOW ANYTHING... STICK WITH ME AND WE'LL BE *POSITIVELY REEKING* WITH WEALTH!

HMM...! GO ON... I'M LISTENIN'!



WAL, KETCH LISTENED 'N' BRITT TALKED, 'N' FER ALL HIS PRE-CAUTIONS, STAN'S FIRST MANAGER LOST HIM...TWO OF A KIND, BRITT 'N' KETCH HAD A WILD GO ROUND OF FUN UNTIL ONE DAY....

WILLYA STOP EATIN' THAT CANDY 'N' DO SOME TRAINING!? YOU'RE MEETING PAPKE IN A WEEK!



AW, HE'S A BUM! I BEAT 'M ONCE, DIDN'T I?... WAL: I'LL DO IT AGAIN.... MMM!... HAVE SOME CANDY?... IT'S GOOD.....

NO!! IT'S A WONDER YOU DON'T BUST EATIN' THAT JUNK!

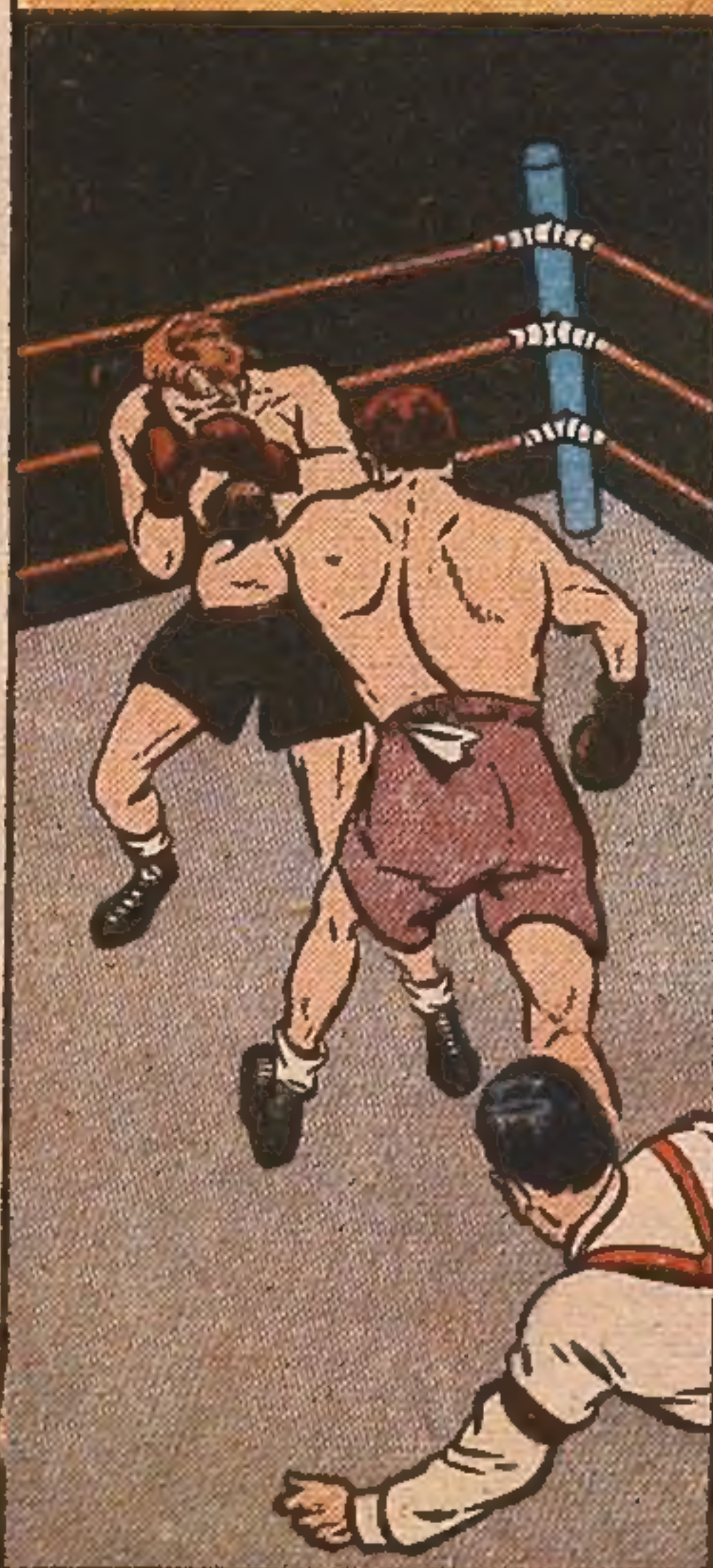
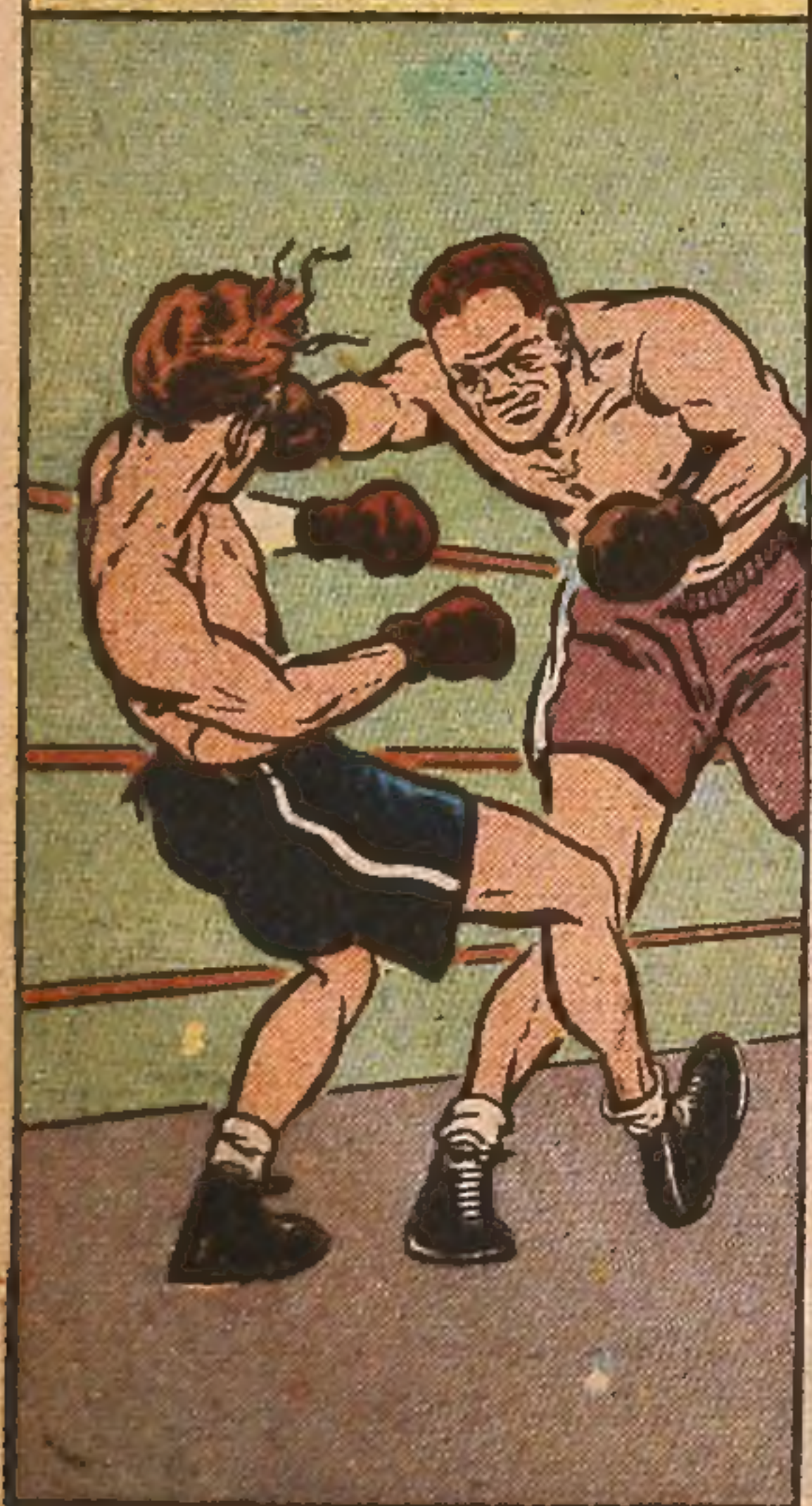


A SHREWD, ROUGH FIGHTER, BILLY PAPKE HAD A ONE-TRACK MIND...HE WAS OUT TO WIN...IN ANY WAY HE COULD...RING SPORTSMANSHIP WAS SOMETHIN' HE NEVER HEARD OF...



AS TH' FIGHTERS MET IN TH' CENTER OF TH' RING AT TH' BELL, KETCH EXTENDED HIS HANDS TO TOUCH GLOVES FOR THE CUSTOMARY HAND-SHAKE...PAPKE GAVE HIM A TERRIFIC SHOT BETWEEN TH' EYES INSTEAD....

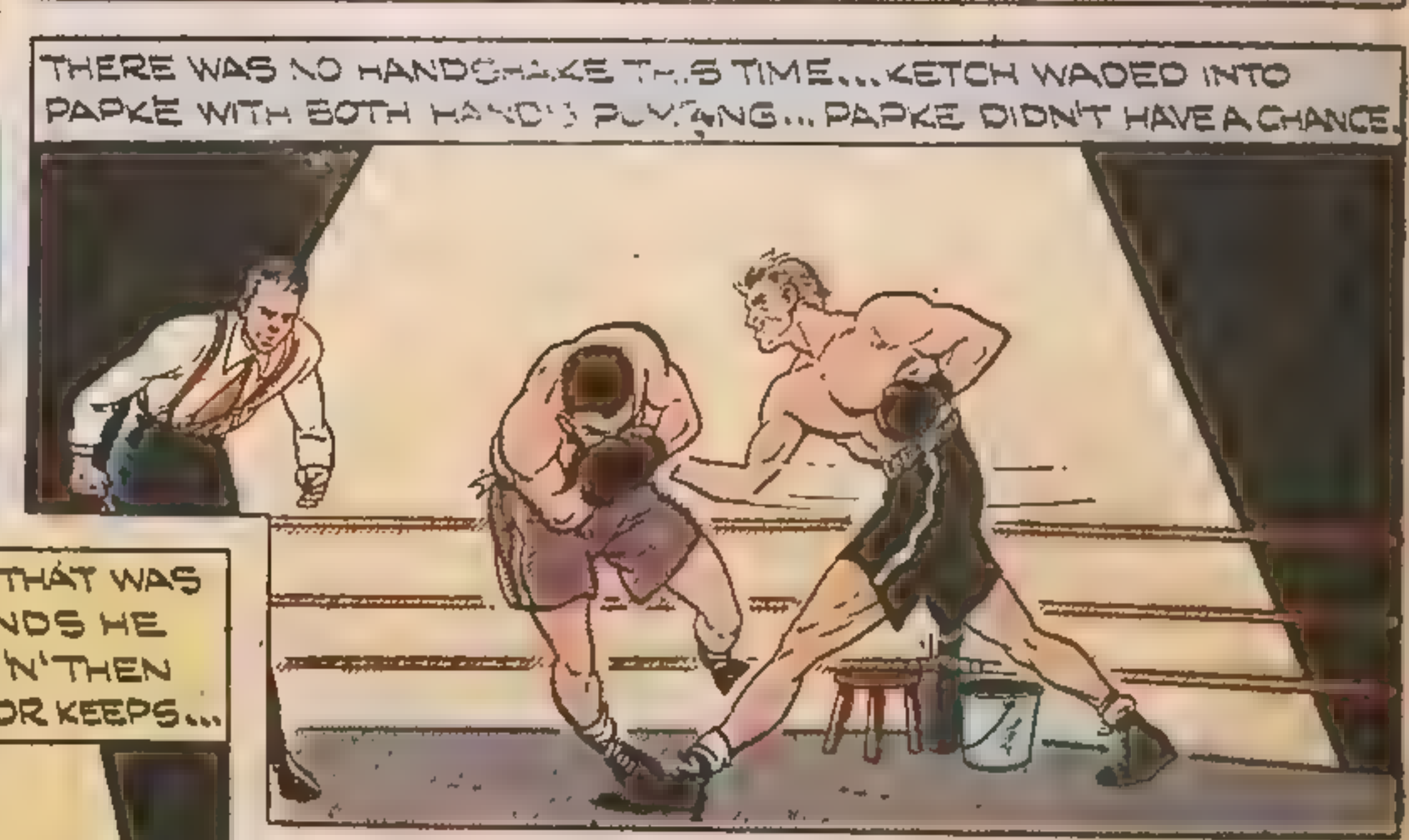
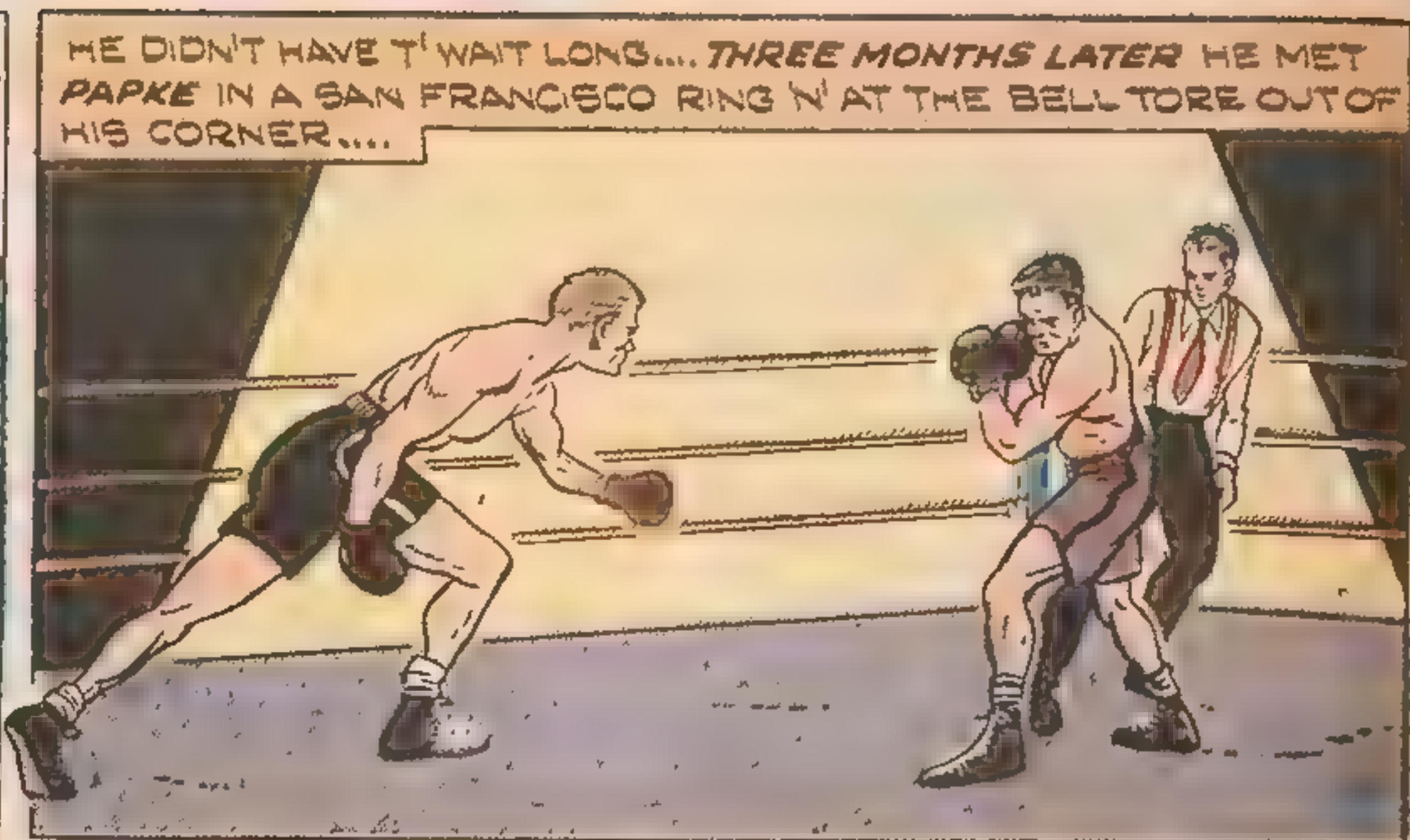
PRACTICALLY BLINDED BY HIS SWOLLEN EYES 'N' GROGGY FROM THAT FIRST PUNCH, KETCH HUNG ON GAMELY WHILE PAPKE SWARMED ALL OVER HIM....



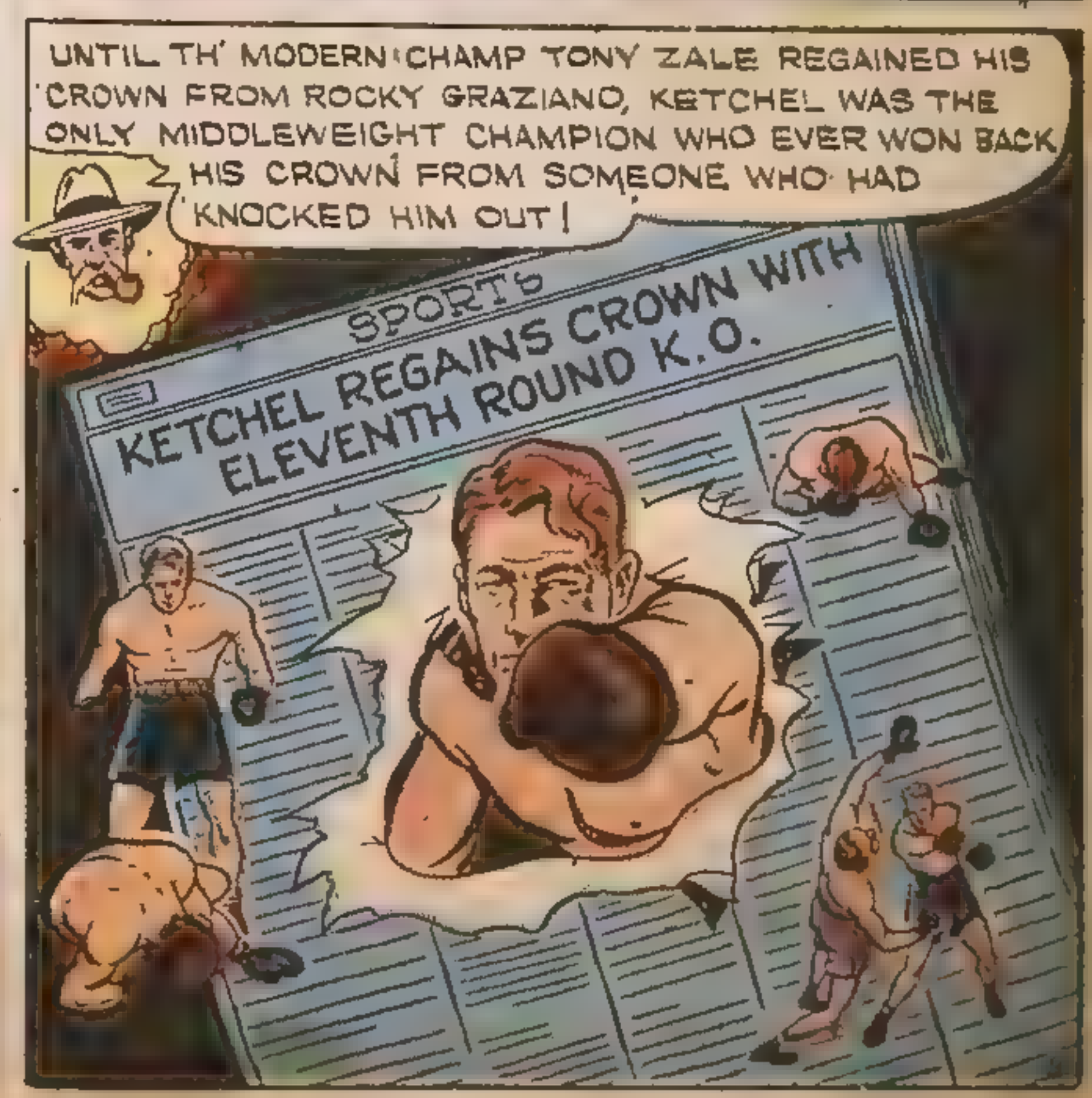
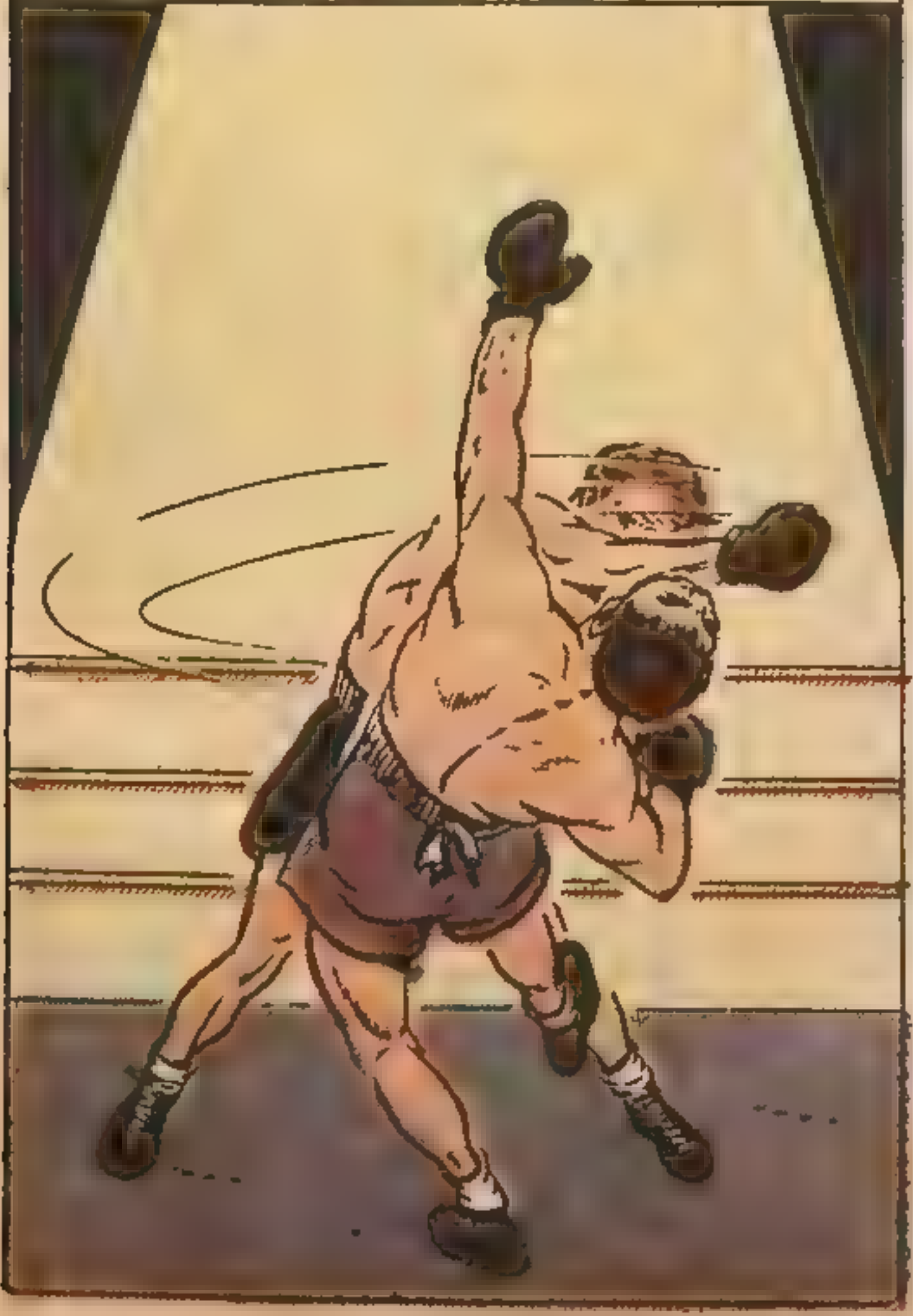
BUT PAPKE WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM 'N' IN TH' TWELFTH ROUND SENT KETCH TO TH' CANVAS....



...TEN....'N' YER OUT!



KETCH GAVE HIM A GOIN' OVER THAT WAS A WORK OF ART...FOR TEN ROUNDS HE COOLLY CUT BILLY TO RIBBONS 'N' THEN IN TH' ELEVENTH PUT 'IM AWAY FOR KEEPS...



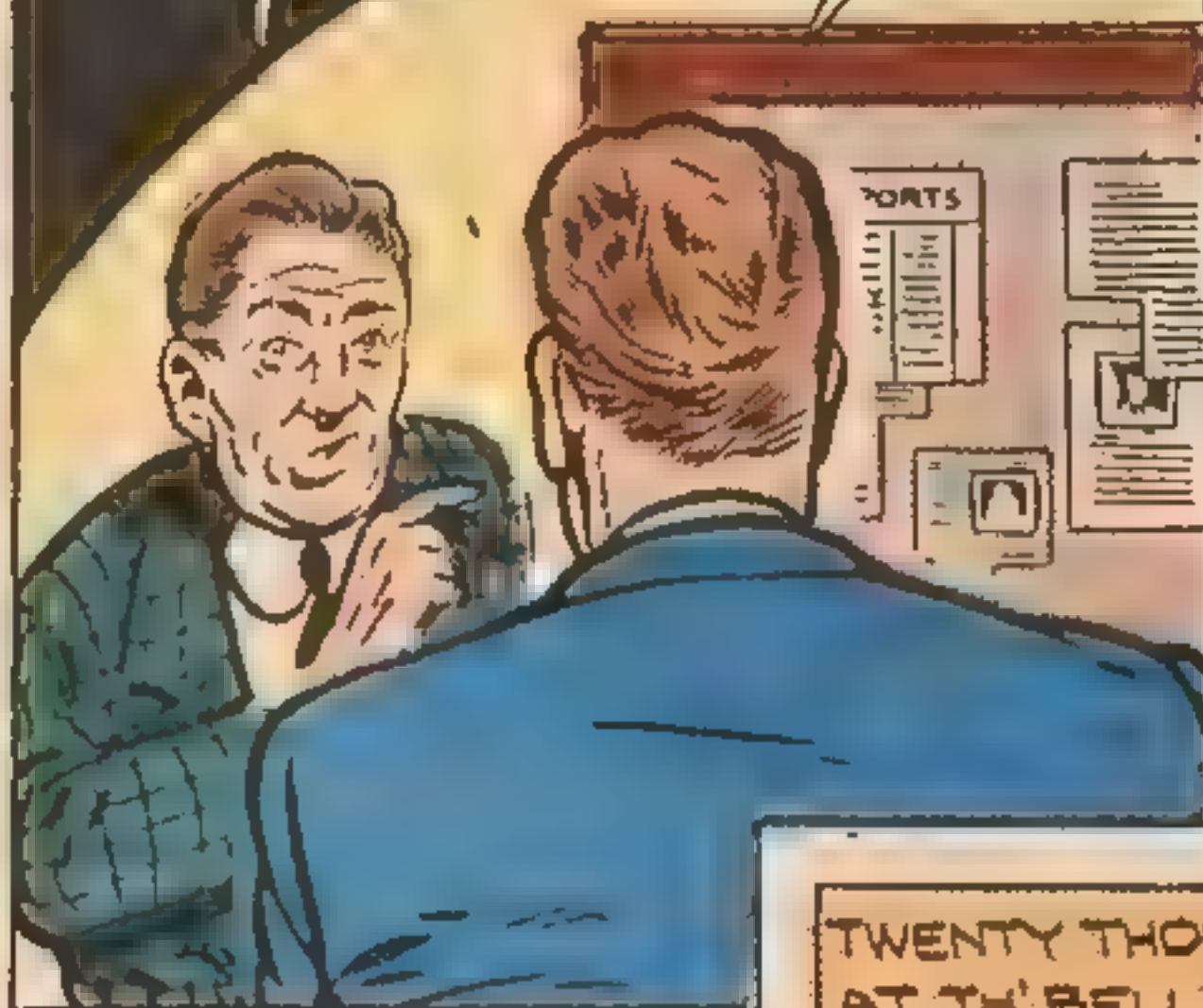
LISTEN, BRITT, THERE'S NO ONE LEFT FOR ME T' FIGHT... NO ONE... 'CEPT JACK JOHNSON....

AWK!!...
HUH?!!
ARE YOU
NUTS?!

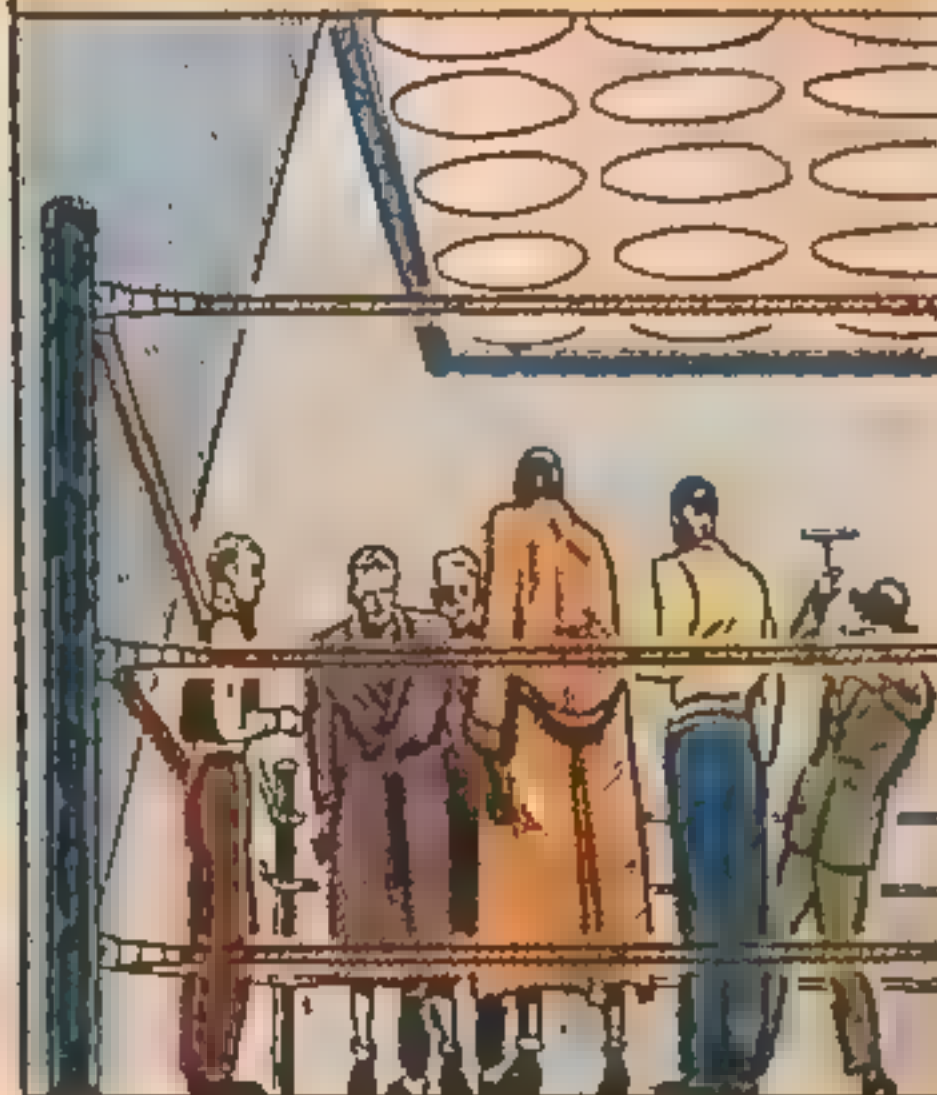


TH' HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP!!...W...WHY HE'S 60 POUNDS HEAVIER THAN YOU... HIS REACH IS LONGER... YOU... YOU'LL BE MURDERED!!

GET HIM,
BRITT!



WAL... BRITT ARRANGED TH' MATCH WITH JOHNSON TH' GREAT COLORED CHAMPION. 'N' THEY MET IN COLMA, CALIFORNIA...

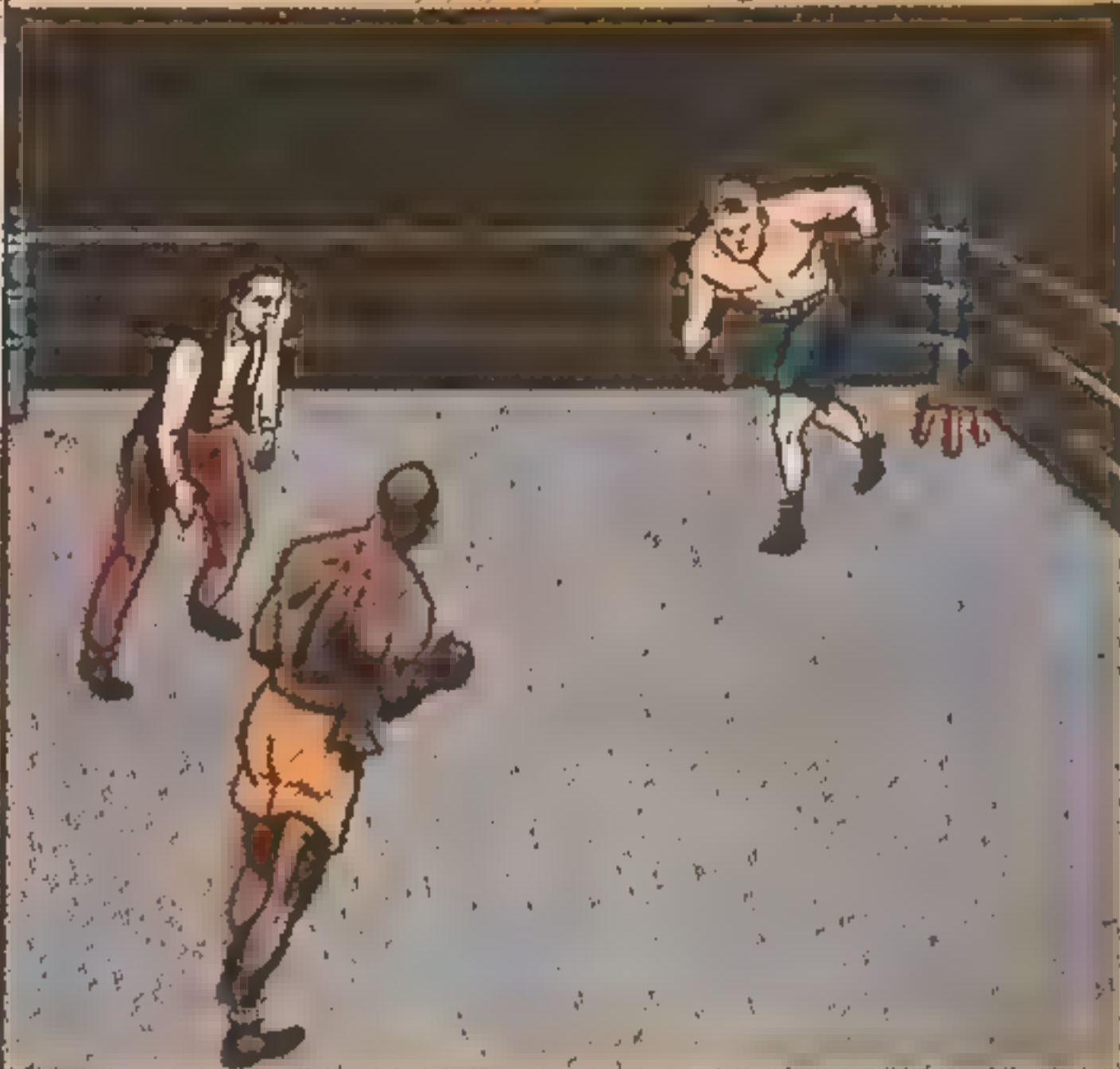


I HOPE YOU LEFT A WILL, BIG BOY 'CAUSE I'M GOIN TO MURDER YOU!

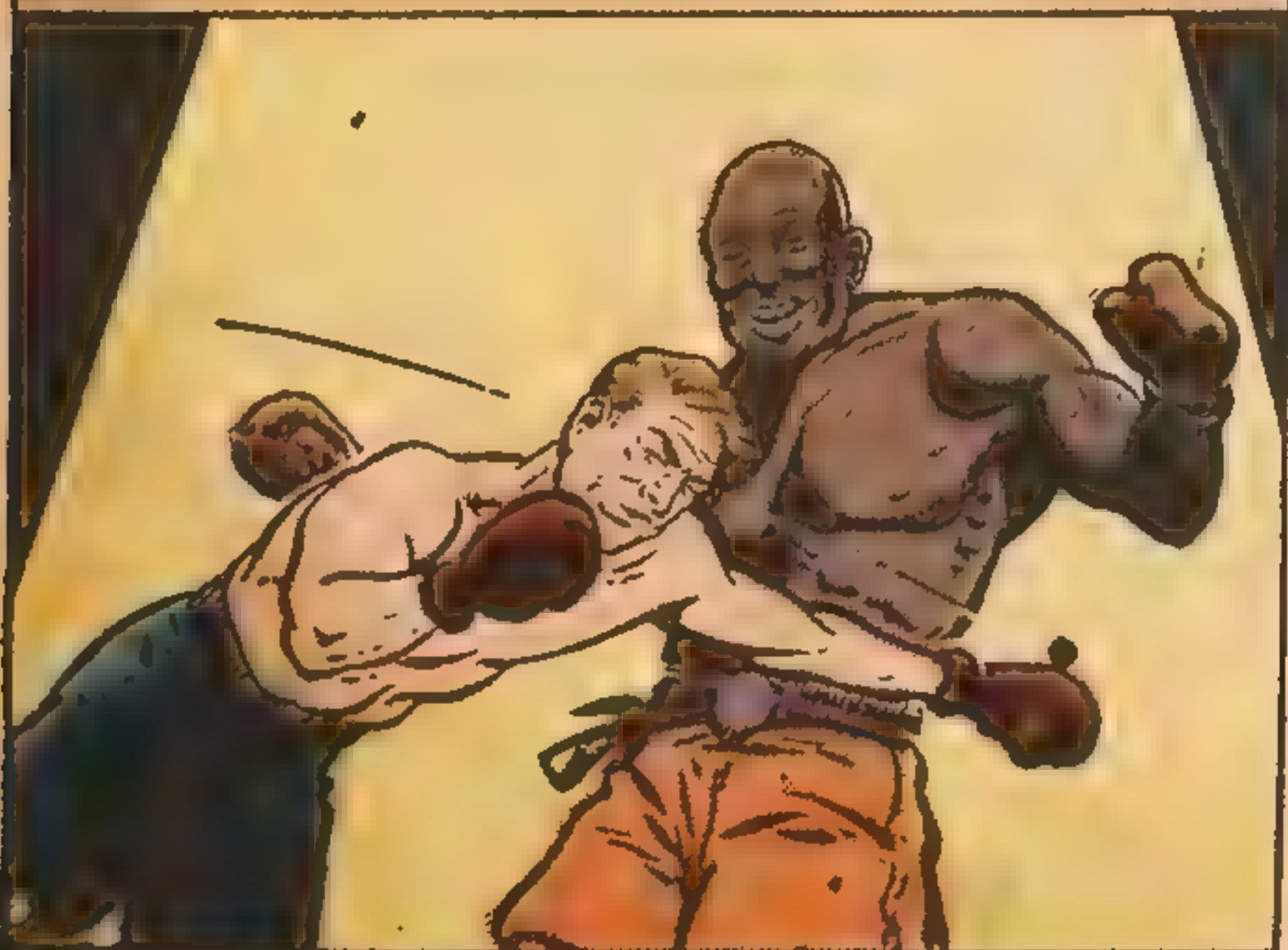
WHA...?!... IS THAT A FACT, LIL MAN?... OKAY... I WAS GONNA KNOCK YOU OUT QUICK AN' END YOUR MISERY BUT NOW I THINK I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!



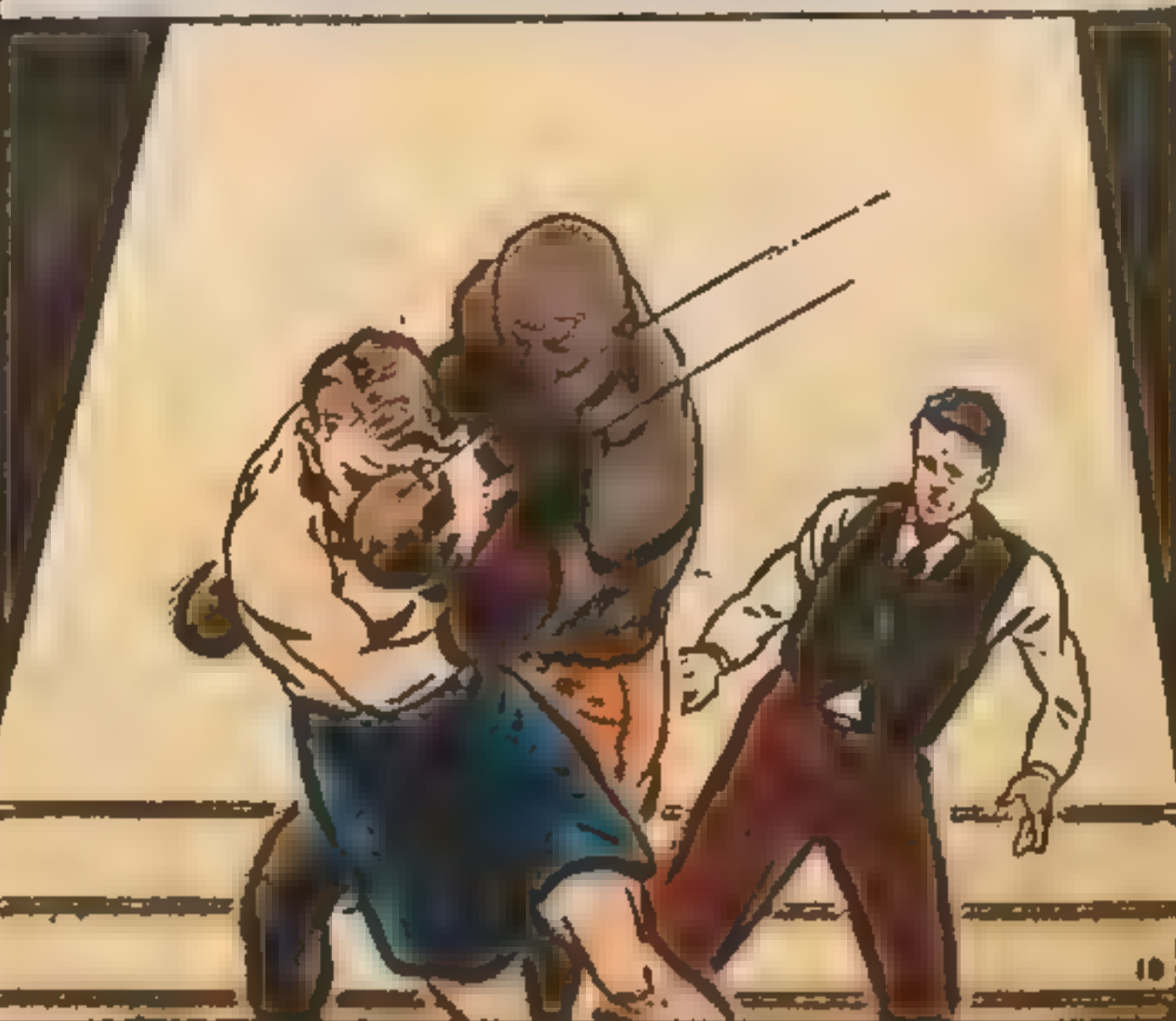
TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES LET OUT A YELL AT TH' BELL, AS KETCH TORE OUT IN HIS USUAL WAY...



LIKE A VICIOUS DAVID HE LUNGED AT TH' SMILING GOLIATH WHO CALMLY 'N' GRACEFULLY SIDESTEPED...



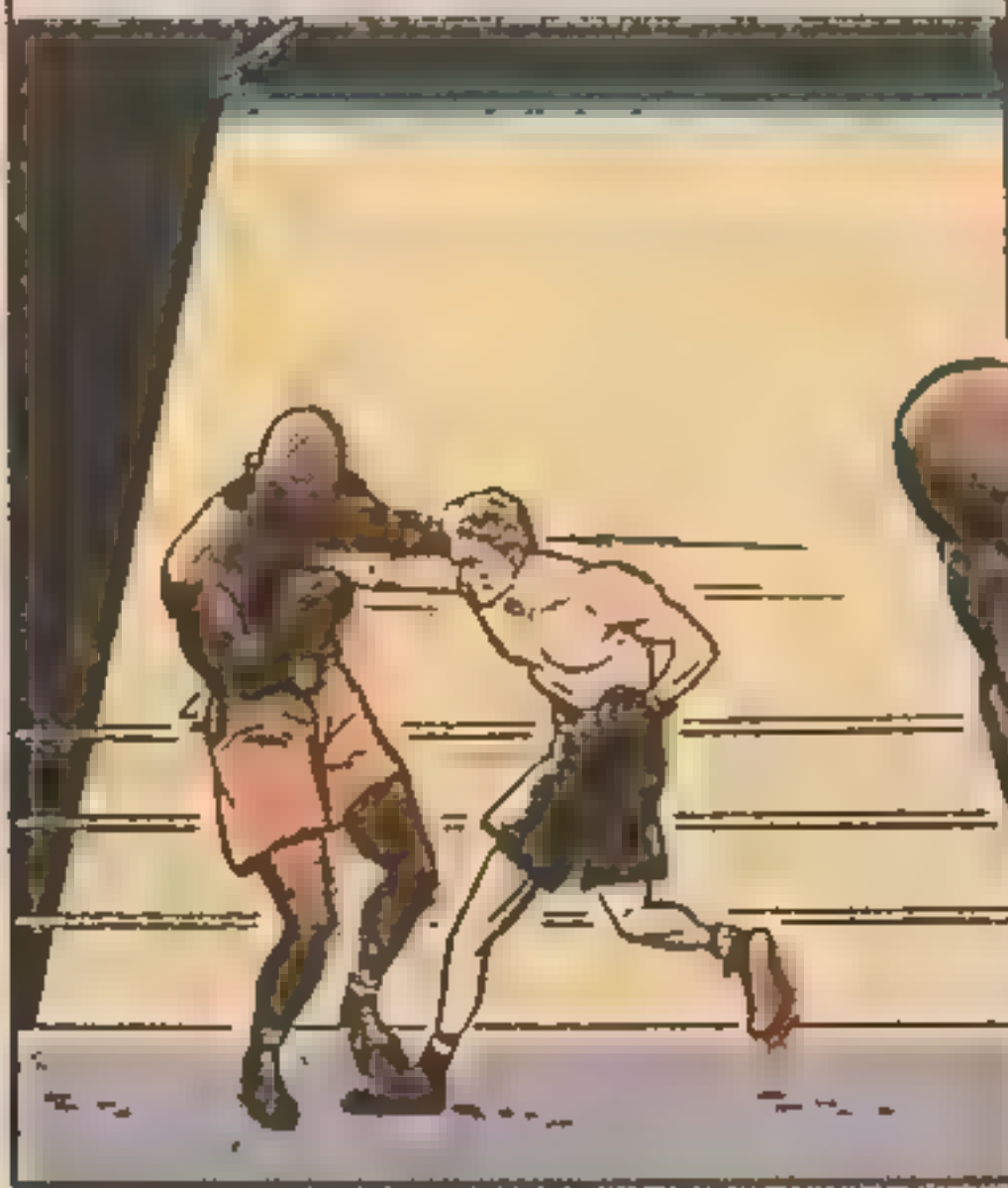
A MASTER BOXER, JOHNSON PROMPTLY PROCEEDED TO MAKE MINCEMEAT OF TH' GAME LITTLE MIDDLEWEIGHT....



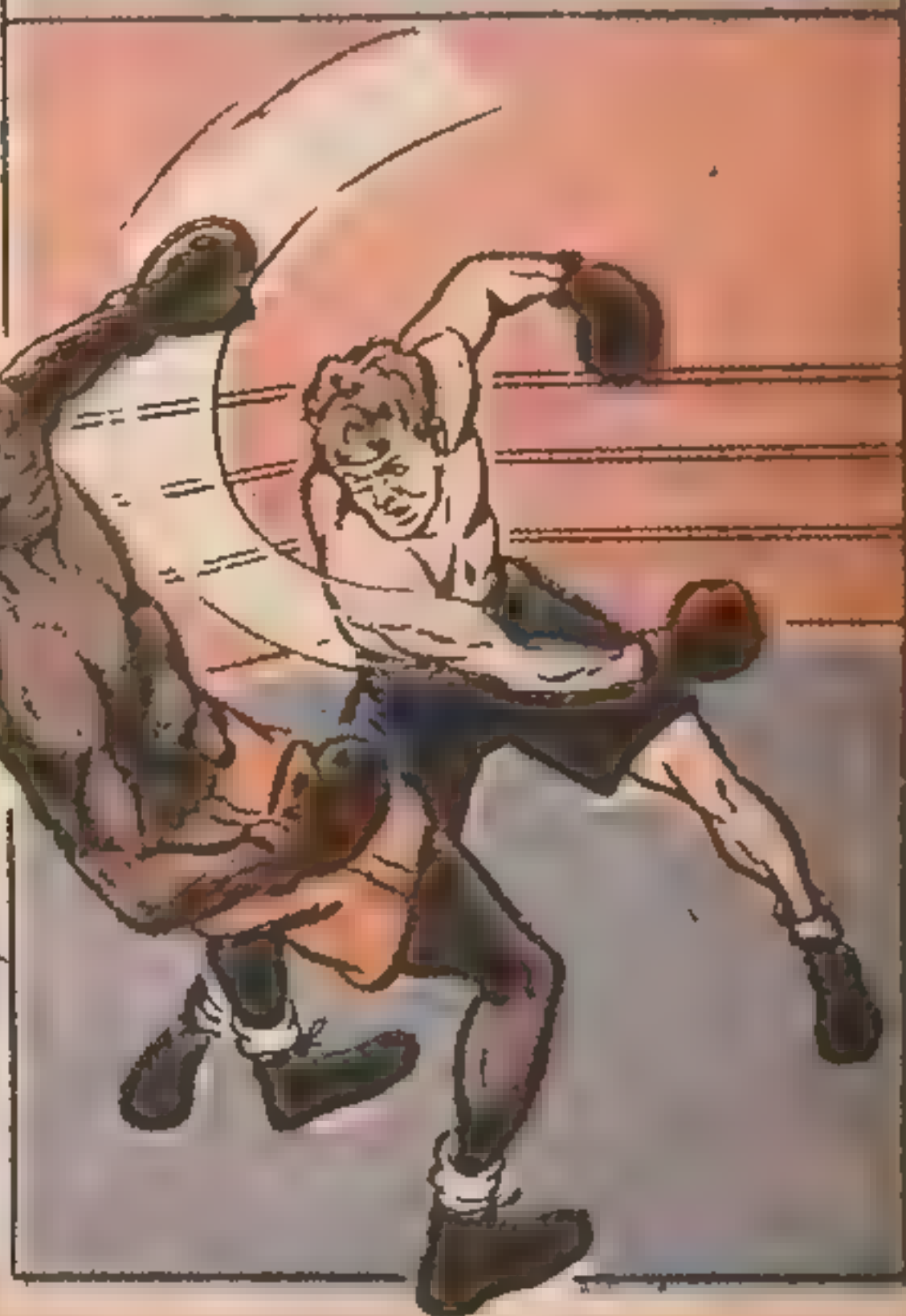
FOR ELEVEN ROUNDS JOHNSON PROCEEDED TO GIVE KETCH A **BOXIN' LESSON**, CONSTANTLY TYING HIM UP IN KNOTS MUCH TO TH' DERISION OF TH' FANS...



THEN SUDDENLY IN TH' **TWELFTH** KETCH BROKE LOOSE 'N' WADED IN WITH **BOTH FISTS** FLYIN' A **RIGHT... LEFT... RIGHT...**

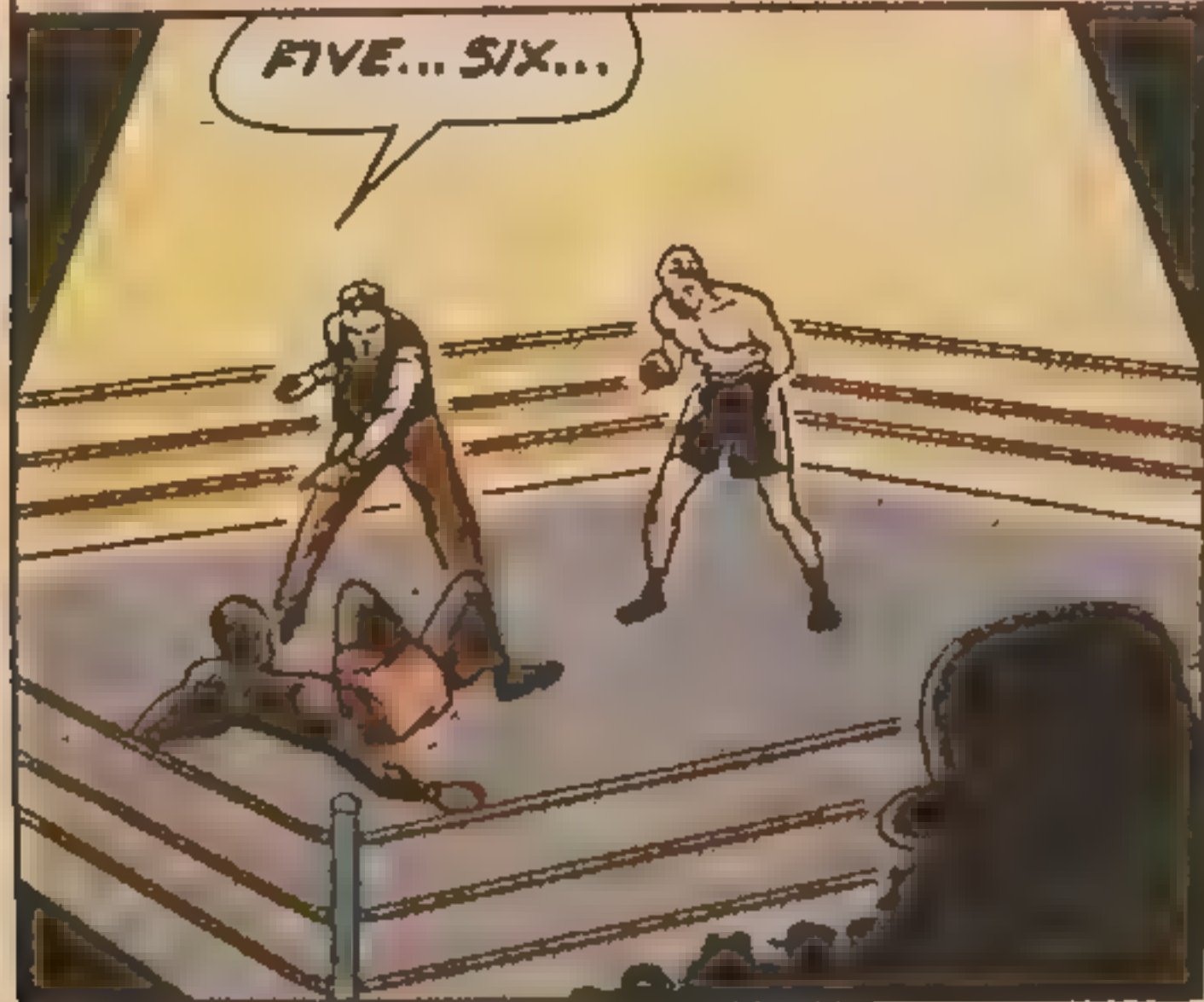


'N' THEN ANOTHER **TERRIFIC RIGHT** TO TH' JAW THAT SENT TH' **BIG MAN** TOPPLING OVER **BACKWARD**.

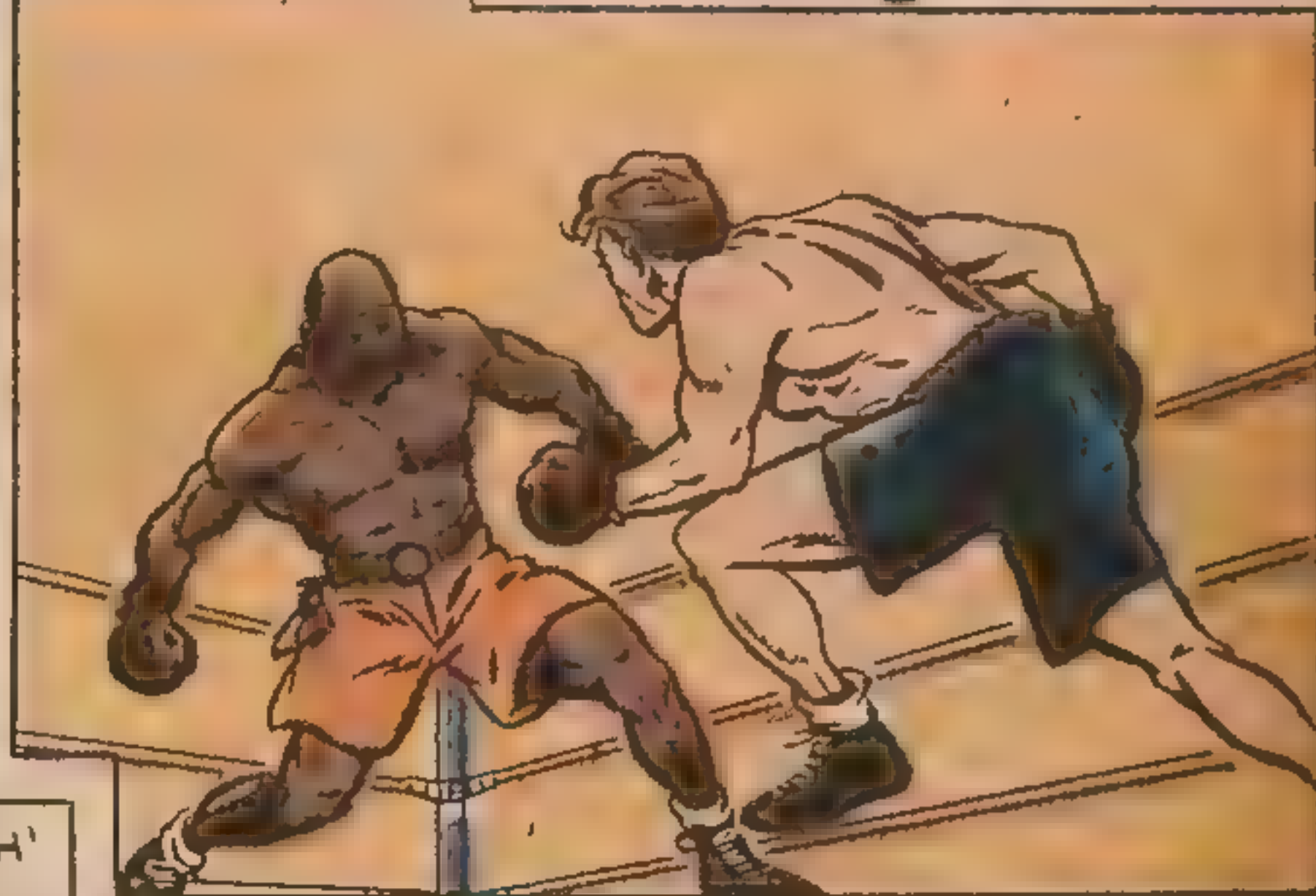


FOR SIX SECONDS A **STUNNED CROWD** SAT IN AWE AS TH' REFEREE BEGAN TO COUNT...

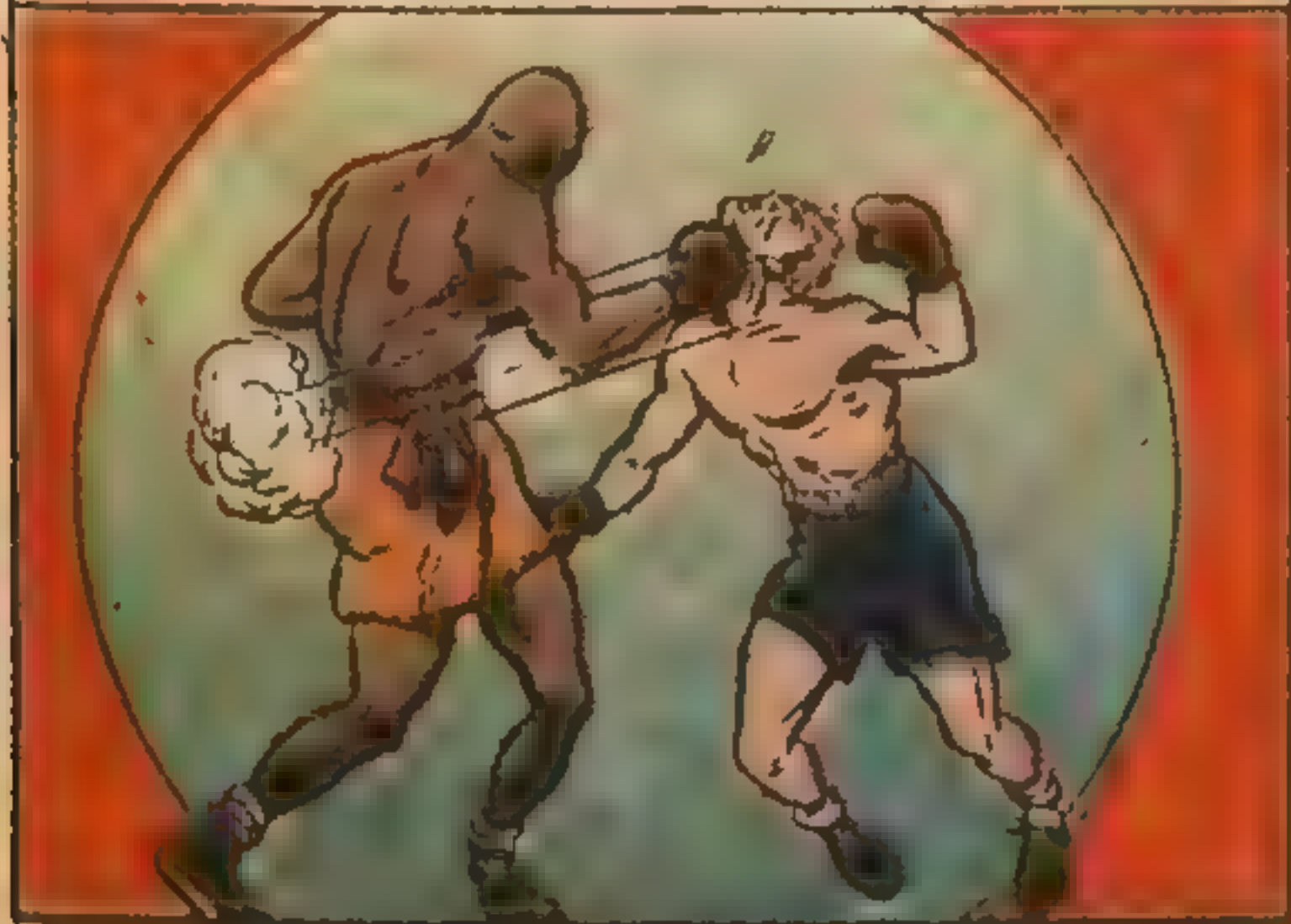
FIVE... SIX...



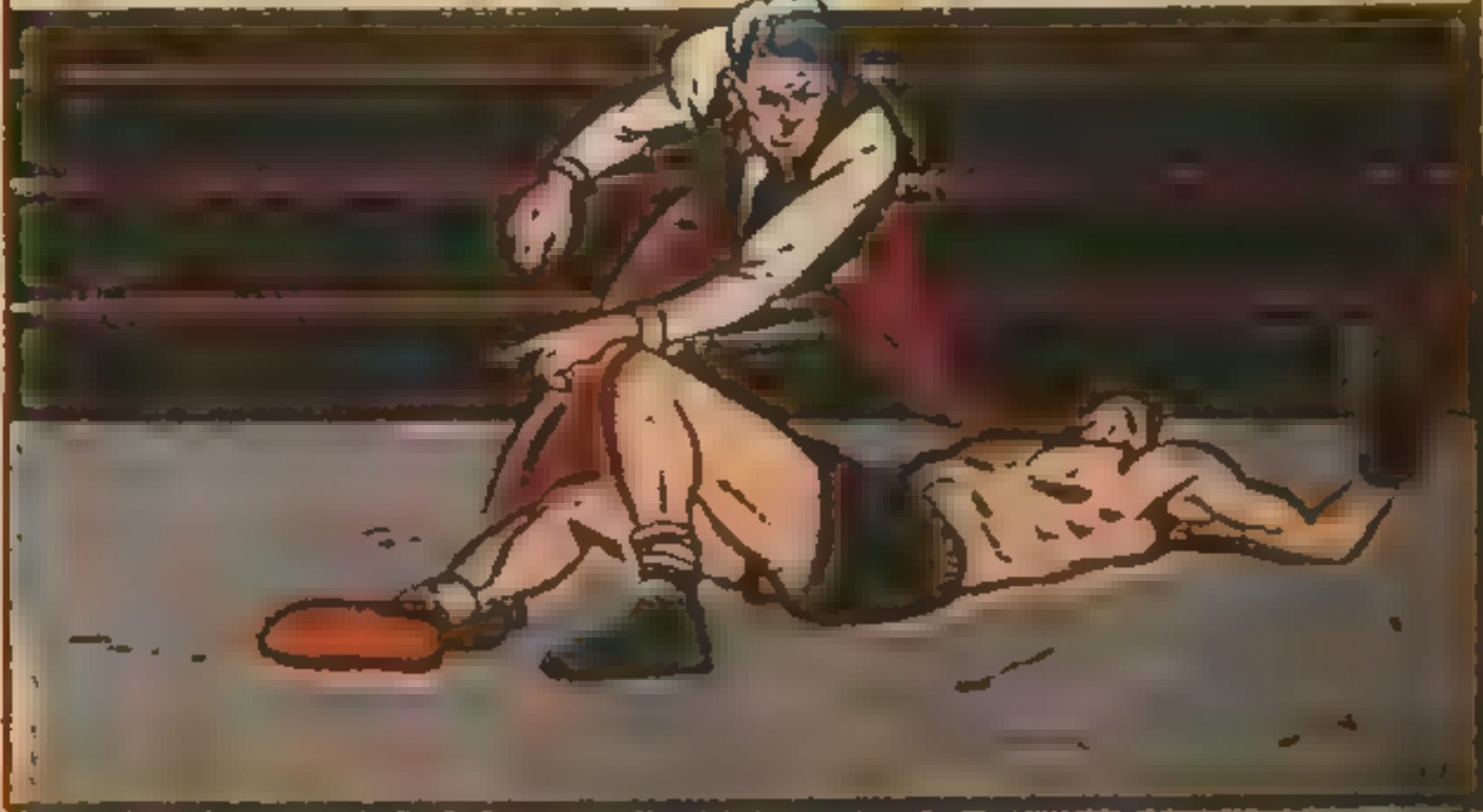
BUT JOHNSON GOT UP... 'N' HE GOT UP **SEEN' RED...**



LIKE A **PANTHER**, KETCH LEAPED IN FOR TH' **KILL**, THROWIN' **ALL CAUTION TO TH' WINDS...** IN HE CAME SWINGIN' **WILDLY...** JOHNSON STEPPED BACK... COUNTERED... 'N' WITH A PUNCH THAT TRAVELLED **JUST EIGHT INCHES** CAUGHT KETCH **FLUSH ON TH' JAW...**



KETCH HIT TH' CANVAS LIKE A **POLED OX...** HE WAS OUT FOR **TWENTY MINUTES...** FROM A **ROCK CRUSHER BLOW** THAT BROKE OFF **FOUR TEETH...** BUT TH' **THUNDERIN' ROAR** THAT AROSE WASN'T FOR THE CHAMPION... IT WAS FOR TH' **GAME LITTLE MAN** WHO DIDN'T KNOW **HOW TO QUIT...**



...N' THAT WAS ABOUT IT... BRITT N' KETCH BROKE UP N' A SWEET CHARACTER NAMED MIZNER TOOK OVER... KETCH KNOCKED OVER A FEW MORE OPPONENTS N' BATTLED TH' GREAT SAM LANGFORD TO A DRAW.... BUT TH' HIGH POINT HAD BEEN PASSED N' IN 1910 KETCH WENT WEST FOR A REST... HE STOPPED AT TH' RANCH OF COLONEL R.P. DICKERSON, AN OLD FRIEND....



IT WAS THERE, ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 16, 1910 THAT FATE WAITED TO PLAY HER LAST CARD IN THE LIFE OF STANLEY KETCHEL

GOOD MORNIN!! HOW'S MY FAVORITE LITTLE COOK TODAY?!



I'LL BET!... LISTEN! YOU'RE MY GIRL N' IF YOU... TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!

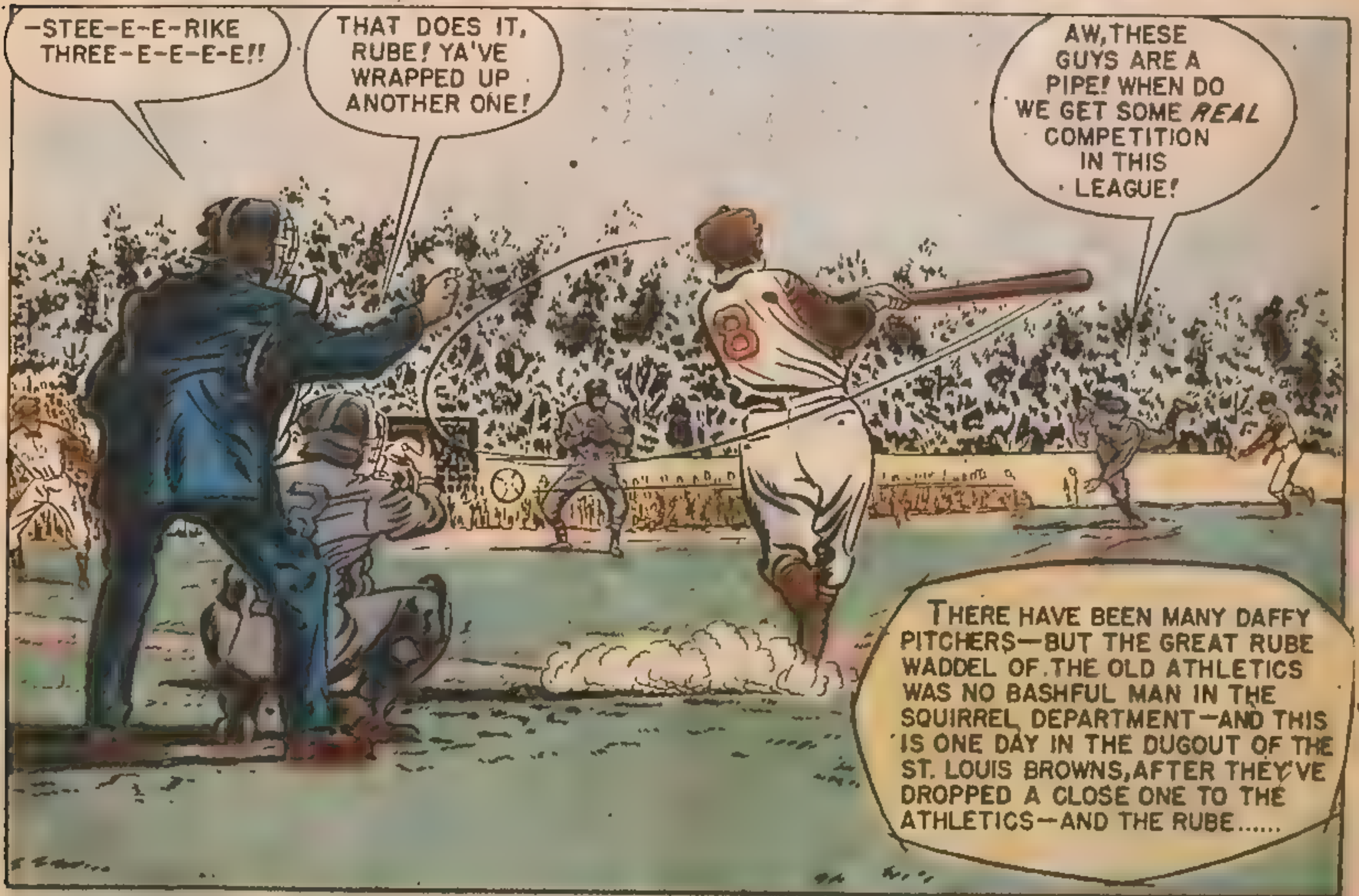


N' THAT'S WHERE WE CAME IN.... WALTER DIPLEY GOT LIFE IMPRISONMENT N' STANLEY KETCHEL WAS BURIED IN TH' POLISH CEMETERY IN GRAND RAPIDS.... RATED BY THE EXPERTS AS ONE OF THE ALL-TIME CHAMPS, WHOSE LIFE ENDED AT 24 BY THAT BULLET... WAL, TH' OLD-TIMER'S GOTTA GO NOW, THANKS FER LISTENIN'... N' IF YOU GET TH' CHANCE, DROP OVER AGAIN-N' WE'LL TALK SOME MORE. G'BYE!

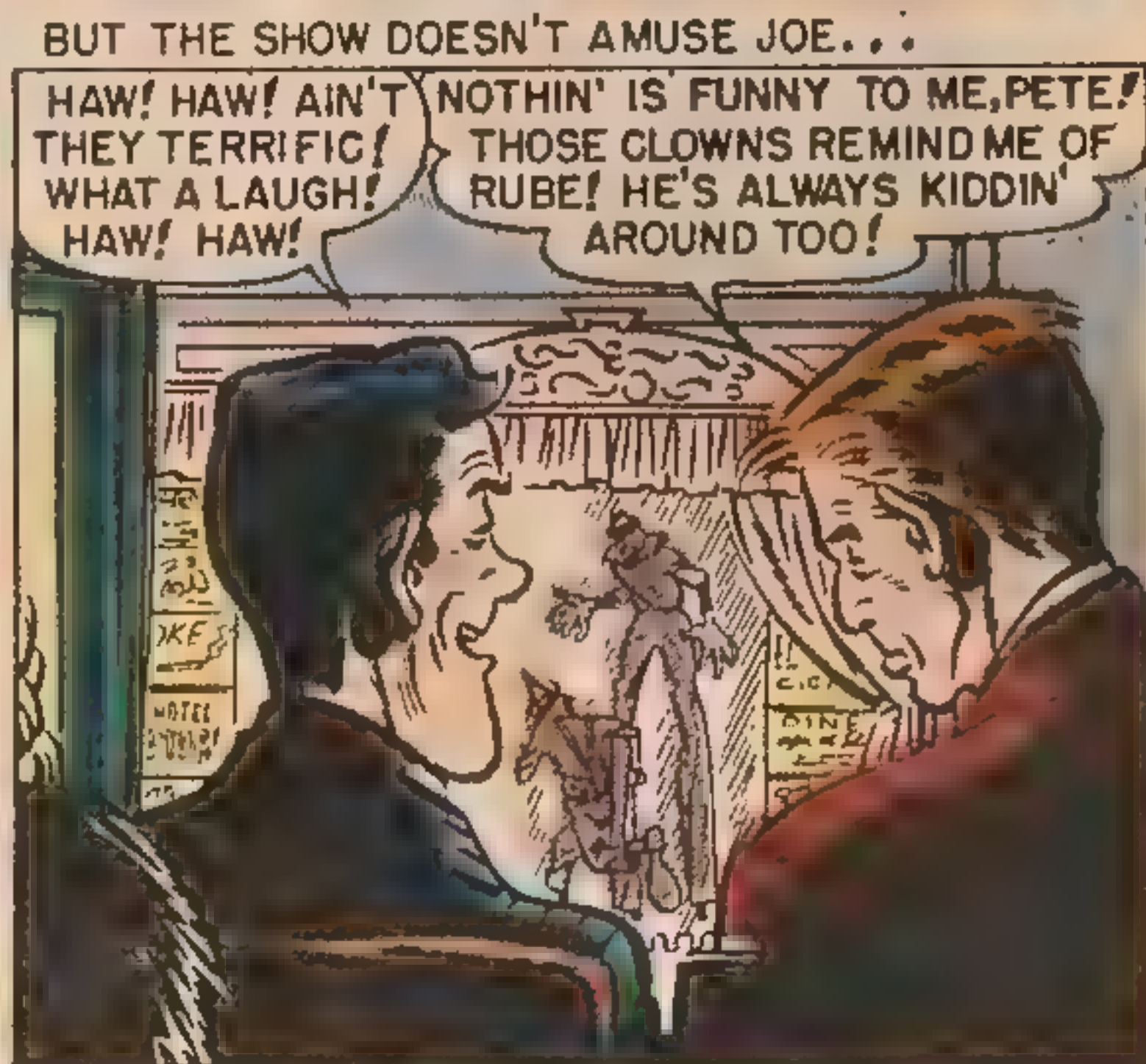
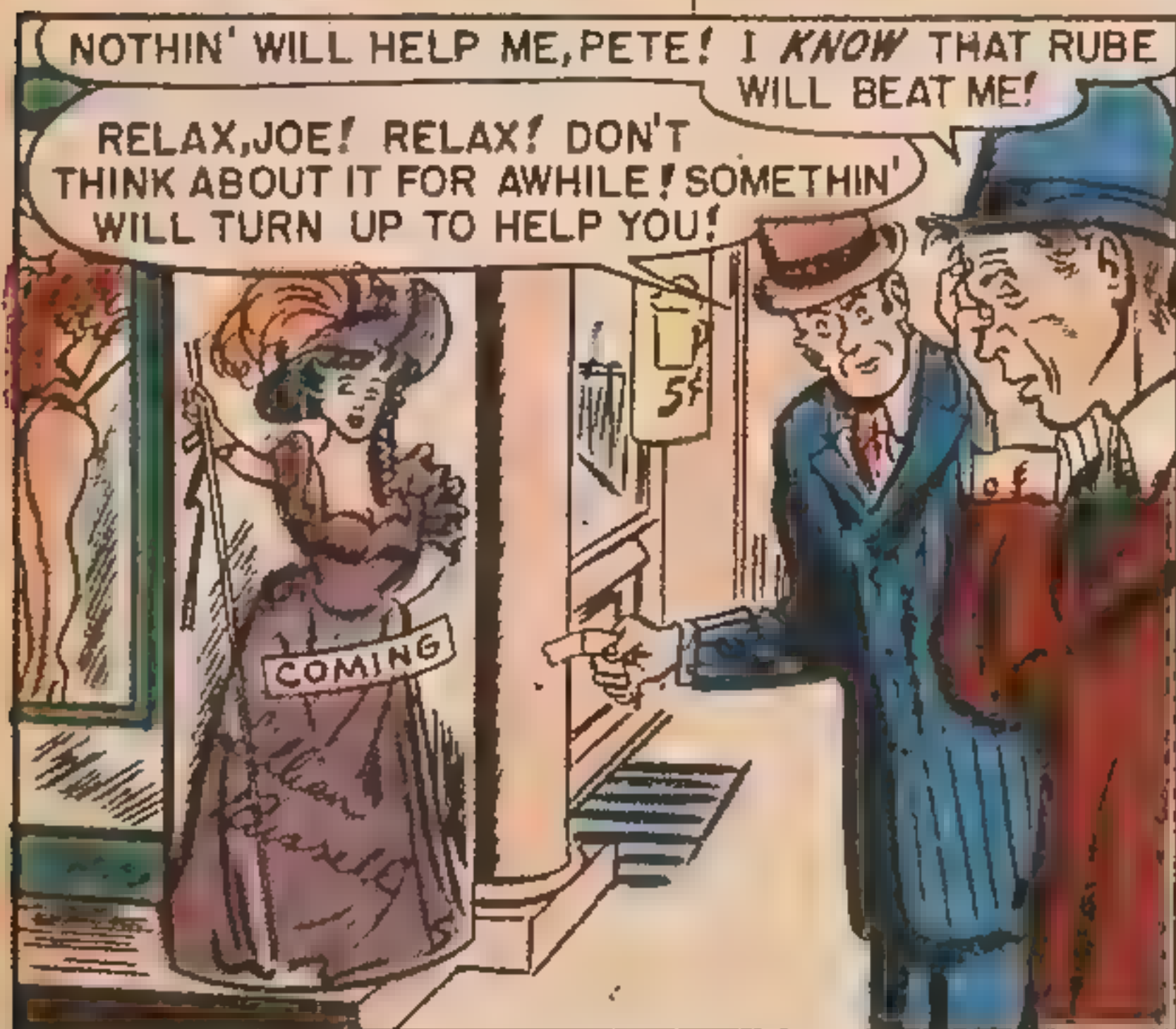
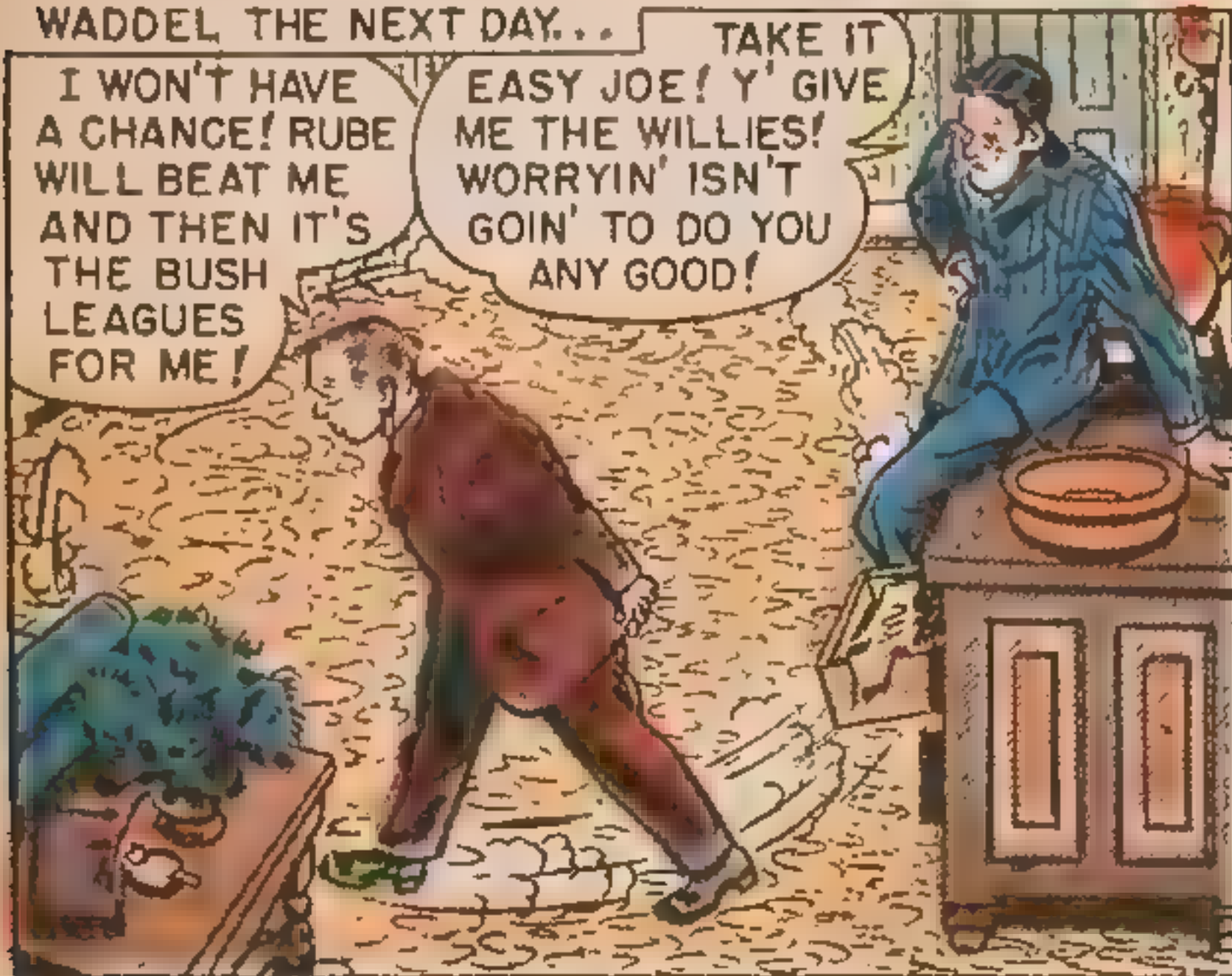


THE GREAT RUBE

A
REAL
STORY



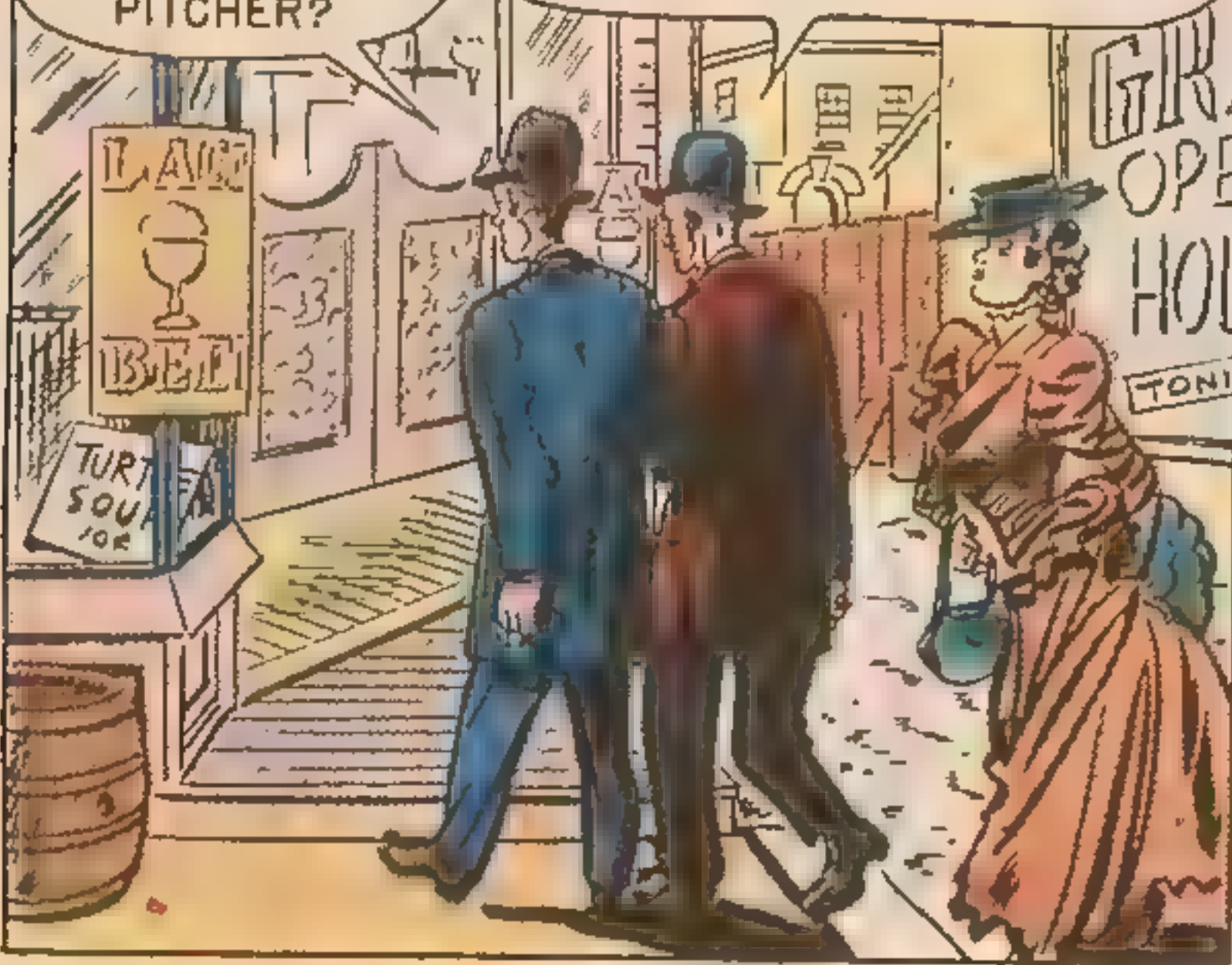
LATER, WITH HIS FRIEND PETE, IN HIS HOTEL, JOE BROODS OVER THE POSSIBILITY OF PITCHING AGAINST RUBE WADDEL THE NEXT DAY...



AFTER THE SHOW...

NOW LOOK, JOE!
WHAT MAKES A
PITCHER?

HIS ARM! BUT WHAT DOES
THAT HAVE TO DO WITH RUBE?



WELL, IF SOMETHIN' HAPPENED
TO RUBE'S ARM, YOU'D BE
IN CLOVER... RIGHT?

NONE OF THAT,
PETE! I DON'T
WANT NO ROUGH
STUFF!



THERE WON'T BE NO
ROUGH STUFF! LISTEN...
HERE'S WHAT WE DO...
BZZZZZ! BZZZZZ!

WHAT AN IDEA! IT'S A
BRAINSTORM, PETE!



THE NEXT DAY AS THE BROWNS AND ATHLETICS
WARM UP, JOE AND PETE APPROACH RUBE...

NICE GAME YOU
PITCHED YESTERDAY,
RUBE! I HEAR
THEY'RE PITCHIN'
YA AGAIN TOMORROW!

YEP! MY OLD SOUPBONE
FEELS GOOD! I CAN PITCH
EVERY DAY! I BET I HAVE
THE STRONGEST ARM IN THE
LEAGUE!



OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT! I BET JOE HERE
CAN THROW FARTHER
THAN YOU CAN!

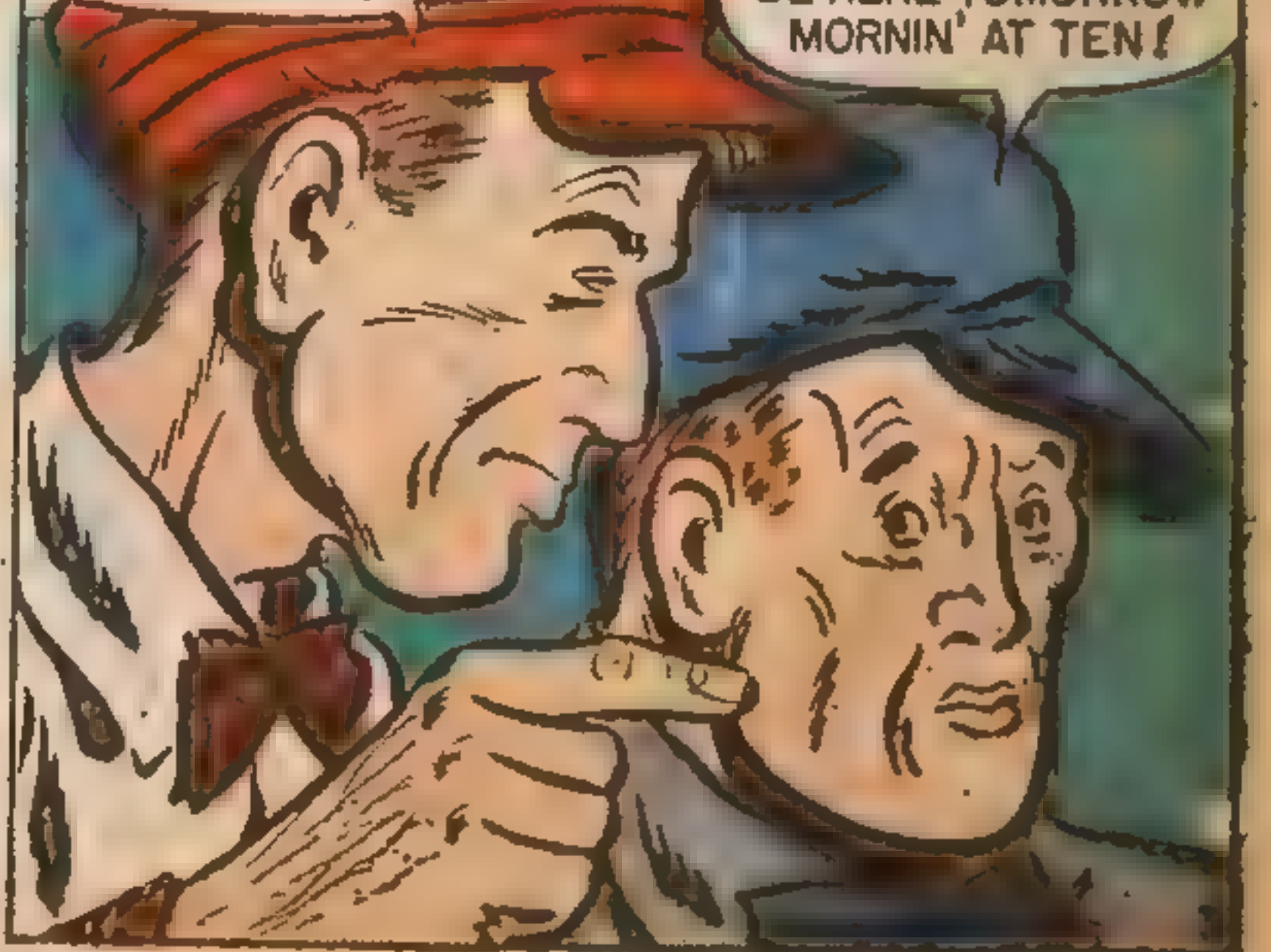
YEP! I HAVE
FIVE BUCKS
HERE THAT SAYS
I CAN BEAT YOU IN
DISTANCE
THROWIN'!

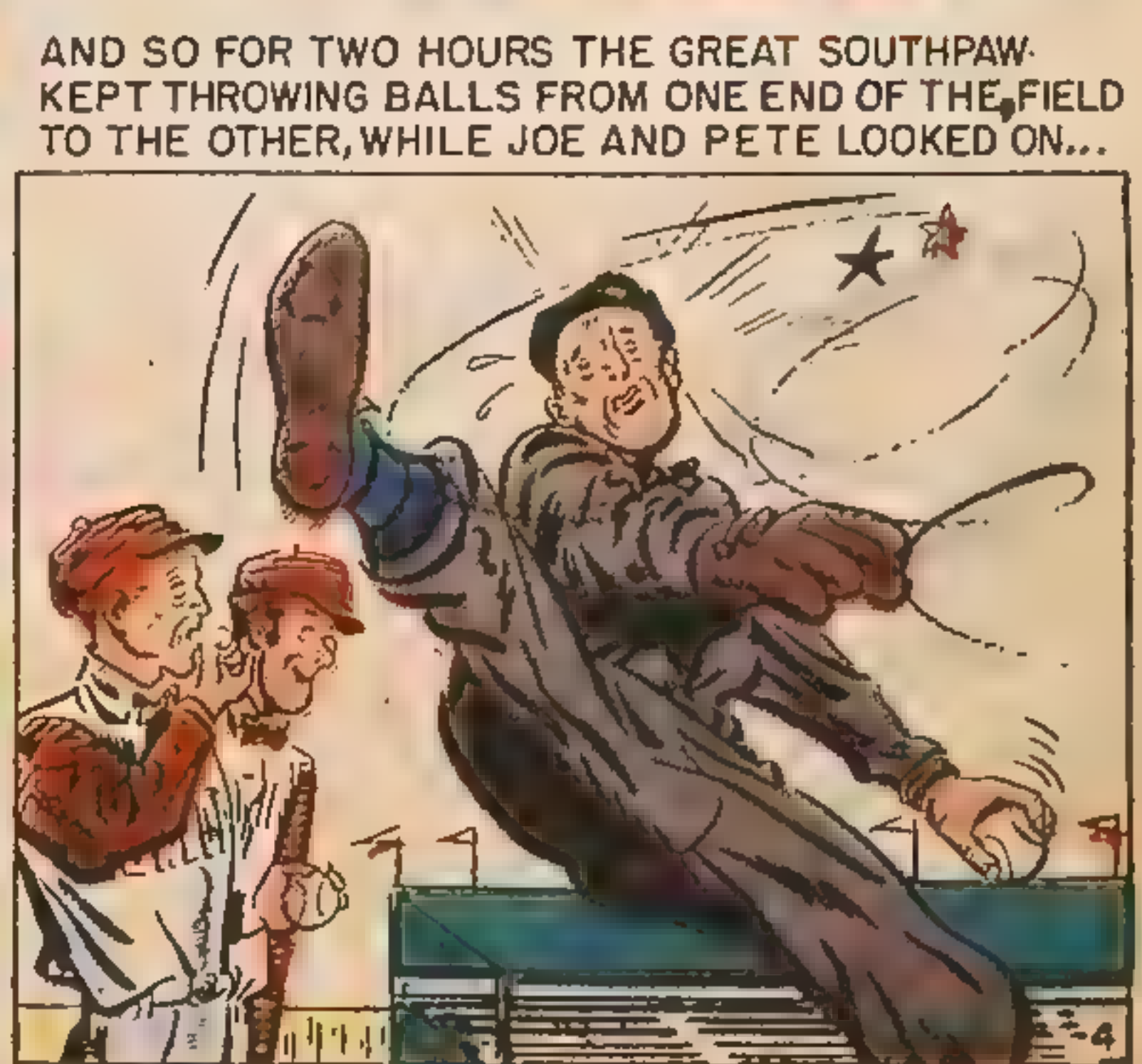
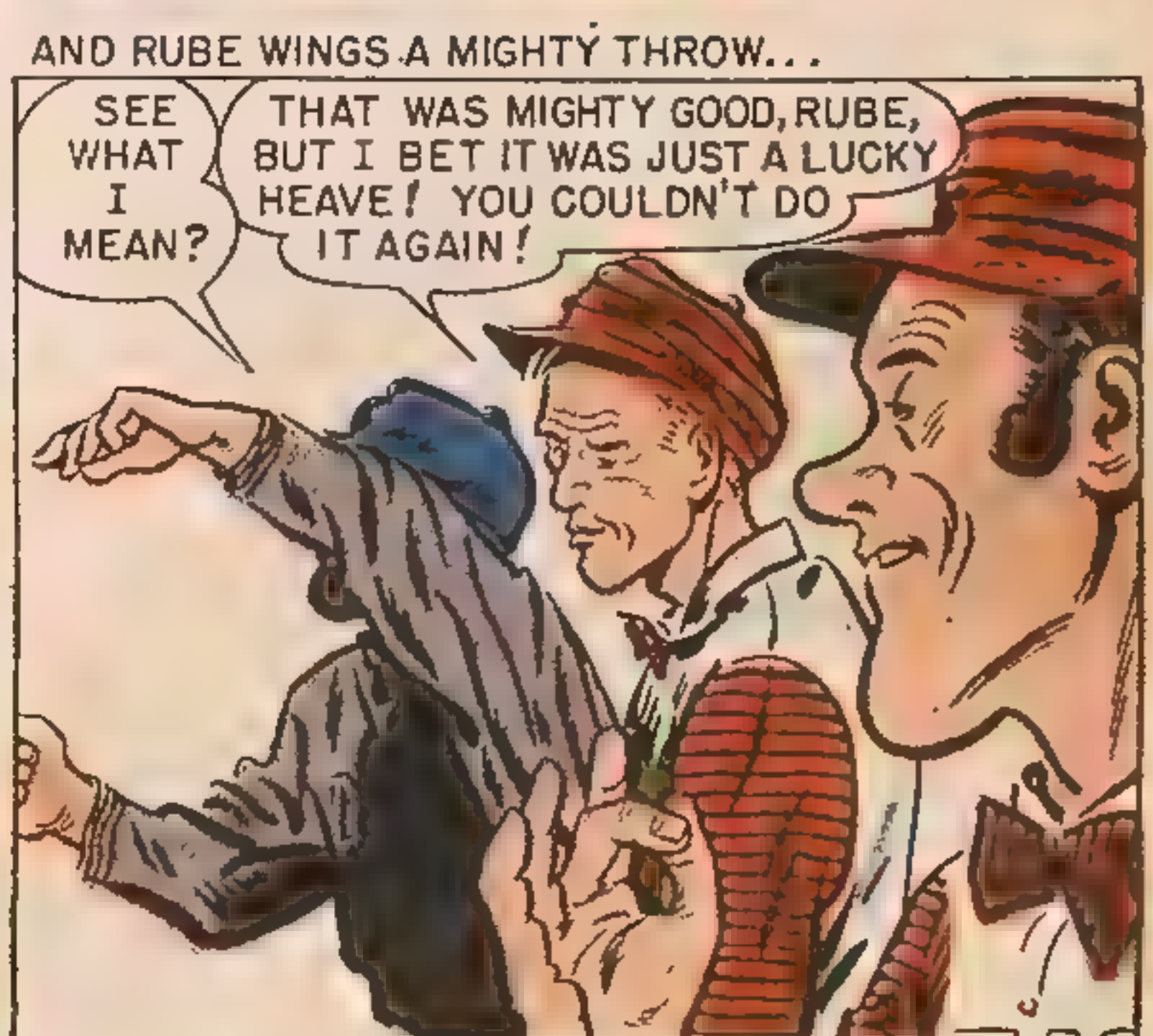
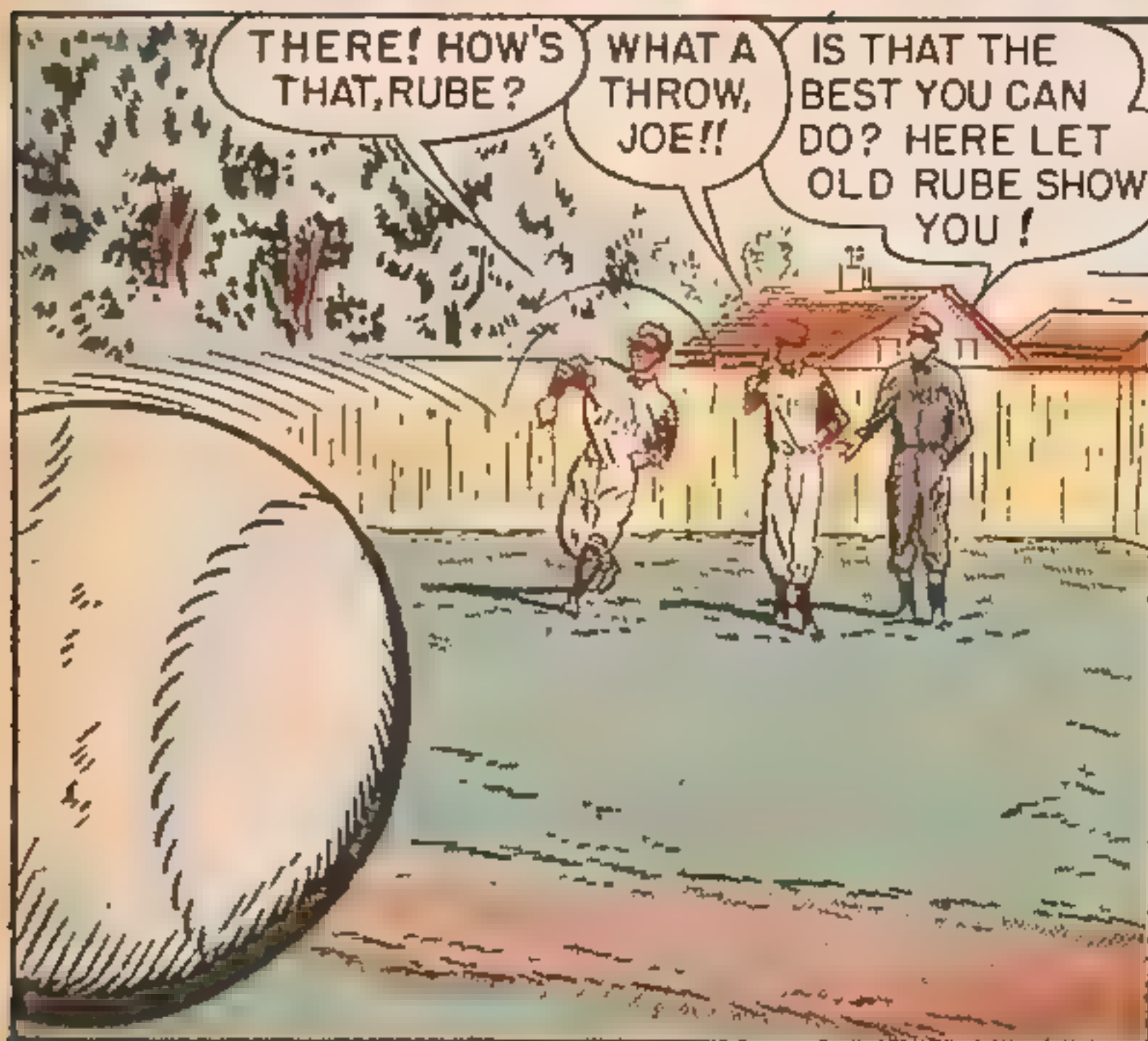
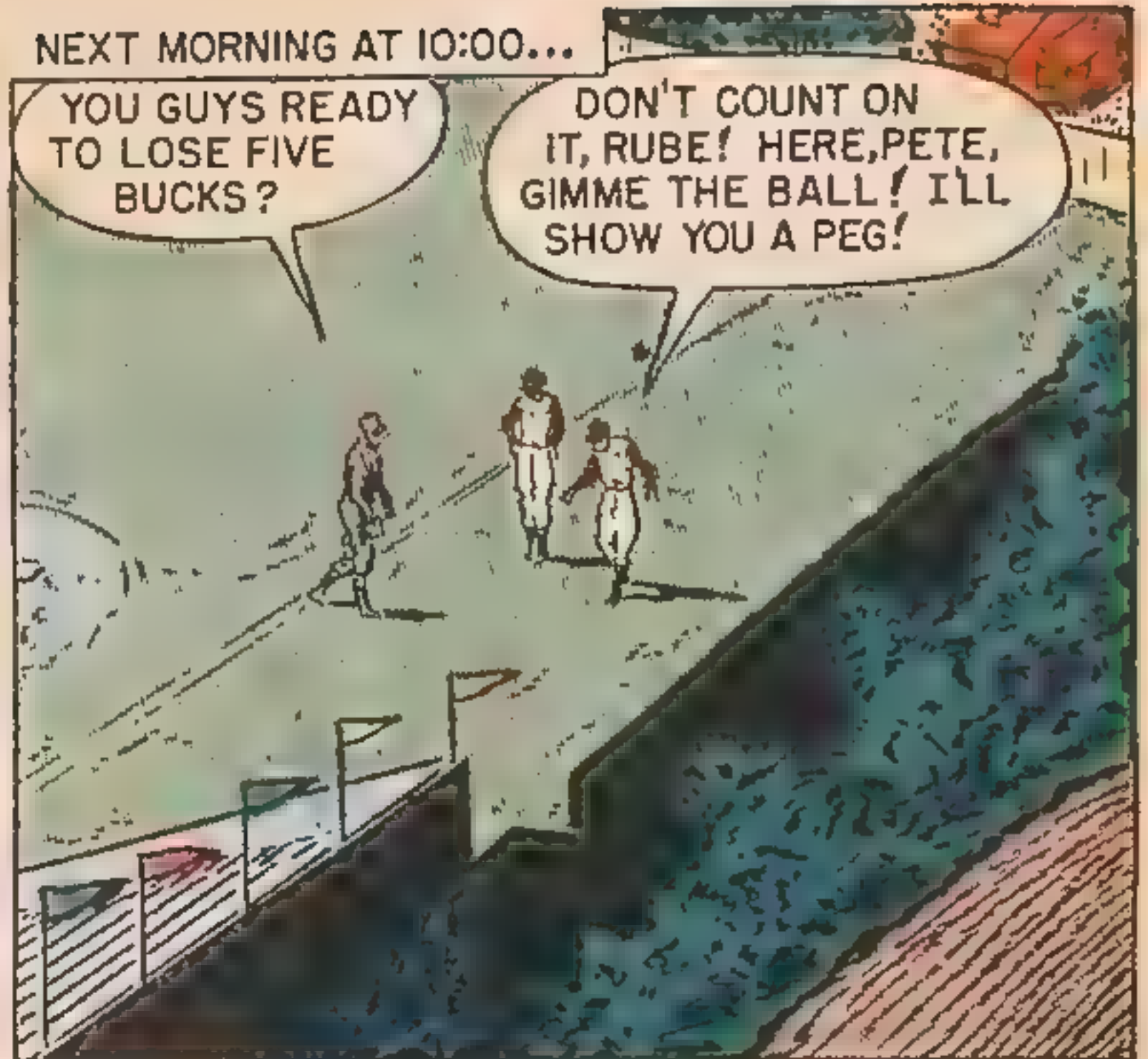
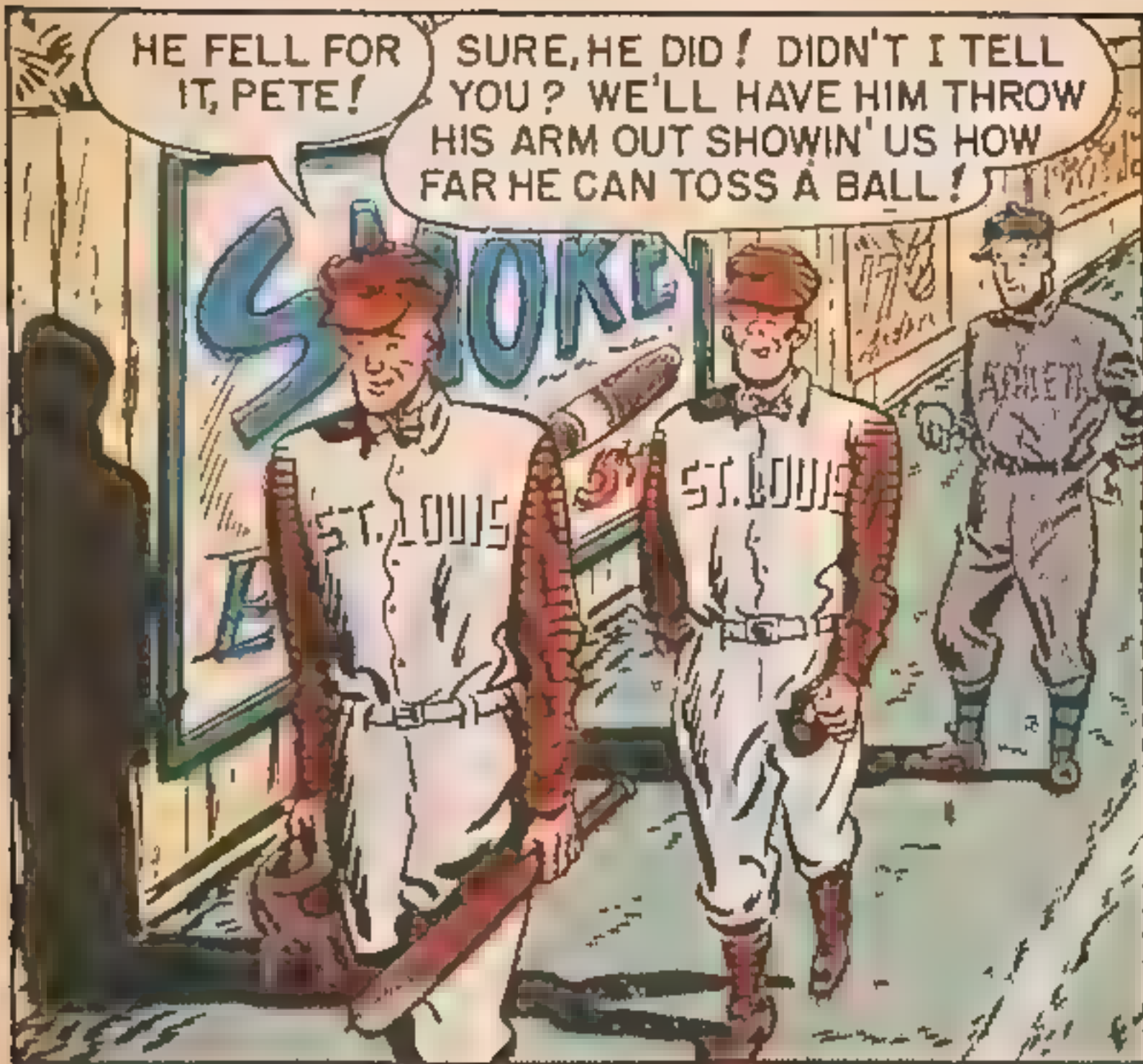
OKAY!
YOU'RE
ON!

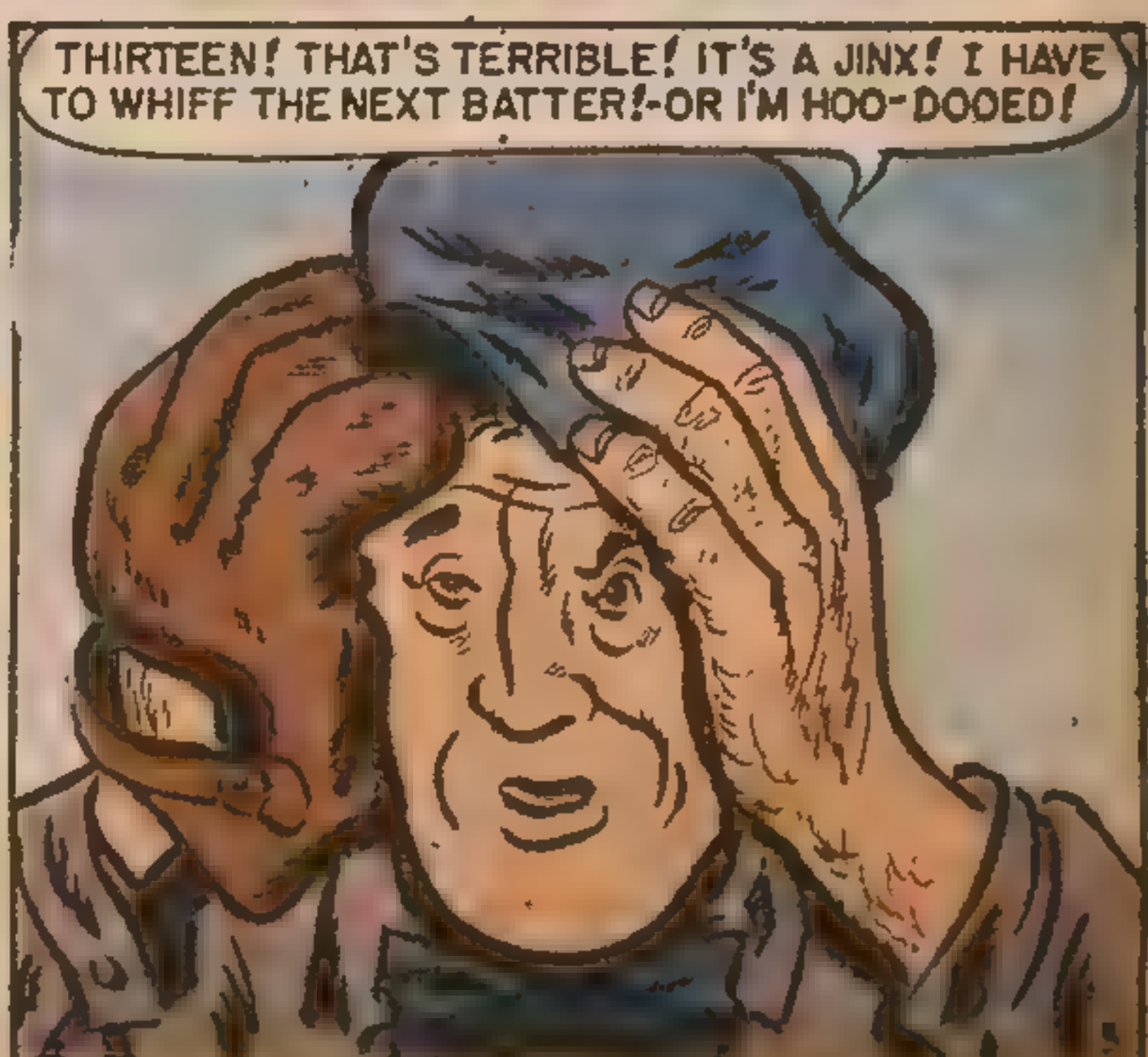
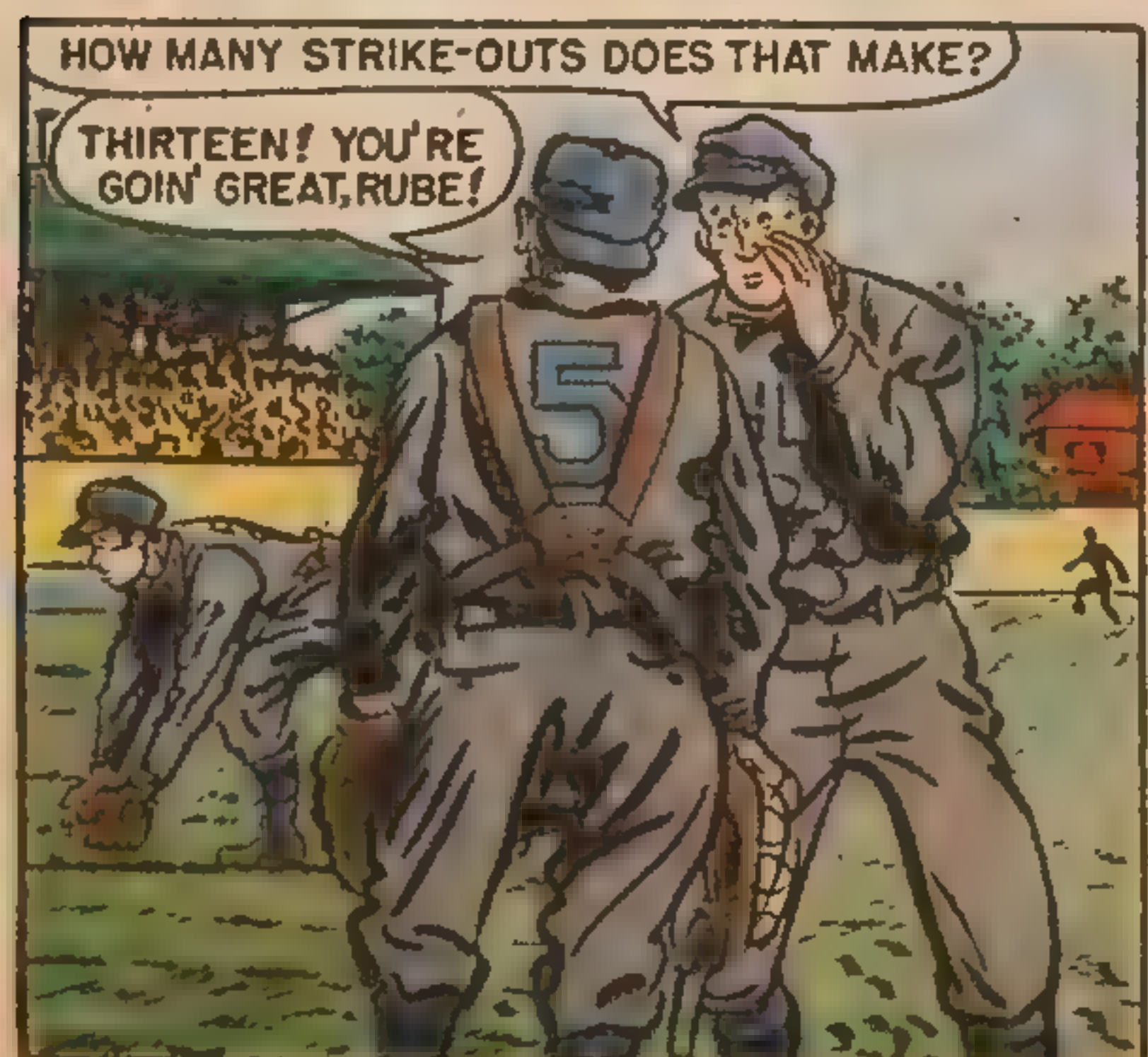
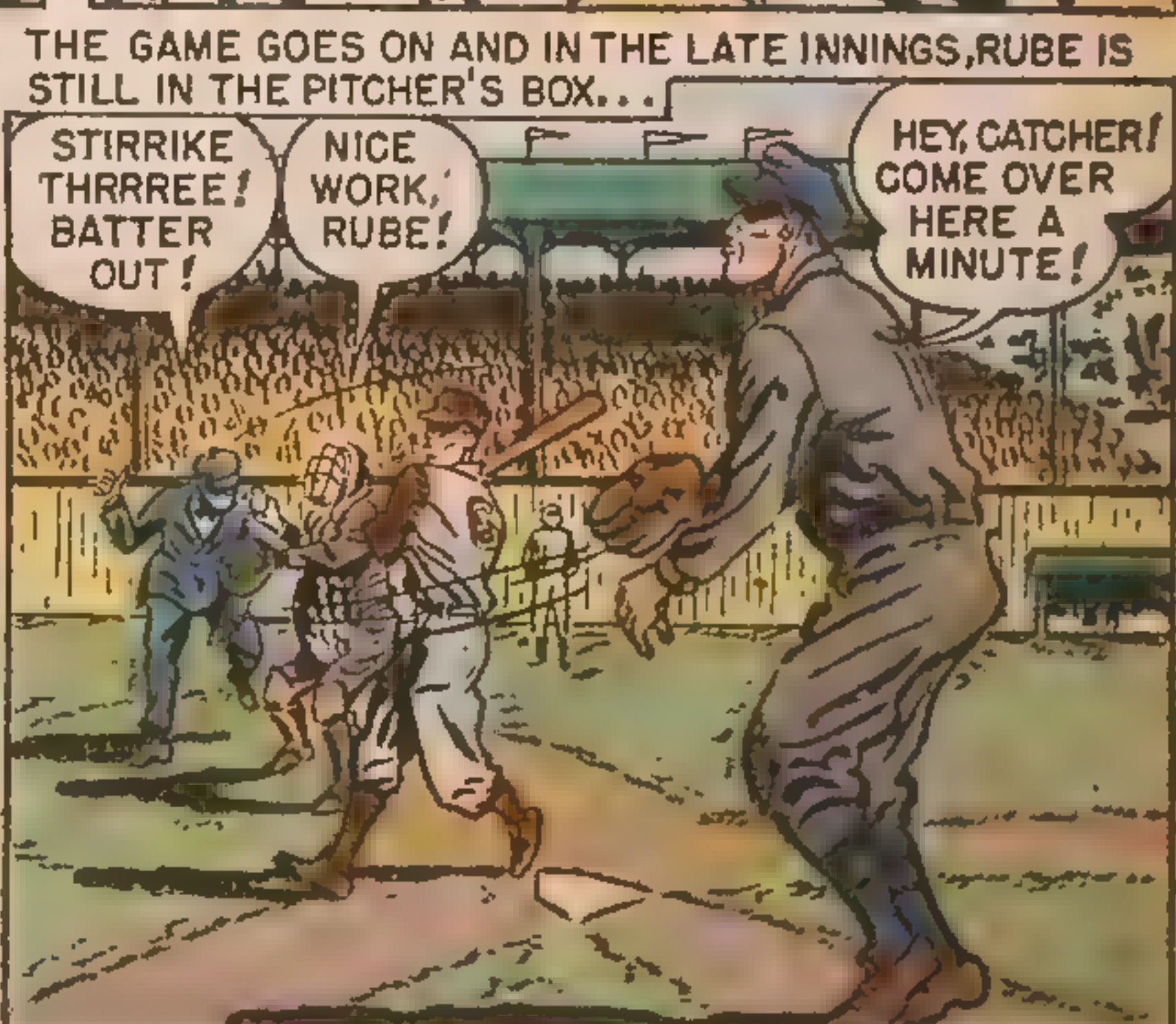
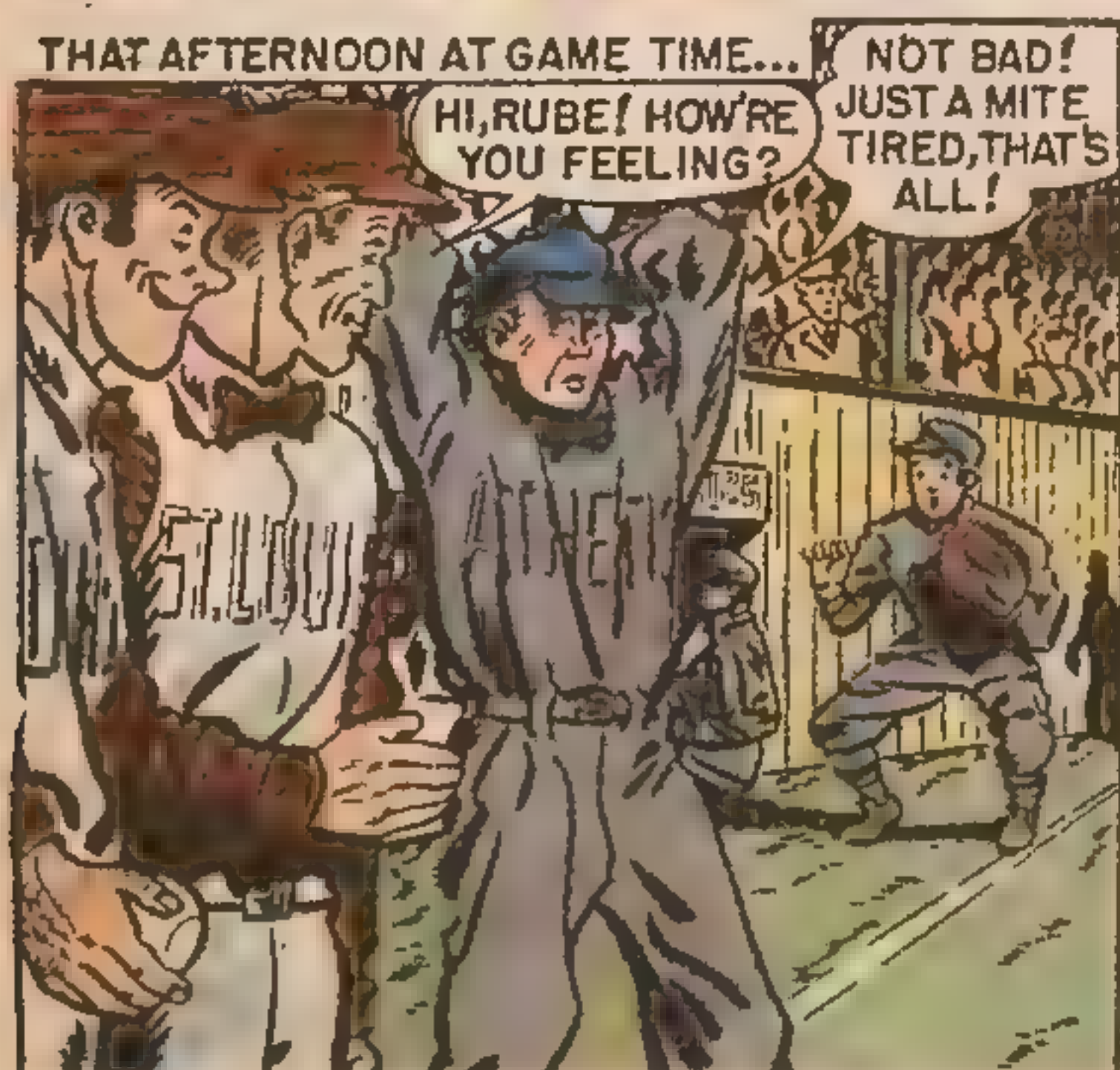
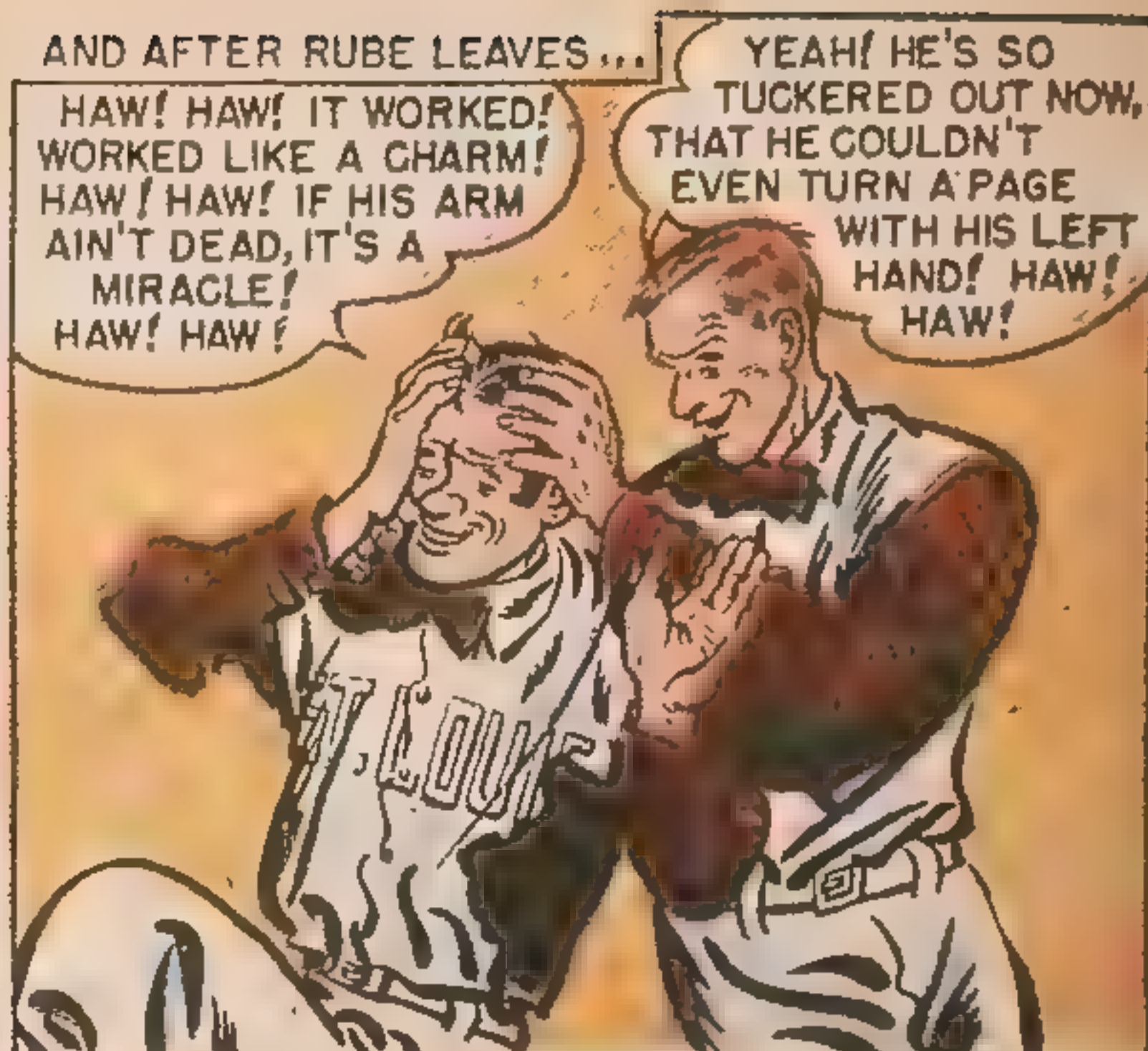
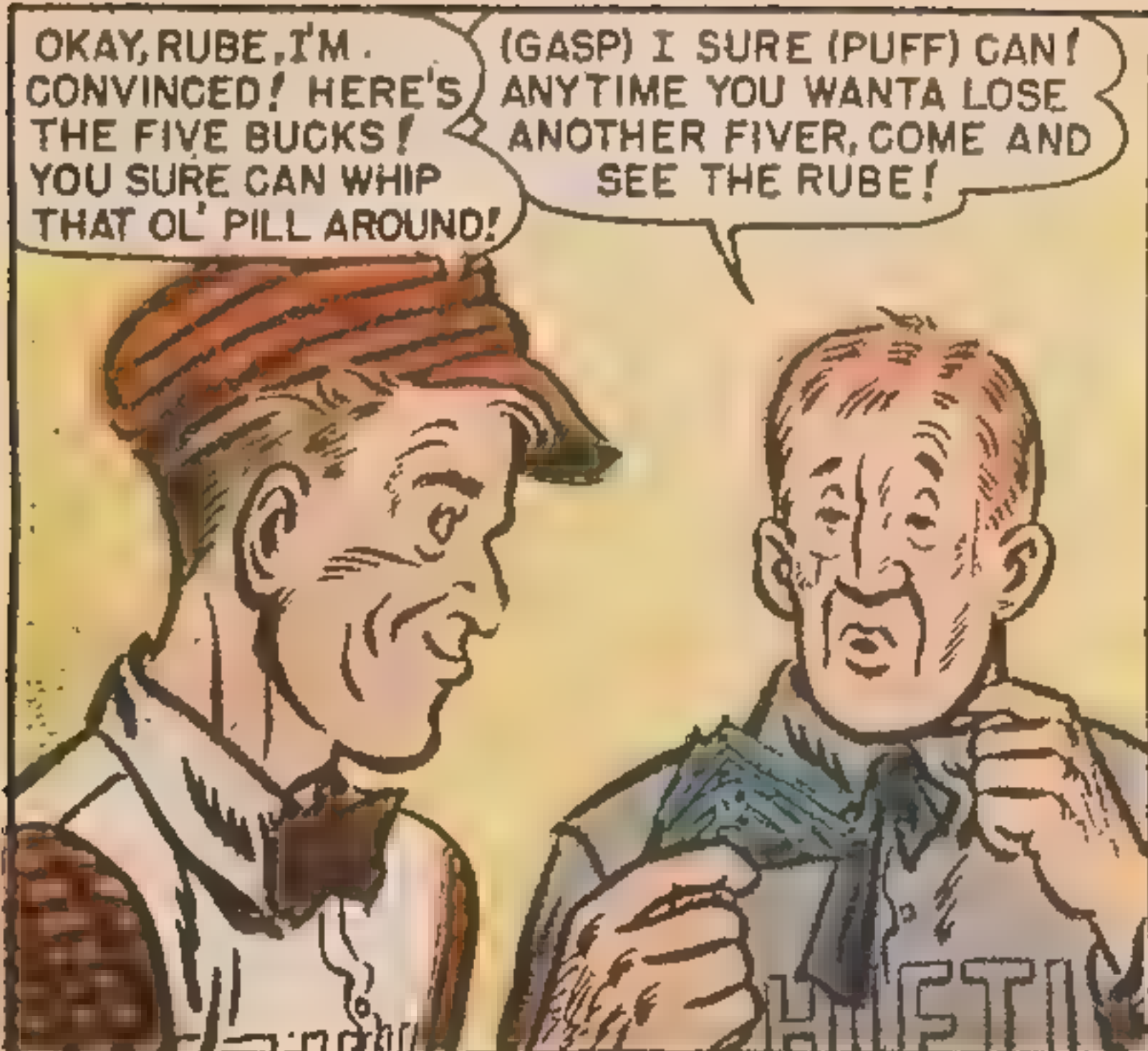


I'LL MEET YOU HERE TOMORROW
MORNIN', RUBE! REMEMBER,
THERE'S FIVE BUCKS
RIDIN' ON IT!

YOU'RE NOT
TAKIN' NO FIVER
FROM ME, JOE! I'LL
BE HERE TOMORROW
MORNIN' AT TEN!







AND RUBE STRIKES OUT THE NEXT HITTER AND HIS JINX IS LICKED...



AND AT THE END OF THE GAME, RUBE HAD PITCHED A SHUT-OUT!...

TODAY'S GAME

GRANT PARK

SCORE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL	R	H	E
INNING													
ST. LOUIS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	3
A's	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	9	2

AS THE CROWD FILES OUT OF THE BALL PARK A STUNNED PETE AND JOE SIT ON THE BROWNS' BENCH...

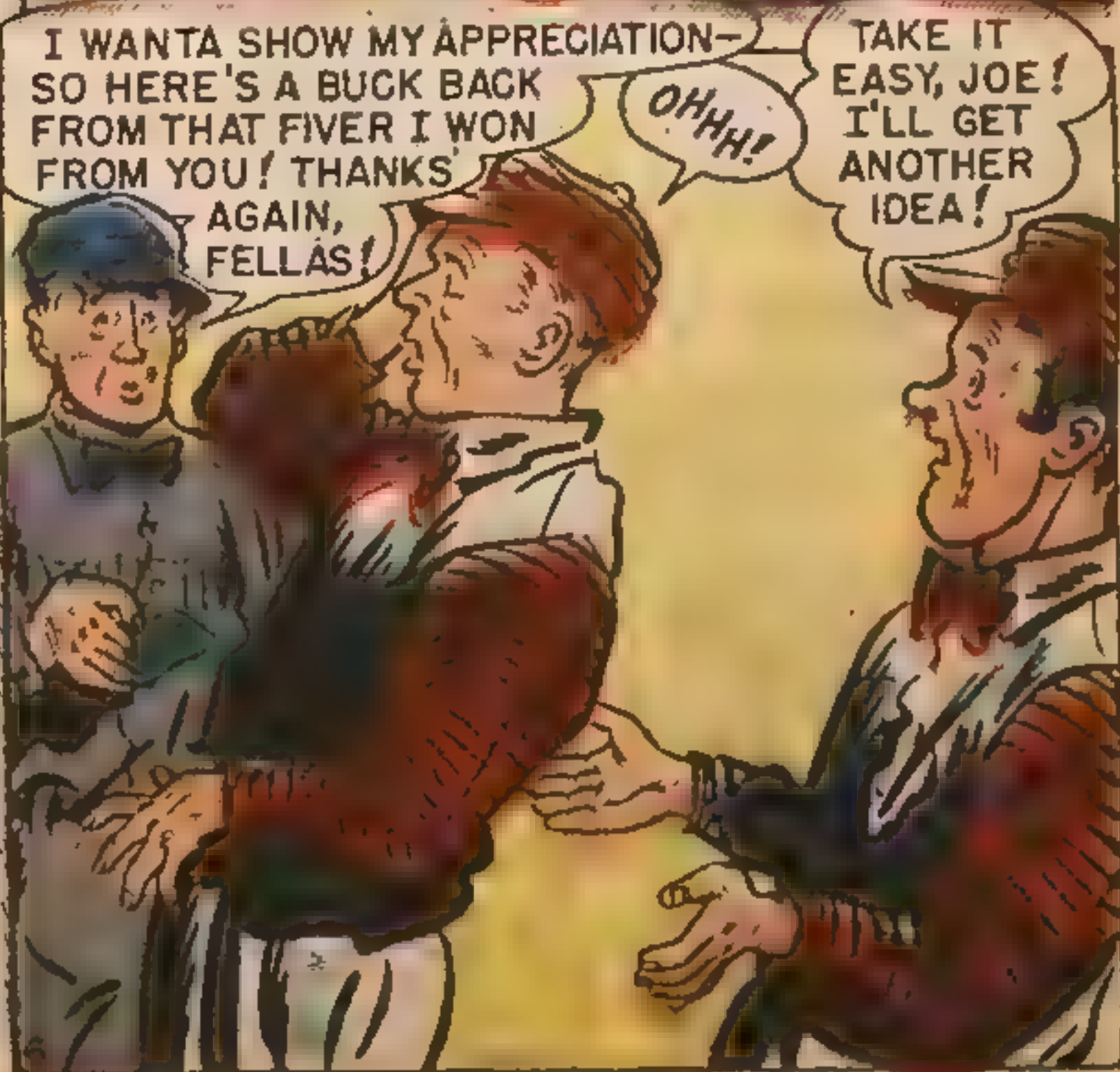
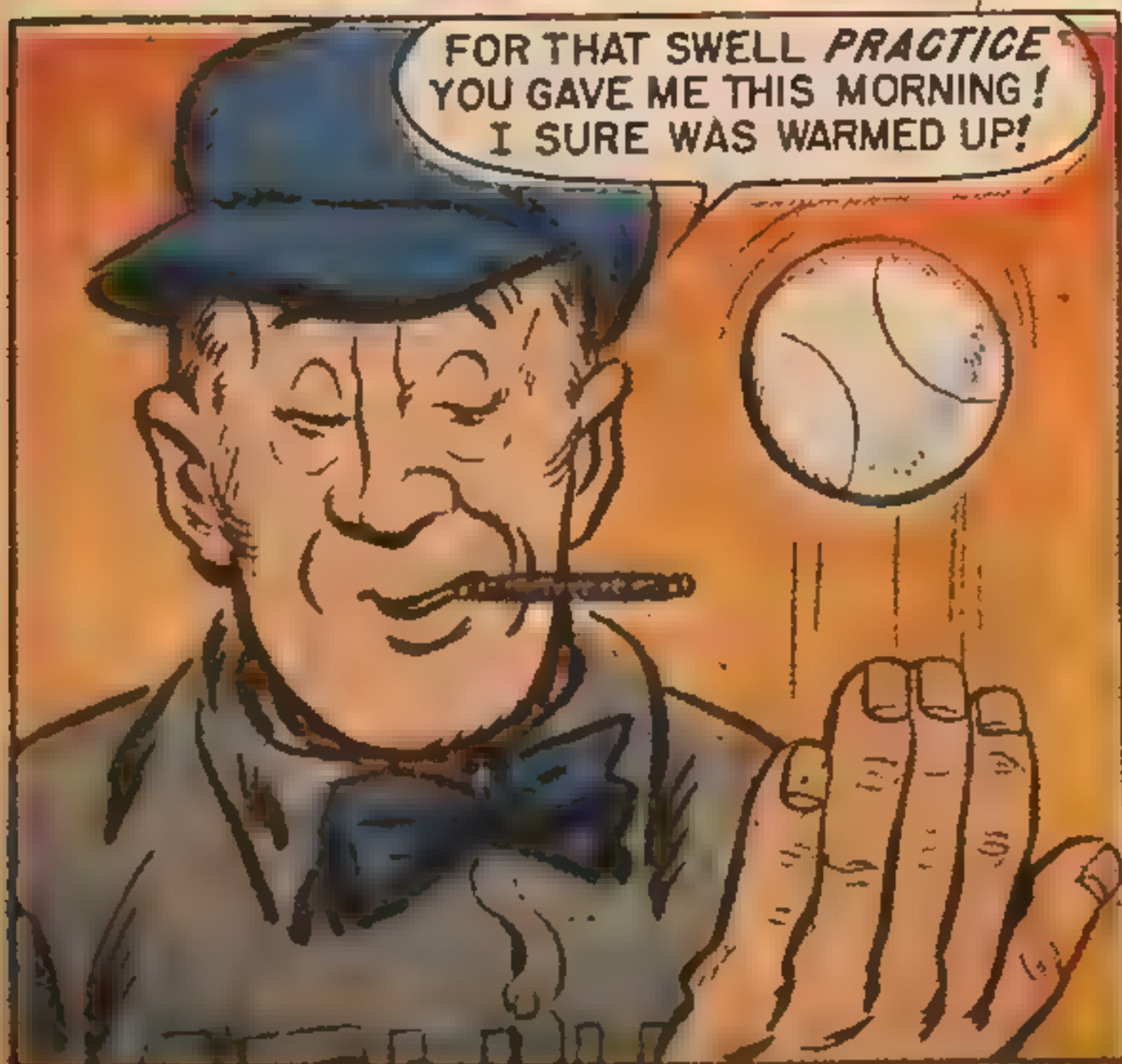
YOU AN' YOUR IDEAS, PETE! HE SURE WAS WORN OUT! HE *ONLY* FANNED *FOURTEEN* GUYS! MAYBE IF WE TIRED HIM SOME MORE, HE'D HAVE FANNED *TWENTY FOUR*!

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT, IF I DIDN'T SEE IT! THERE AIN'T ANOTHER PITCHER LIKE HIM!



PETE! JOE! THERE YOU ARE! I WANTA THANK YOU GUYS!

THANK *US*? WHAT FOR, RUBE?



I WANTA SHOW MY APPRECIATION—SO HERE'S A BUCK BACK FROM THAT FIVER I WON FROM YOU! THANKS AGAIN, FELLAS!

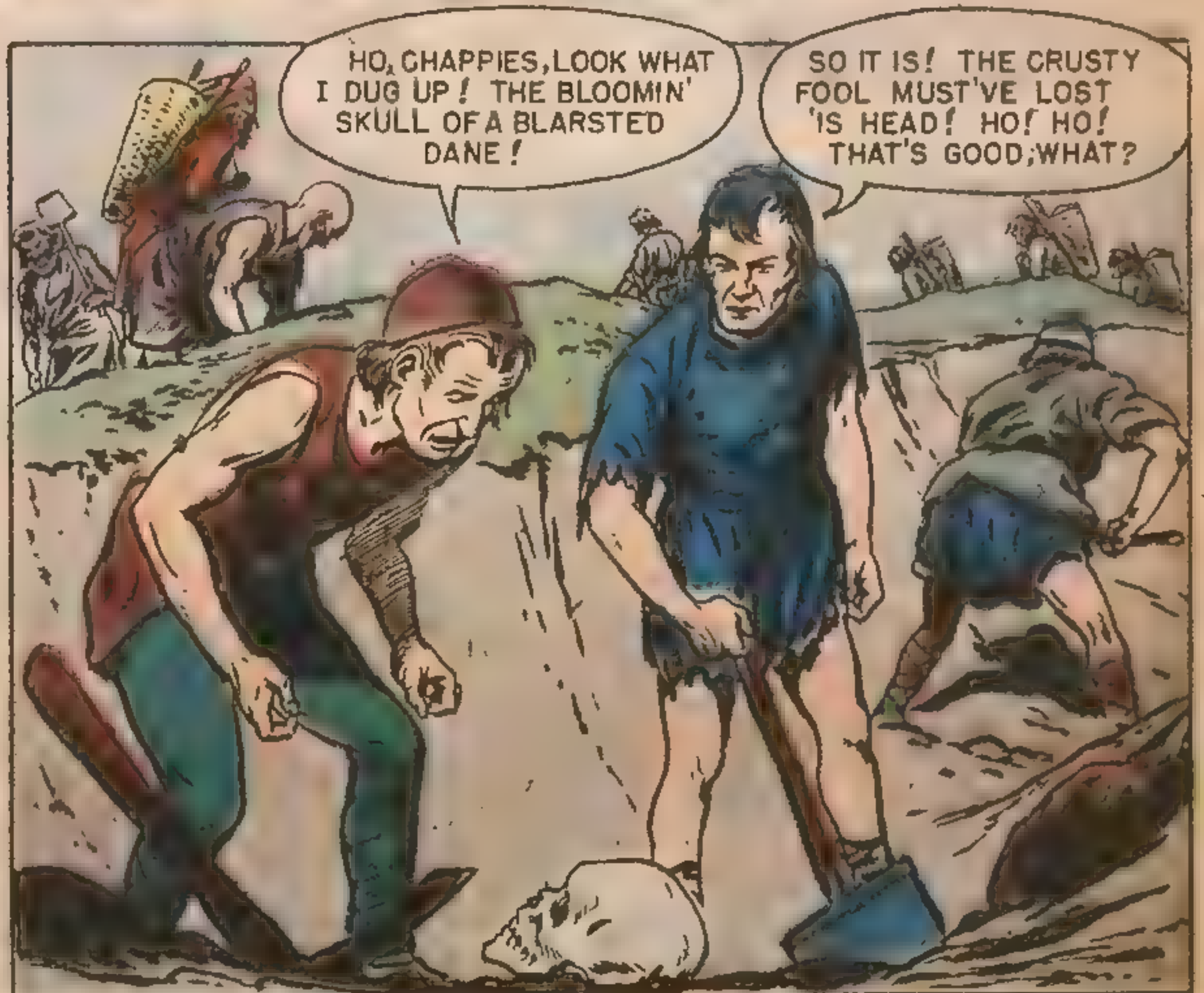
OH!!

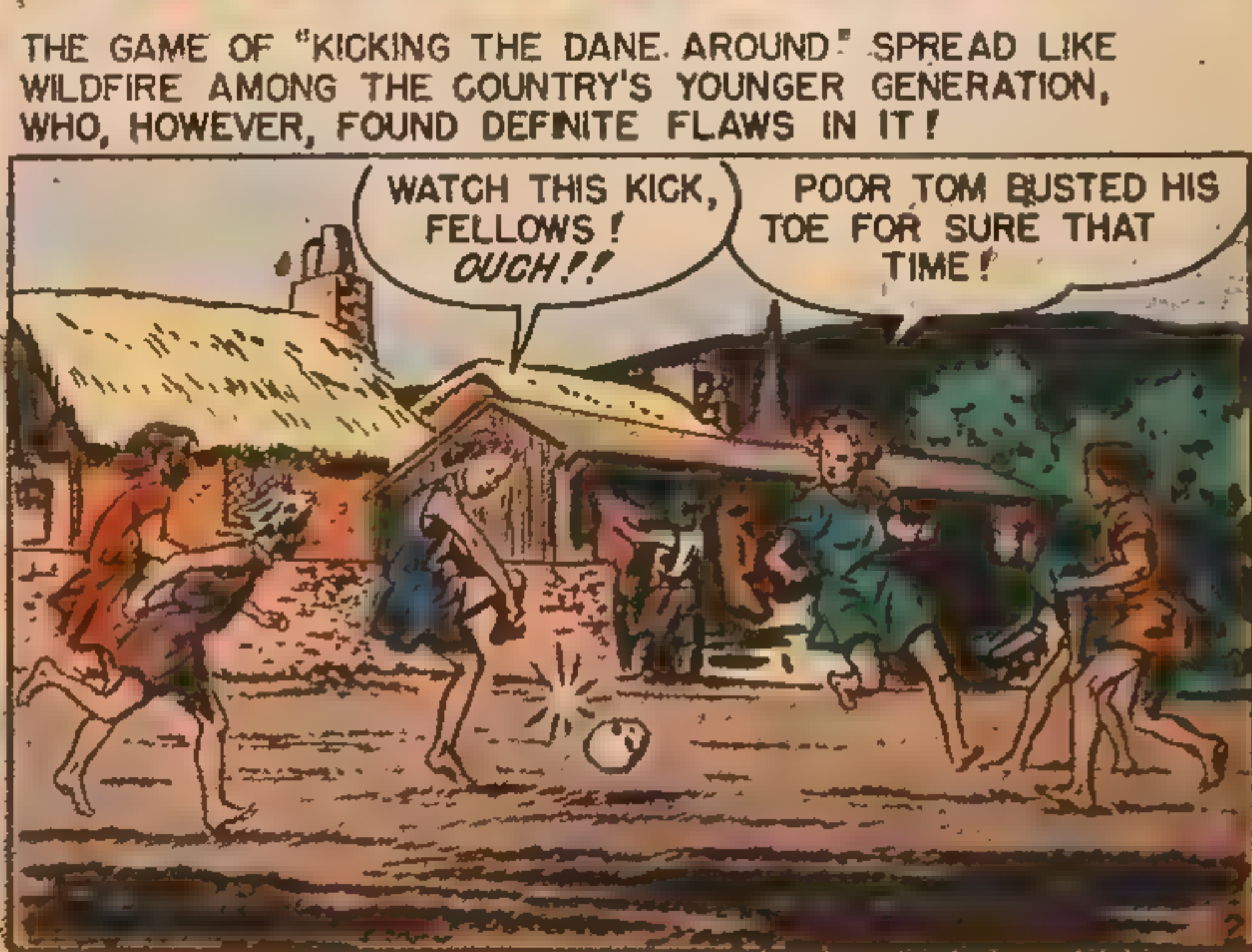
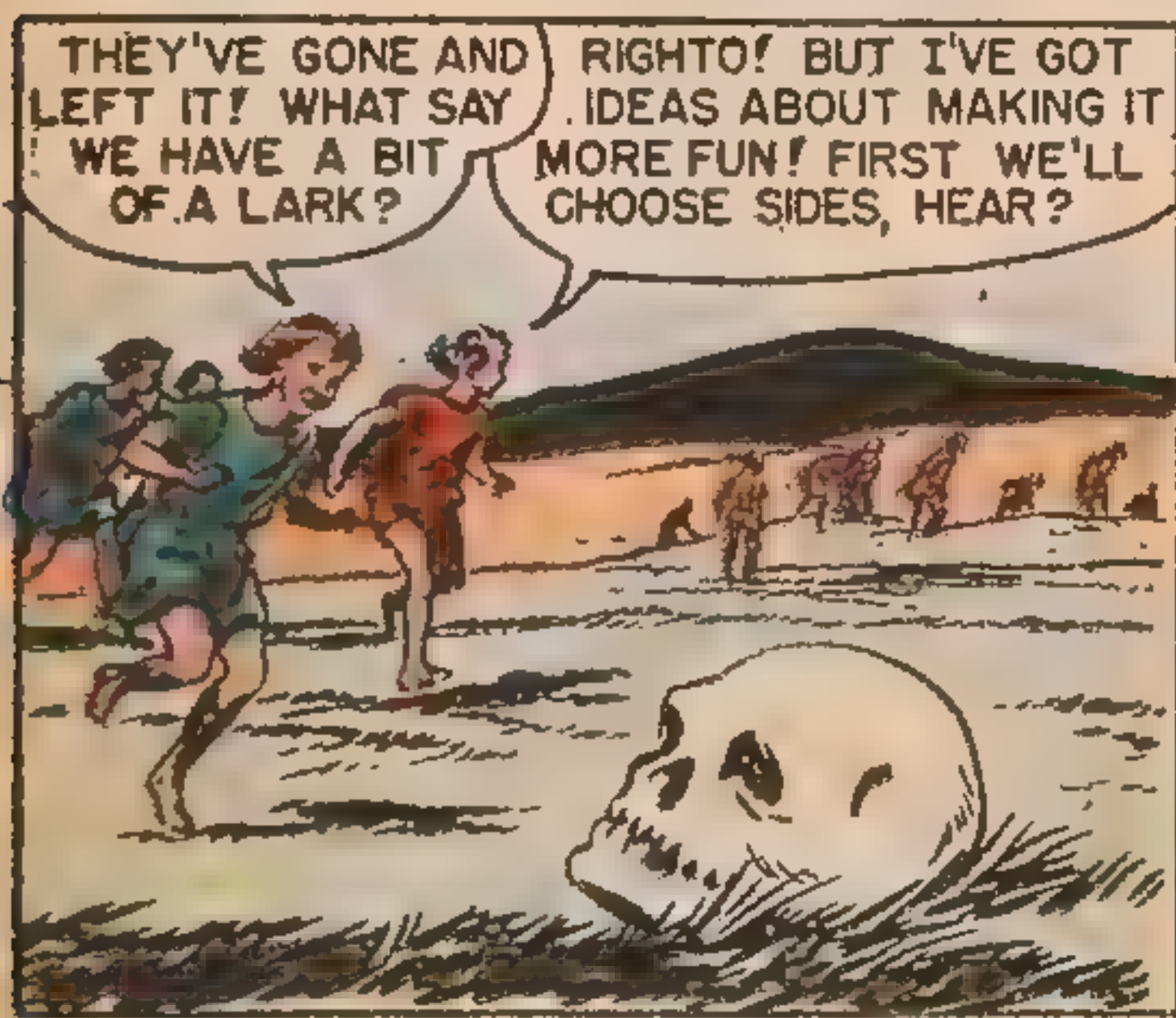
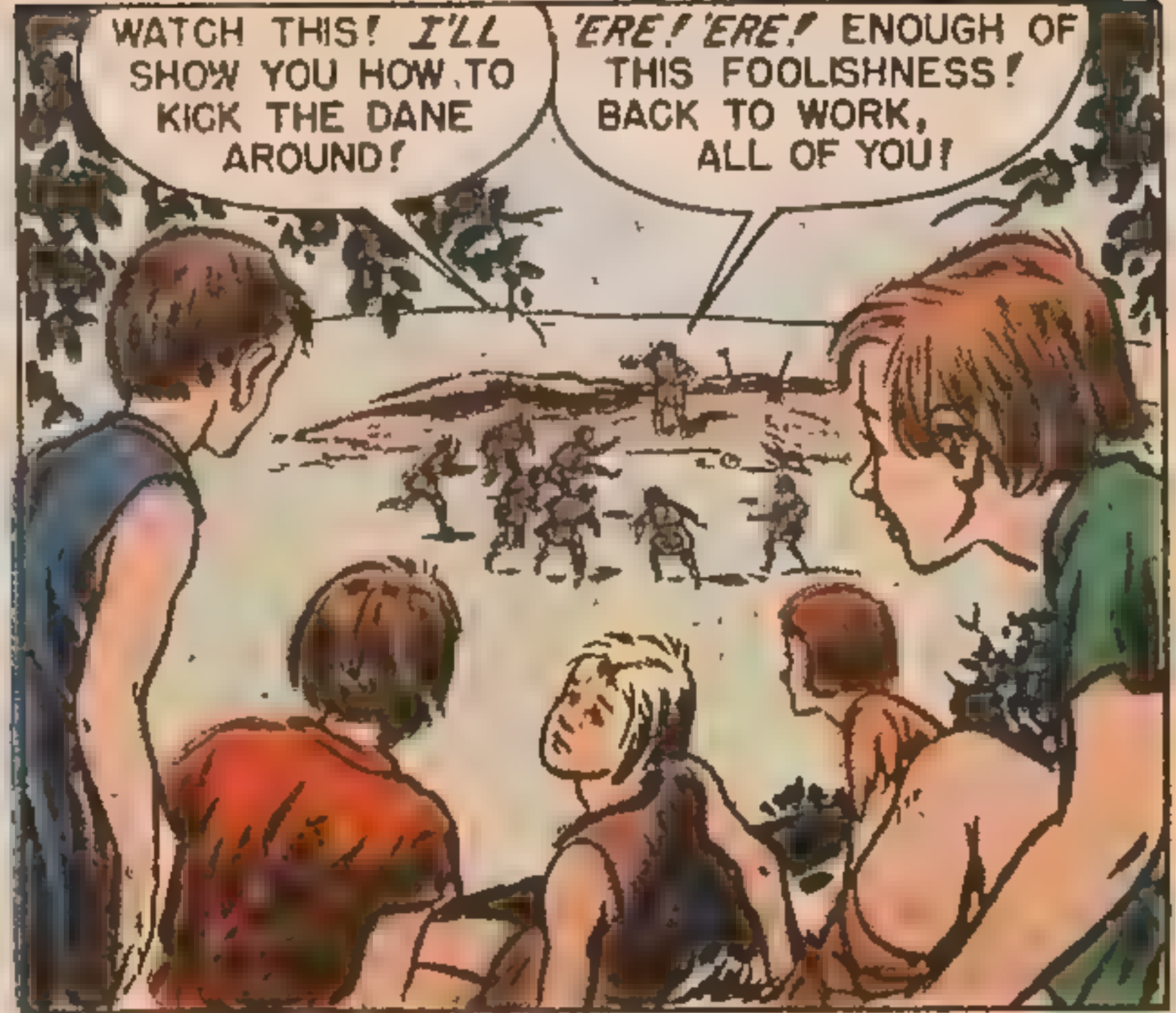
TAKE IT EASY, JOE! I'LL GET ANOTHER IDEA!

FOOTBALL IS BORN

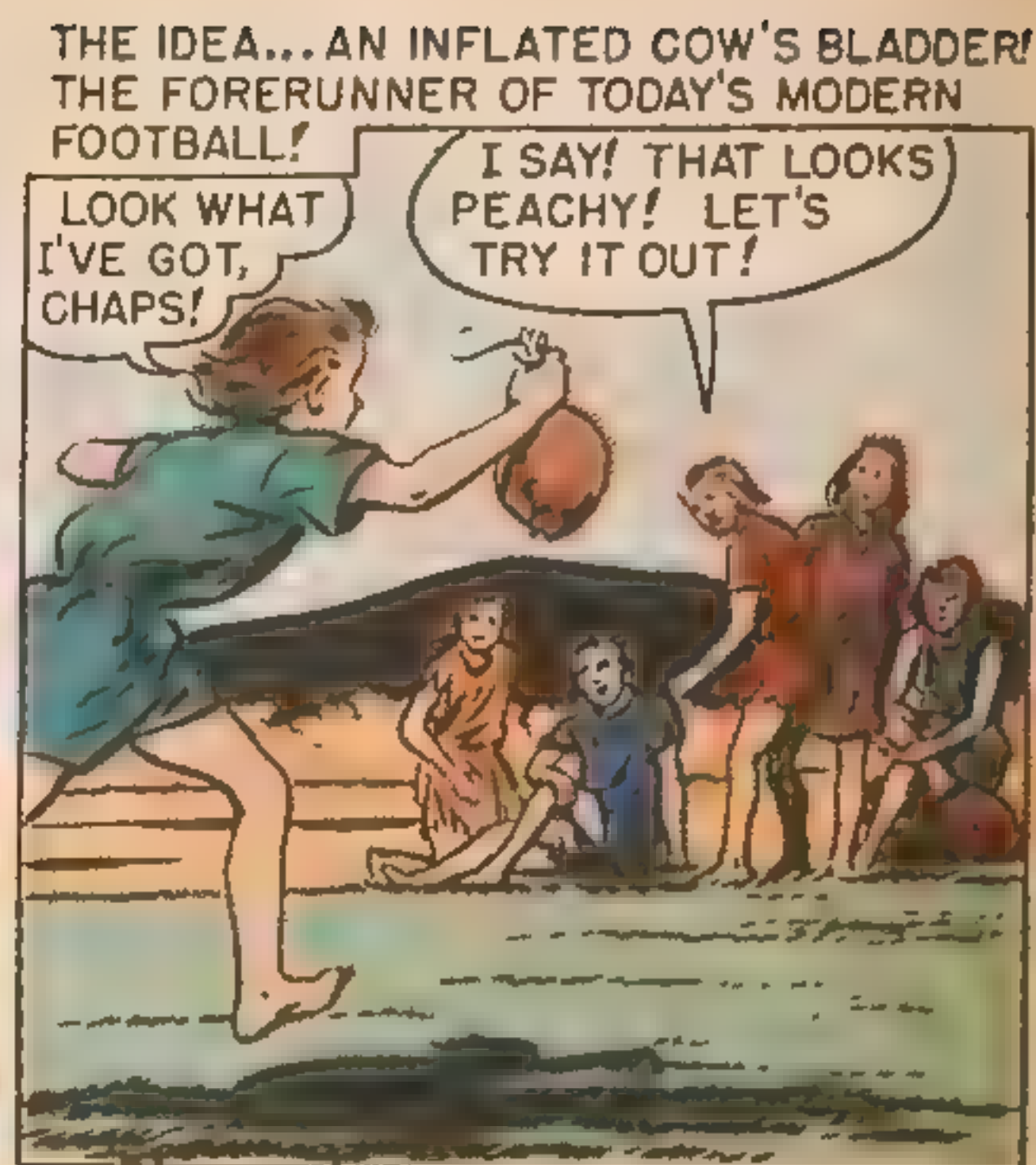
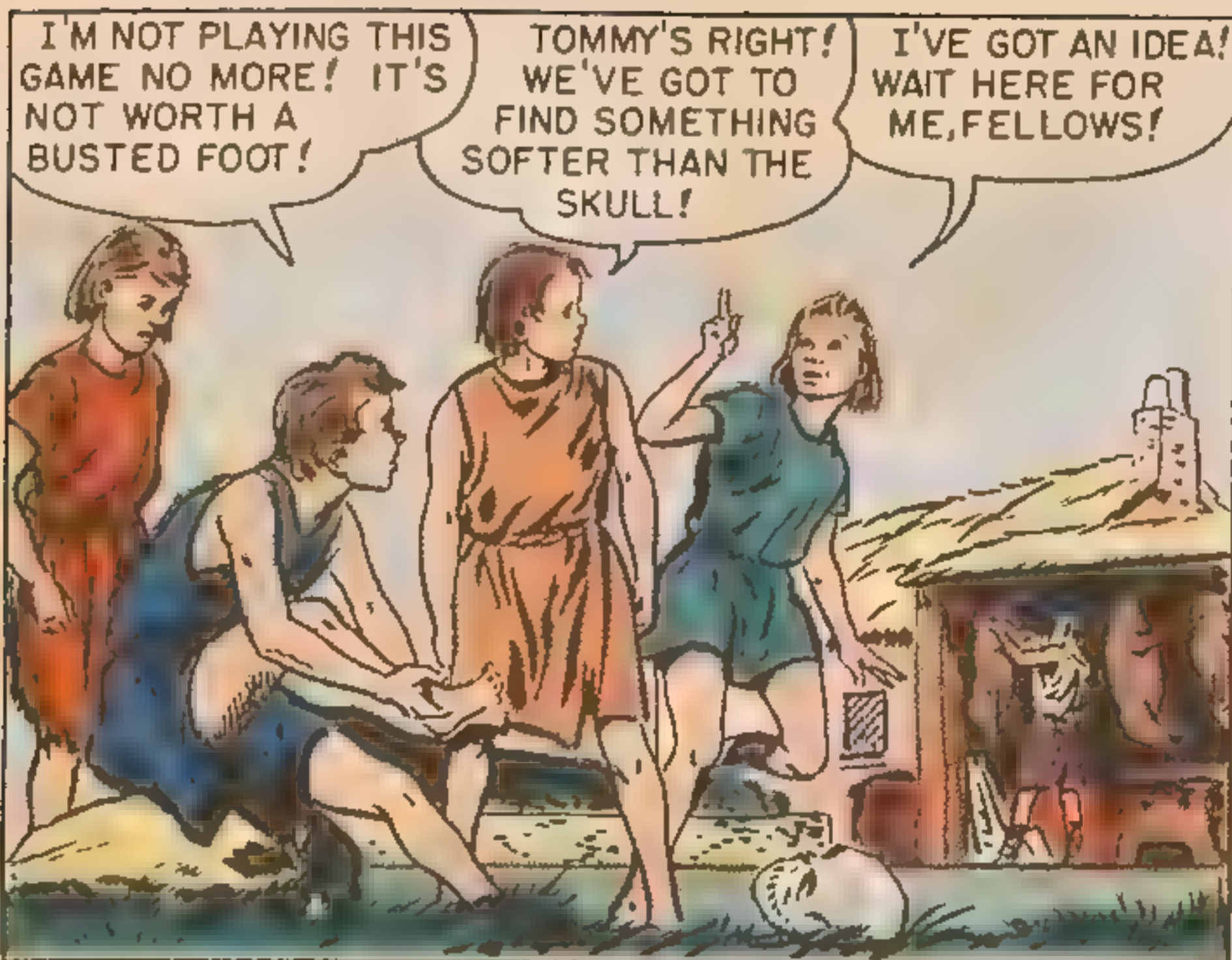
A
REAL
STORY

FOOTBALL HAD A MODEST AND RATHER PECULIAR BEGINNING.... IT ALL STARTED IN MERRIE OLDE ENGLAND ABOUT 1045. THE DANES HAD OCCUPIED THE ISLAND FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY—AND HAD BEEN DRIVEN OUT BY THE ARMIES OF KING EDWARD: BUT THE MEMORY OF THEIR TYRANNY CONTINUED TO SMOULDER IN ENGLISH BREASTS... SO IT WASN'T STRANGE THAT ENGLISH WORKMEN WERE ENTIRELY UNSENTIMENTAL WHEN THEY DUG UP THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THEIR DEFUNCT CONQUERORS...



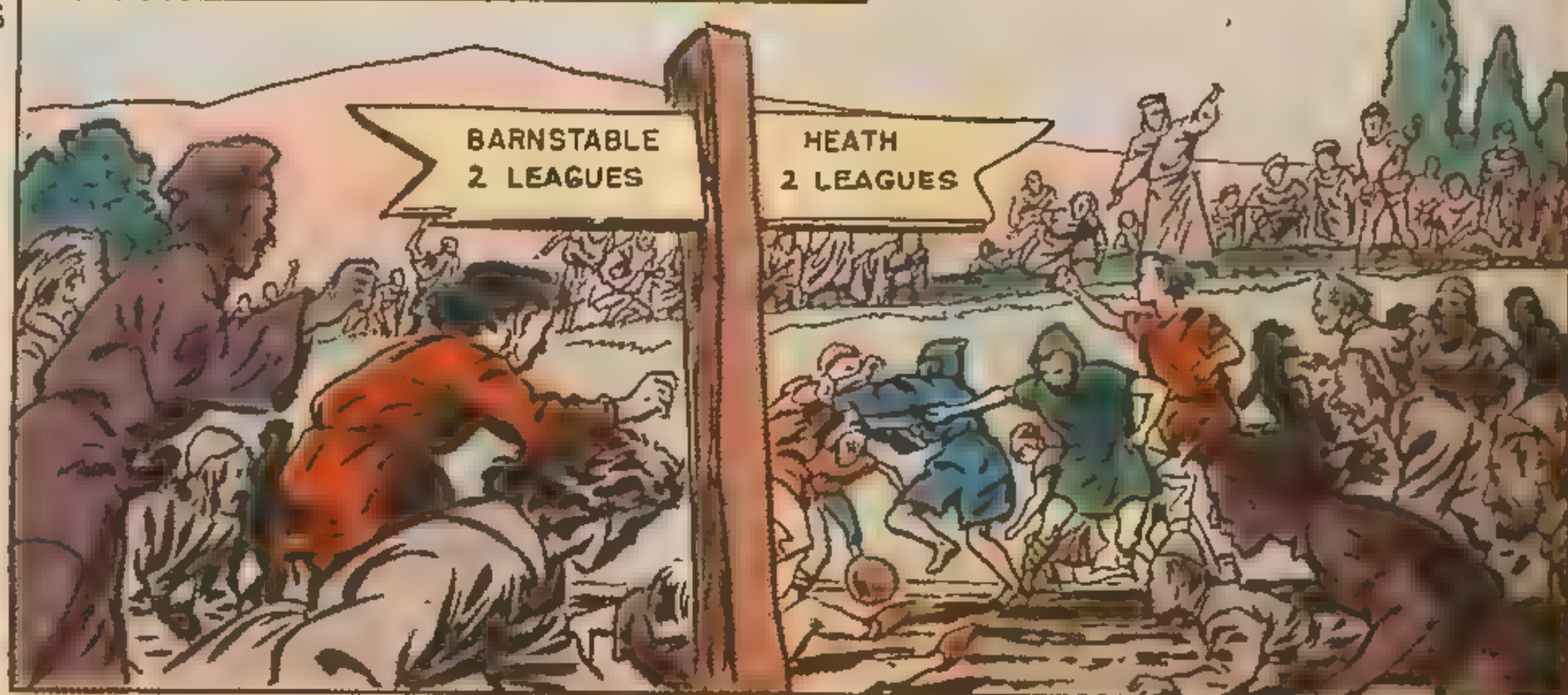


THE GAME OF "KICKING THE DANE AROUND" SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE AMONG THE COUNTRY'S YOUNGER GENERATION, WHO, HOWEVER, FOUND DEFINITE FLAWS IN IT!



DURING THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS THE GAME GAINED IN POPULARITY, BUT WAS PLAYED WITHOUT BASIC RULES. FOOTBALL, OR "FUTEBALLE", IN THE EARLY 12TH CENTURY CONSISTED OF TWO RIVAL TOWNS MEETING AT A MIDWAY POINT, WHERE AN IMPARTIAL REFEREE WOULD THROW DOWN THE BLADDER AS A SIGNAL FOR ACTION.

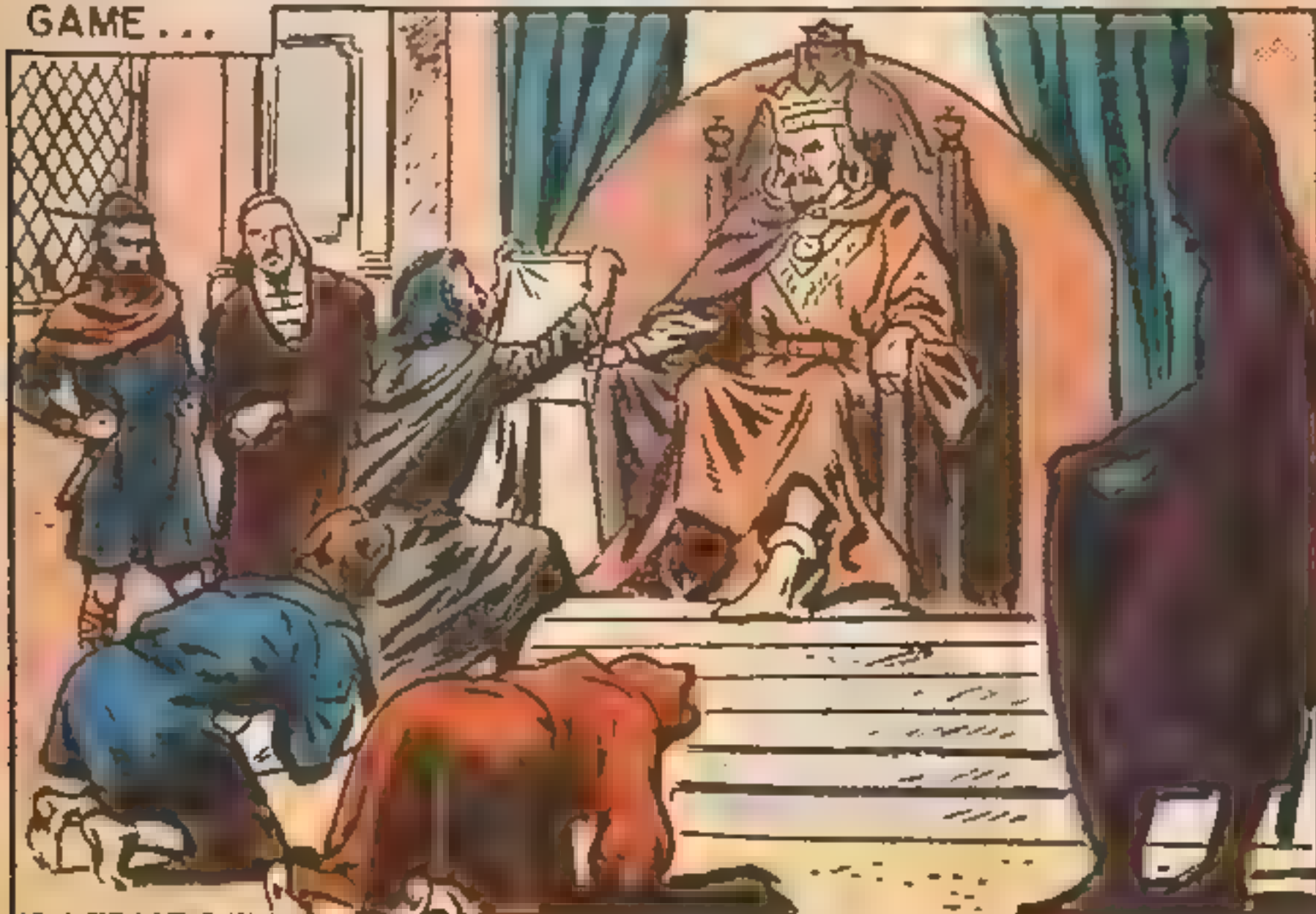
THEN, WITH HUNDREDS OF PLAYERS ON EACH SIDE, THE OPPOSING GROUPS WOULD STRIVE TO KICK THE BLADDER INTO THE CENTER OF THE RIVAL TEAM'S VILLAGE...



THE TRIUMPHANT TEAM WOULD SURGE THROUGH THE LOSING TOWN, FLATTENING EVERYTHING IN ITS WAKE, AND BUILDING A VICTORY FIRE OUT OF ANYTHING LOOSE AND COMBUSTIBLE.



FINALLY, A DEPUTATION FROM HEATH, A TOWN WHICH OFTEN LOST ITS MATCHES AND WAS OFTEN WRECKED, APPEALED TO KING STEPHEN TO CLAP RESTRAINTS ON THE VIOLENT GAME...

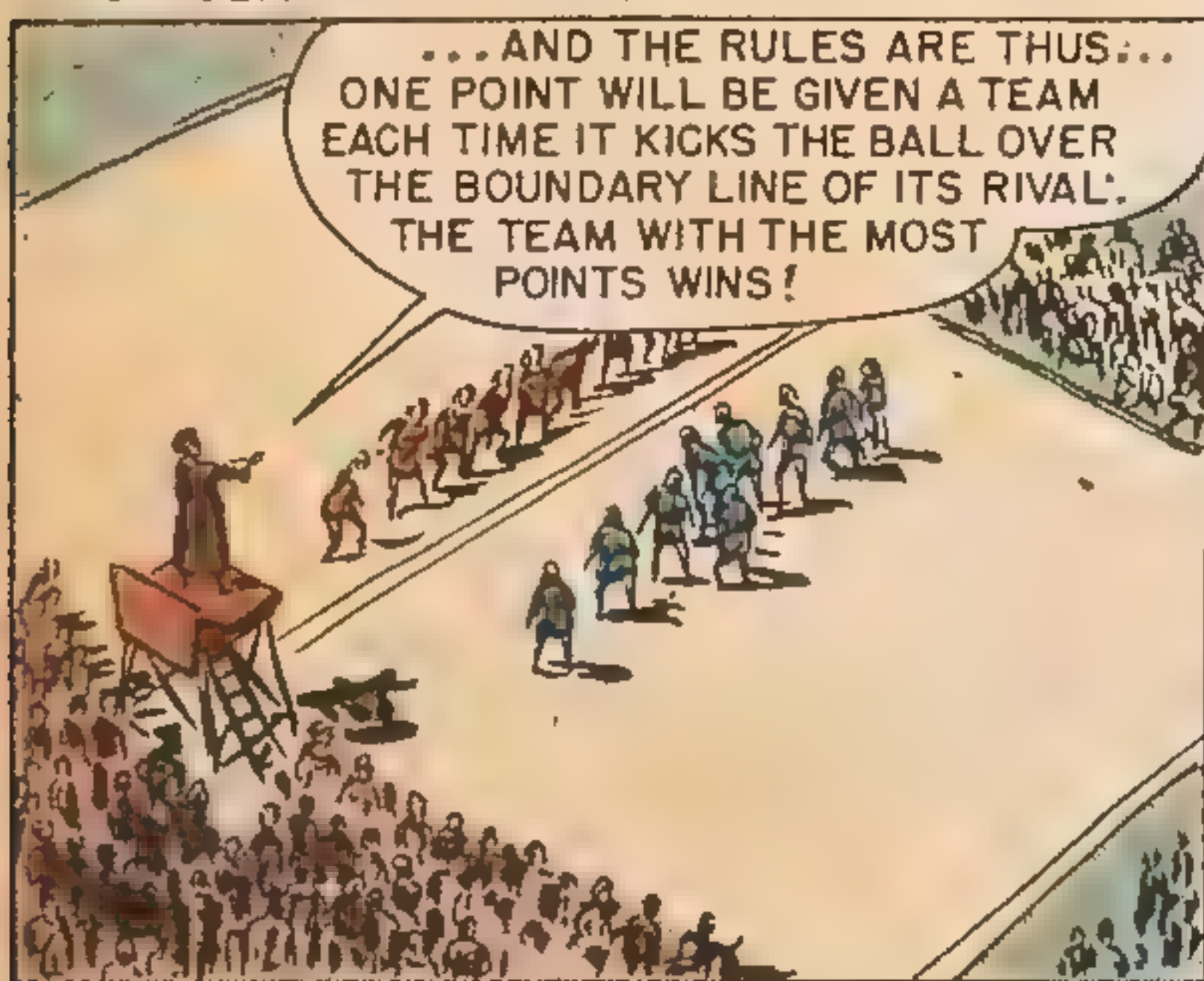


ACCORDINGLY, KING STEPHEN RULED THAT...



HEREAFTER...
THE GAME KNOWN
AS FUTEBALLE IS TO
BE PLAYED ONLY
IN A VACANT FIELD
OR MEADOW.
ANY DEVIATION
FROM THIS RULING
SHALL BE
PUNISHABLE BY
DEATH!

THIS MARKED THE BEGINNING OF A STANDARD FIELD AND A DEFINITE SET OF RULES...



...AND THE RULES ARE THUS...
ONE POINT WILL BE GIVEN A TEAM
EACH TIME IT KICKS THE BALL OVER
THE BOUNDARY LINE OF ITS RIVAL.
THE TEAM WITH THE MOST
POINTS WINS!

DURING THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS, THE POPULARITY OF FUTEBALLE EXCEEDED THAT OF ALL OTHER SPORTS..



EVEN THE NATIONAL PASTIME, ARCHERY, WAS THROWN INTO THE DISCARD... WELL, BAILIFF!

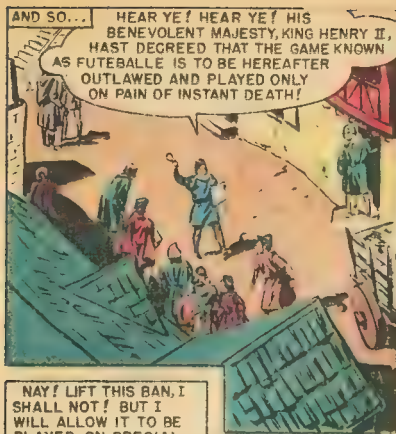
WHERE ARE THE BRAVE ARCHERS YOU WERE TO SHOW HIS MAJESTY, KING HENRY II?

(GULP!) T-THEY SEEM TO BE PLAYING FUTE-BALLE, SIRE!

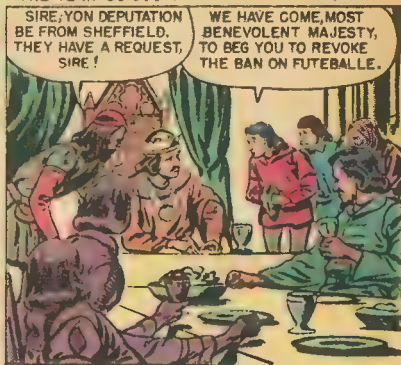
TO PLAY FUTEBALLE THEY FORSAKE ALL ELSE! 'AYE! EVEN THE BOW AND ARROW... ENGLAND'S FIRST DEFENSE AGAINST HER ENEMIES!

I SHALL HAVE NO MORE OF IT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN? I SHALL HAVE NO MORE!!!





KING HENRY'S BAN ON FUTEALLE CONTINUED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS... BUT THEN, WITH THE ACCESSION TO THE THRONE OF KING EDWARD I IN THE YEAR 1307...



SUCCESSIVE MONARCHS ADDED TO THESE SPECIAL OCCASIONS...



WITH THE INVENTION OF THE FIREARM, 200 YEARS LATER, CAME THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STANDING ARMY OF PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS... NO LONGER WAS EVERY MAN REQUIRED TO BE AN EXPERT ARCHER. FOOTBALL NO LONGER INTERFERED WITH NATIONAL DEFENSE.



ACCORDINGLY, IN 1505, KING JAMES I PROCLAIMED

FROM THIS DAY ON, THE BAN ON FUTEALLE SHALL BE LIFTED AND THE GAME LEGALIZED THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM OF BRITAIN. I REGARD THIS GAME AS A CLEAN AND HONORABLE PASTIME AND TRULY HOPE THAT PLAY WILL BE RESUMED WITH ENTHUSIASM!



PLAY WAS RESUMED WITH ENTHUSIASM AND FUTEALLE TEAMS SPRANG UP ALL OVER ENGLAND, FEELING RAN HIGH AND BITTER RIVALRY DEVELOPED BETWEEN OPPOSING CITIES

CHALLENGE US TO A MATCH WILL THEY? HUMPH? WE'LL SKIN 'EM ALIVE!"

I'M WAGERING A HUNDRED GUINNAS THAT WE BEAT THEM BY FIVE POINTS!



BY THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY, THE SPELLING HAD CHANGED TO FOOTBALL AND IN A GAME BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE AND RUGBY A VARIATION OF THE KICKING GAME WAS DEVELOPED...

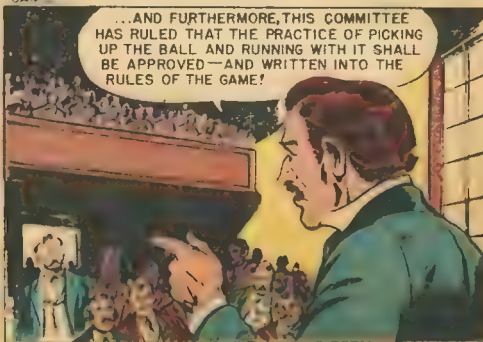


THE RESOURCEFUL RUGBY PLAYER THEN PICKED UP THE BALL AND RAN IT ACROSS THE CAMBRIDGE GOAL LINE



FOR SOME YEARS THIS INNOVATION WAS IGNORED, AND PLAY CONTINUED AS OF OLD. BUT IN 1871 A MEETING OF FOOTBALL LEADERS WAS CALLED TO STANDARDIZE THE RULES OF THE GAME

...AND FURTHERMORE, THIS COMMITTEE HAS RULED THAT THE PRACTICE OF PICKING UP THE BALL AND RUNNING WITH IT SHALL BE APPROVED—AND WRITTEN INTO THE RULES OF THE GAME!



AND IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE WE'LL SEE HOW THE GAME OF FOOTBALL CROSSED THE OCEAN—TO BECOME THE TREMENDOUS FALL SPORT THAT AMERICA KNOWS SO WELL TODAY...

FURY ON ICE

**A
REAL
STORY**



HOCKEY A GAME WHERE QUICK THINKING GOES HAND IN HAND WITH SPEED, COURAGE AND STAMINA... AND A GAME THAT HAS GIVEN MANY A THRILL TO TRUE SPORTS FANS SINCE ITS BIRTH. THAT DAY IN 1879: BUT WHERE HOCKEY FANS GATHER, THEY ARE ALWAYS SURE TO GET AROUND TO DISCUSSING THE GREAT MONTREAL CANADIENS—AND NOW WE ARE IN MONTREAL. THE TIME IS 1944... AND THE CANADIENS HAVE JUST BEATEN THE TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS...



A GREAT GAME, CAPTAIN!
YOUR BOYS REALLY POURED
IT ON!

WE WON!!
YIPPEEE!!

BUT YOU MADE
US HUSTLE! BETTER
LUCK NEXT TIME!



YOUR LAST GOAL WAS
REALLY A BELL-RINGER!
NICE GOIN', BOY!

THANKS,
CAP!

SAY,
CAPTAIN...

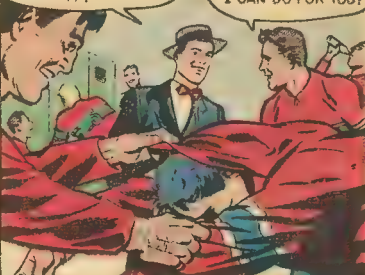
YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO TOWN THIS YEAR! THINK YOU'LL GET A SHOT AT THE STANLEY CUP?

I SURE HOPE SO! THOUGH THE DETROIT RED WINGS ARE A TOUGH OUTFIT! THEY WON THE CUP LAST YEAR FOR THE THIRD TIME, YOU KNOW!



WELL, AFTER WATCHING YOUR BOYS ON THE ICE, I THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT!

YEAH... THEY'RE GREAT BOYS!.. ER... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?



YES! I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO DO A FEATURE STORY ON THE HISTORY OF YOUR TEAM! YOU KNOW... HOW IT ALL STARTED, ETC... HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN?

YOU'VE ASKED THE RIGHT MAN! THERE'S NOBODY THAT LIKES TO TALK ABOUT THE CANADIENS AS MUCH AS I DO! AS A STARTER, YOU CAN SAY THAT SINCE 1909 WHEN THE TEAM WAS FORMED, WE'VE NEVER MISSED A SEASON! NOT EVEN DURING THE WAR YEARS!



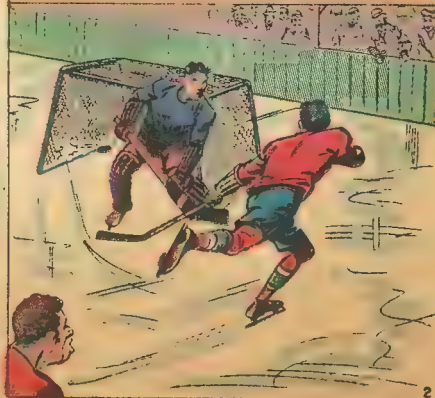
SOME OF THE GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE GAME HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE MONTREAL CANADIENS!



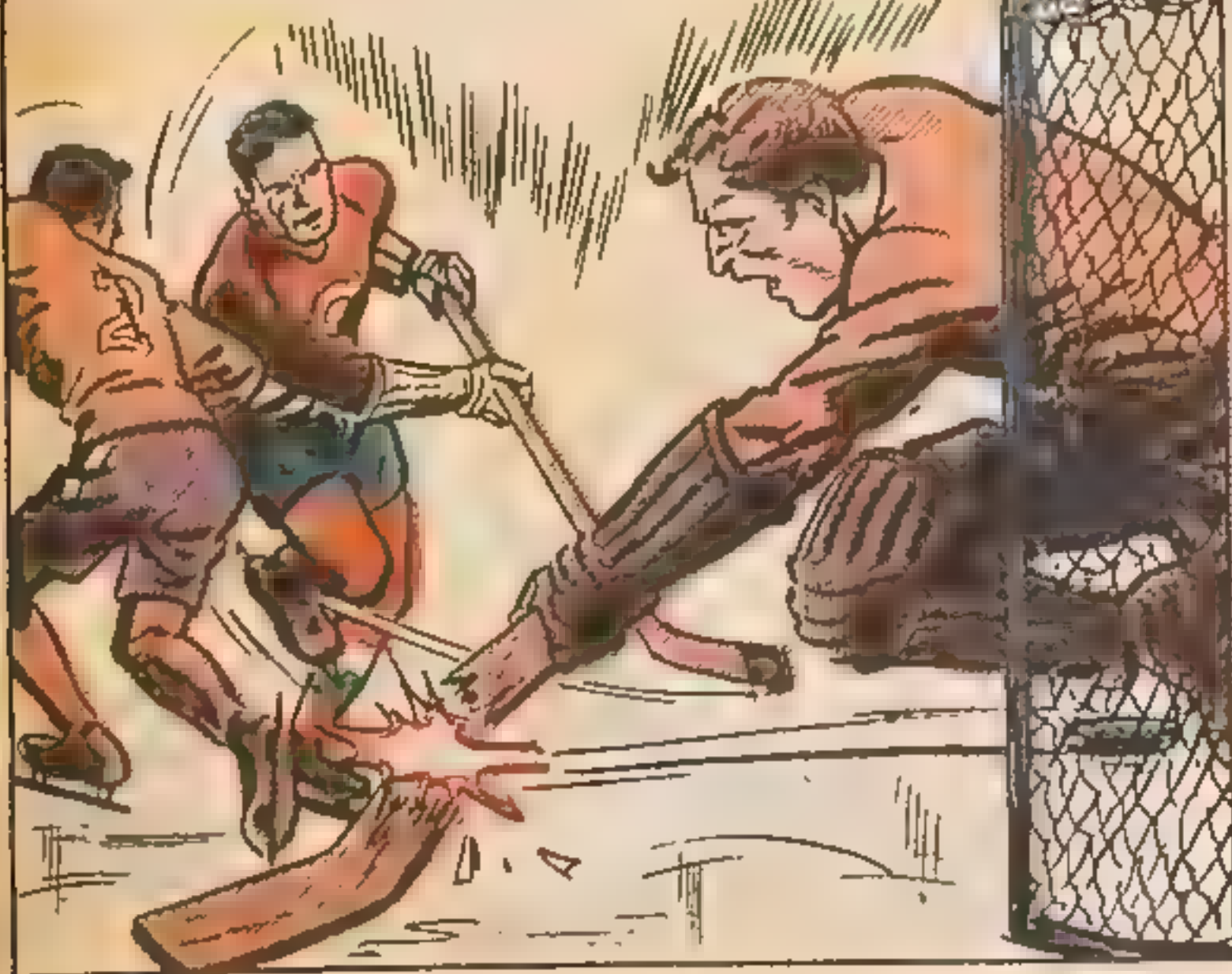
"THERE WAS THE IMMORTAL HOWIE MORENZ... CONSIDERED THE GREATEST PLAYER OF ALL TIME..."



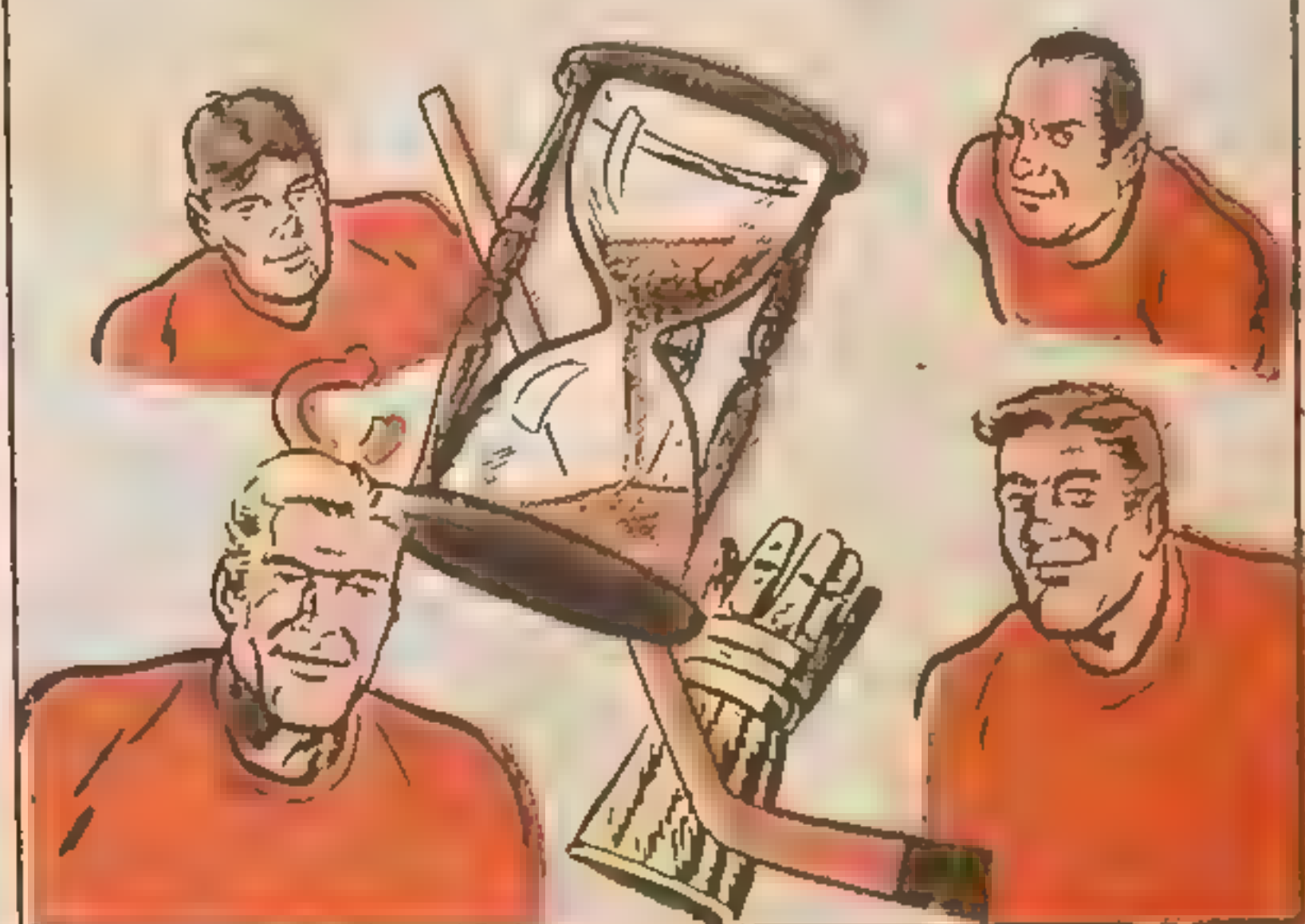
"SPECTACULAR AND DYNAMIC, HIS SHIFTING ATTACK GAVE OPPOSING GOAL KEEPERS FEVERISH NIGHTMARES..."



"THEN THERE WAS DIDIER PITRE, A SUPERB RIGHT WINGMAN, WHOSE SHOT WAS GREASED-LIGHTNING, AND SO POWERFUL THAT HE COULD SPLIT A TWO-INCH PINE BOARD WITH THE PUCK!"



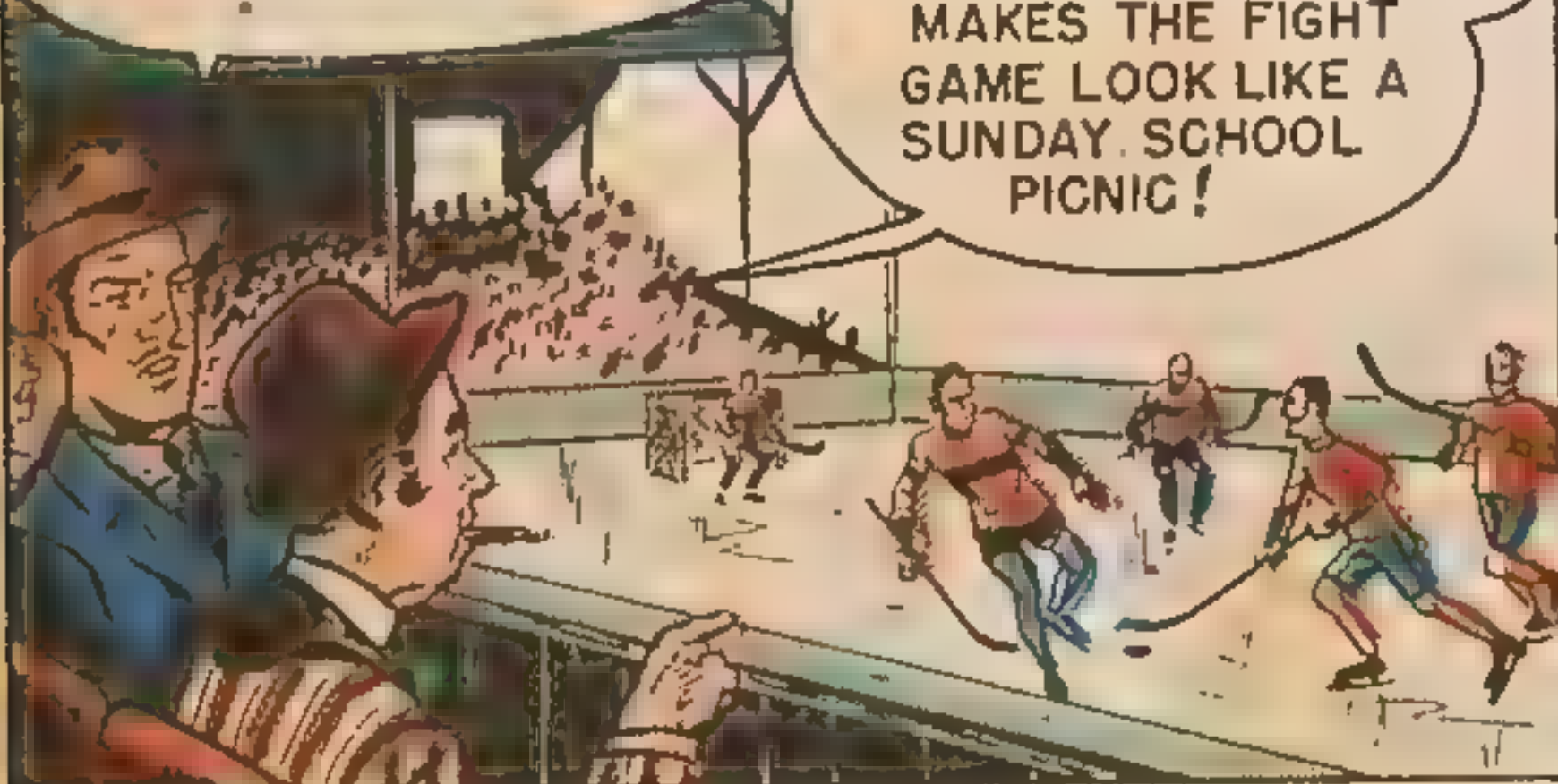
"ANOTHER OF OUR OLD-TIME GREATS WAS GEORGE VEZINA, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE VEZINA TROPHY WAS CREATED. AND THOSE WIZARDS ON ICE, SPRAGUE AND ODIE CLEGHORN... AND NEWSY LALONDE... TRULY GREAT PLAYERS ALL! THE IMMORTALS OF HOCKEY!"



"LIKE I SAID, THE TEAM WAS FOUNDED IN 1909, BY GEORGE KENDALL, A SPORTS PROMOTER. THE IDEA CAME TO HIM ONE NIGHT IN 1908."

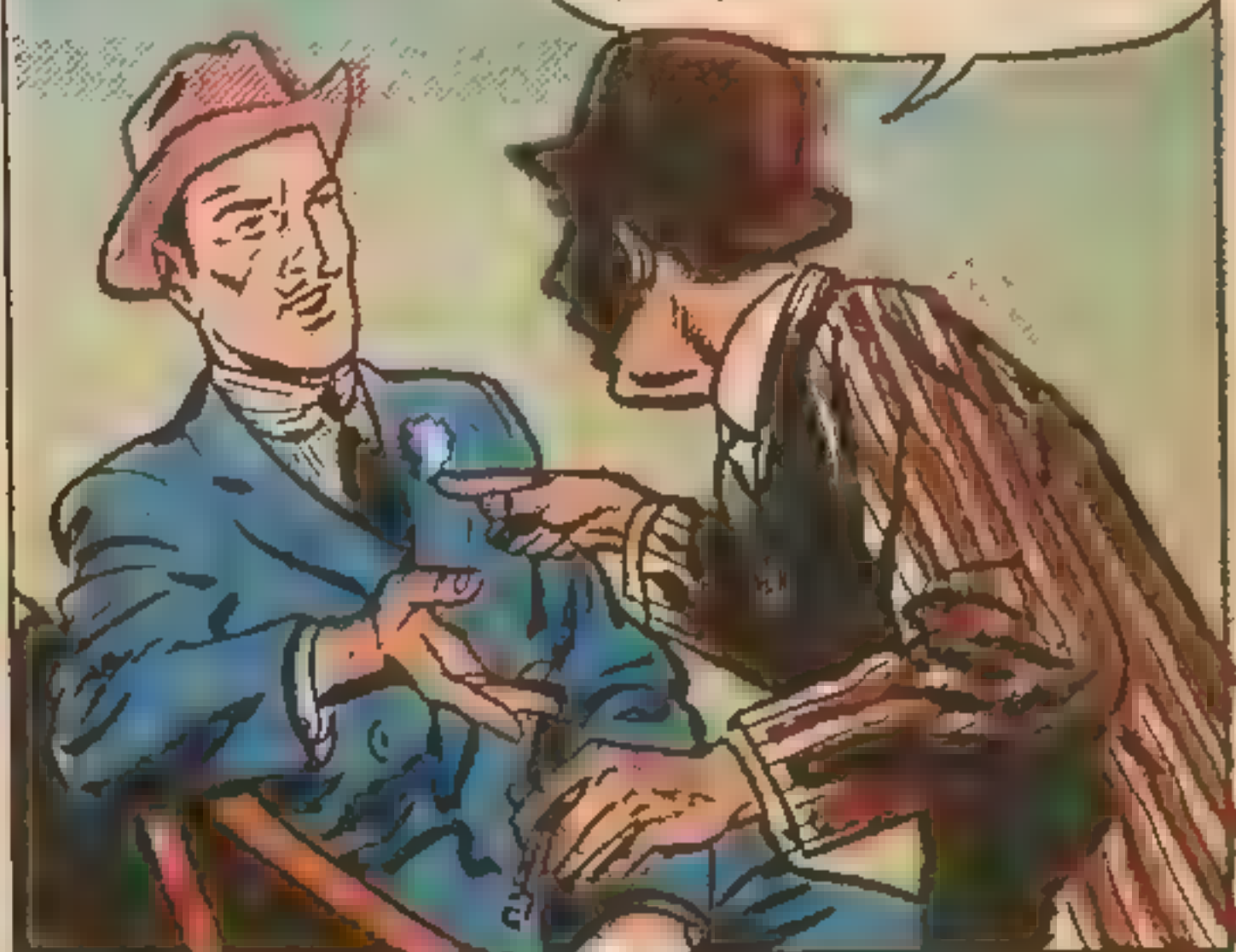
SO THIS IS ICE HOCKEY, EH, KENDALL? IT'S ABOUT AS EXCITING AS KNITTING! YOU SHOULD STICK TO THE FIGHT RACKET!

THIS GAME'S PRETTY GRUESOME ALL RIGHT... BUT DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU! WHEN THIS GAME'S PLAYED RIGHT, IT MAKES THE FIGHT GAME LOOK LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC!



YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW ME!

BY GOLLY, I *WILL*! I'LL FORM A TEAM THAT'LL MAKE EVEN *YOUR* HAIR STAND ON END WHEN YOU WATCH THEM PLAY!



"KENDALL'S TEAM WAS A HUGE SUCCESS!"

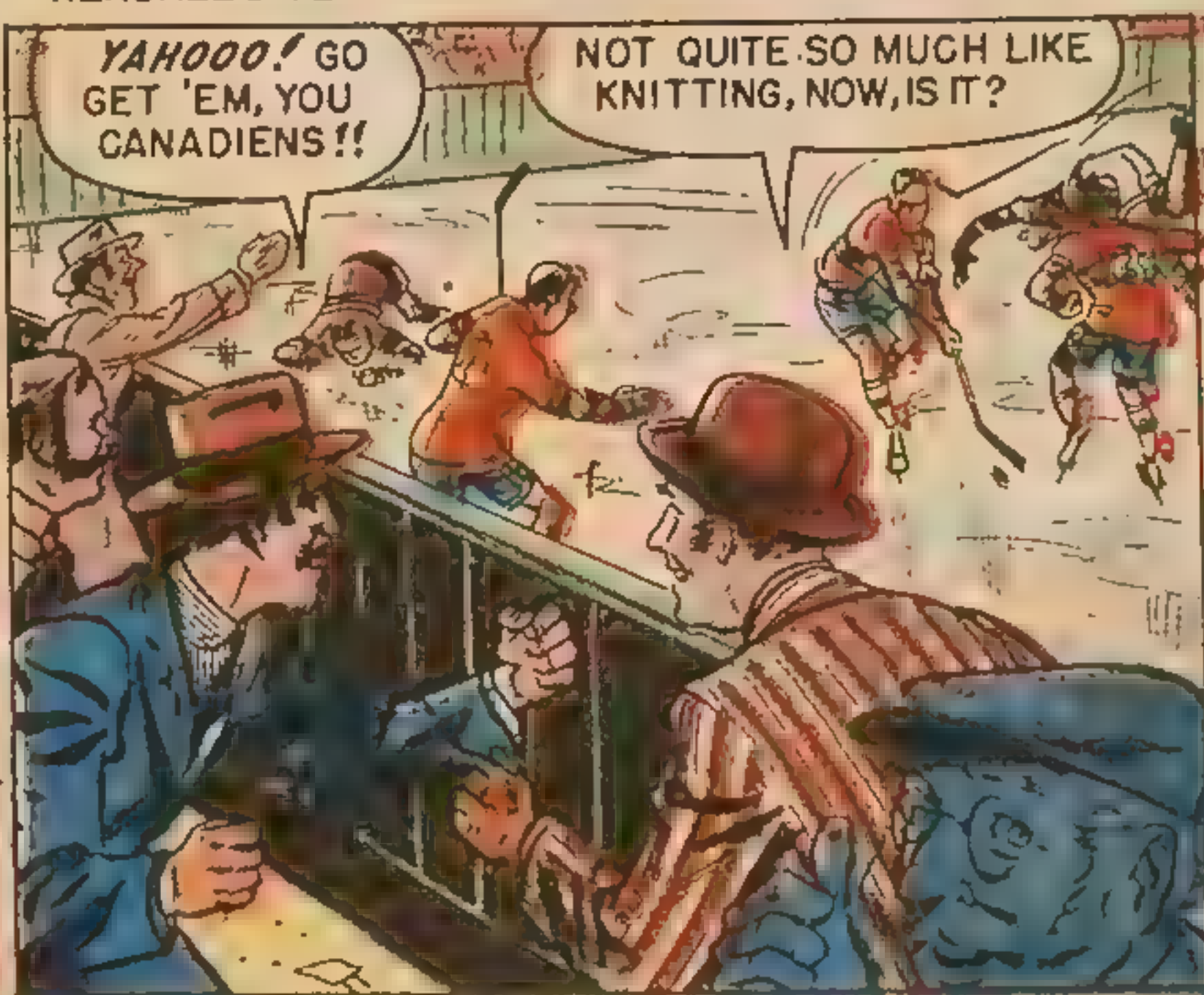
"THAT TEAM WAS... AND *IS* THE MONTREAL CANADIENS!"

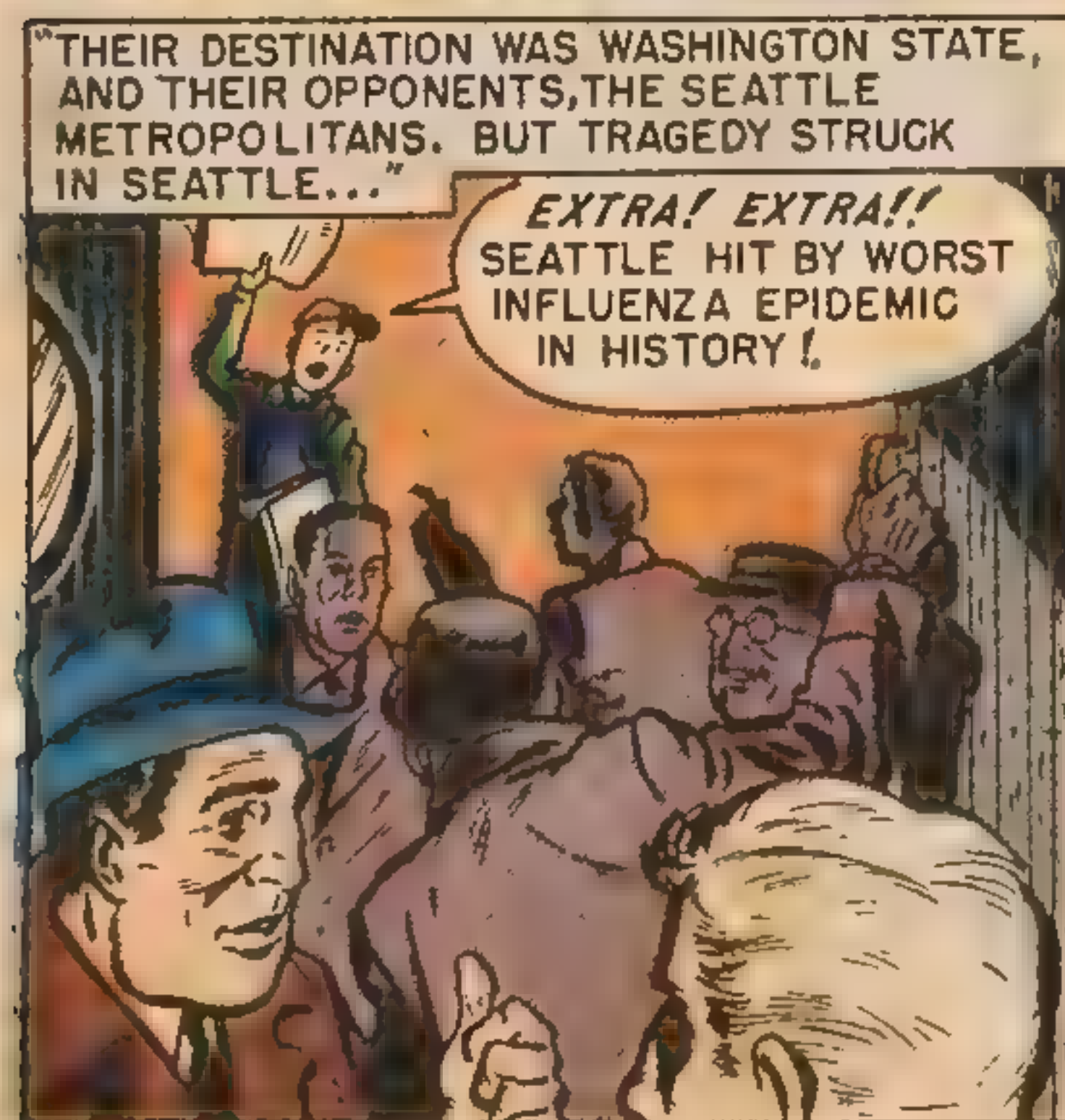
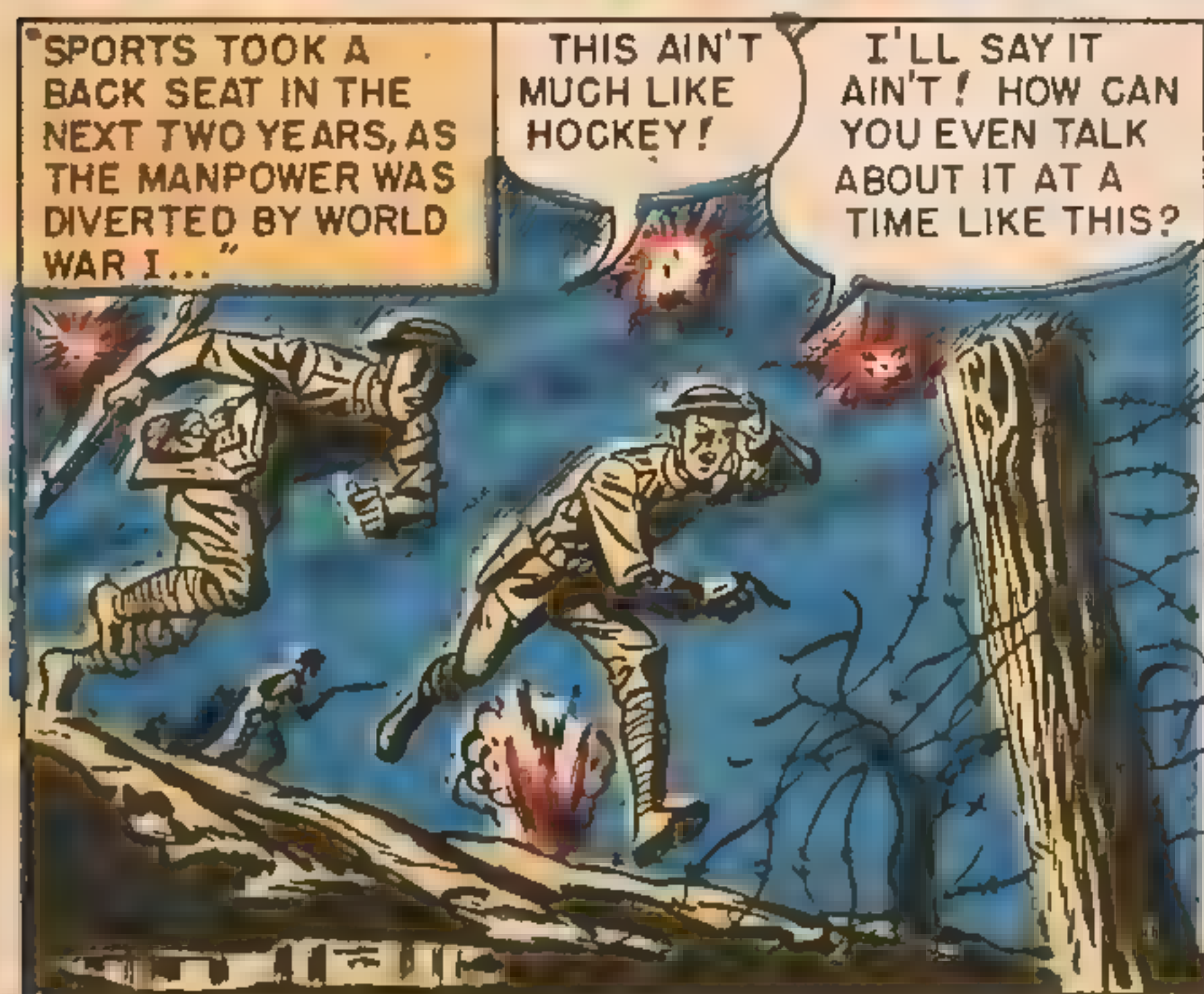
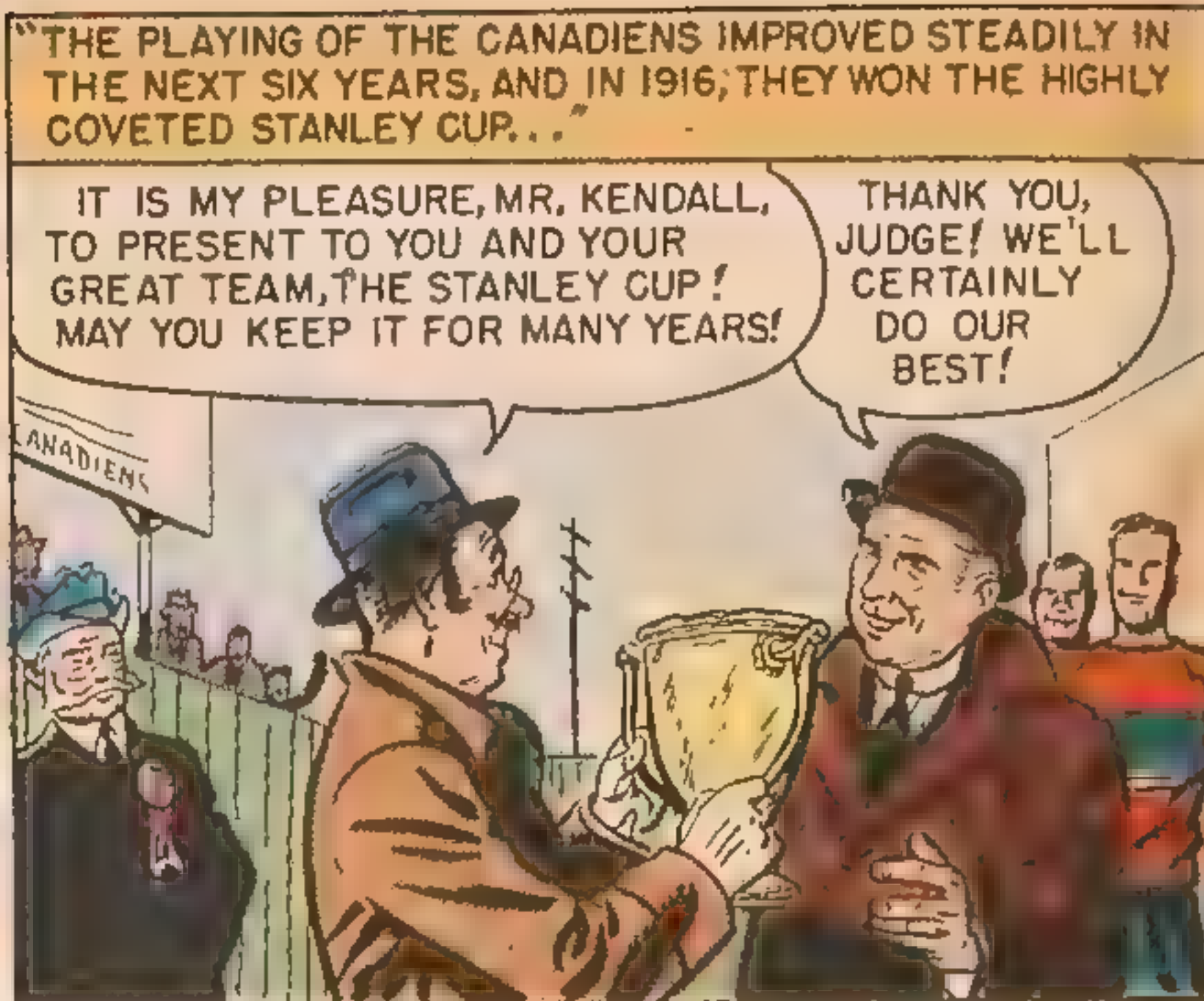
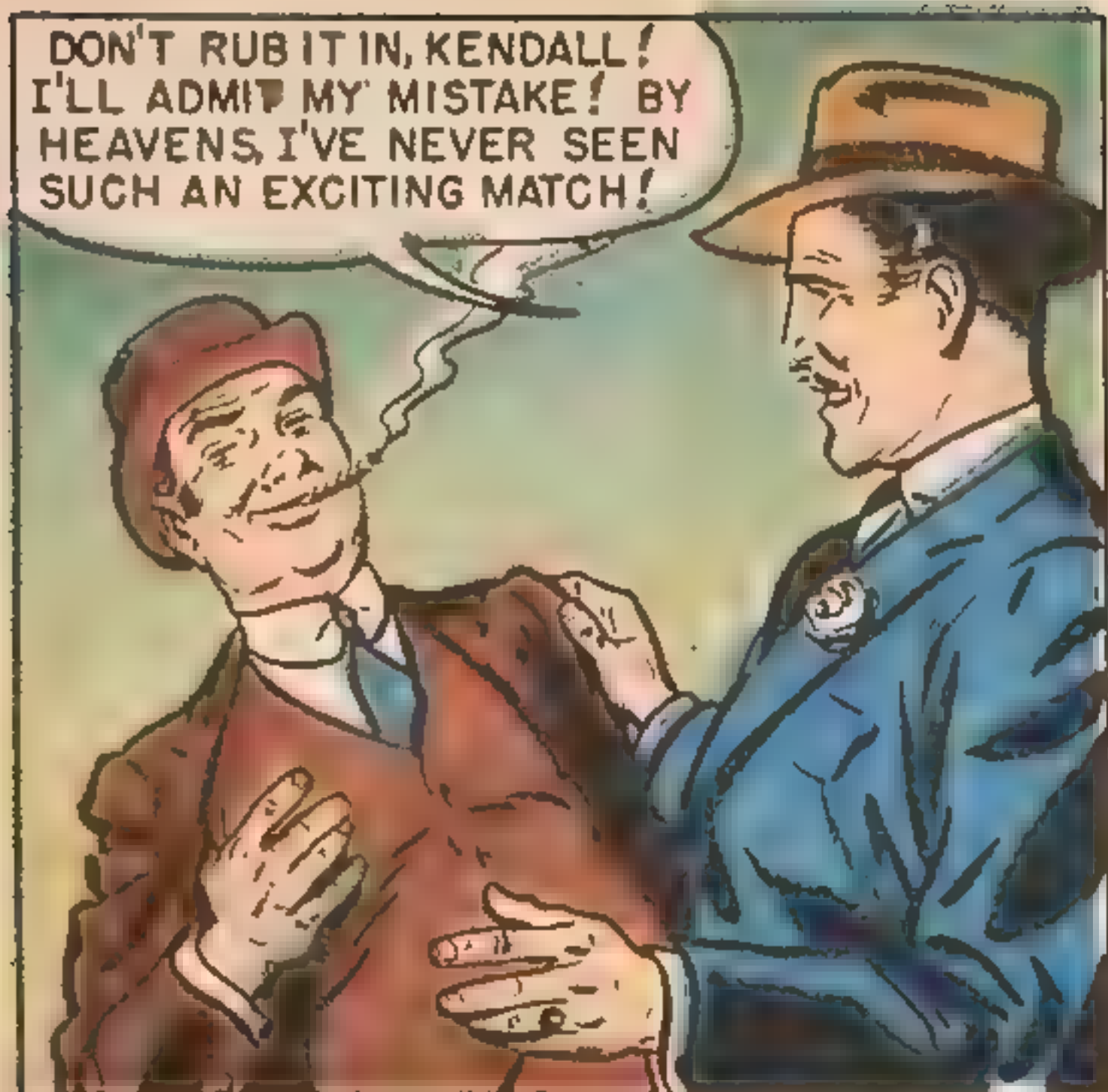
TONIGHT IS OUR FIRST GAME, BOYS... AND I'M ONLY GOING TO GIVE YOU *ONE* ORDER! WIN, LOSE OR DRAW, I WANT TO SEE YOU'IN THERE FIGHTING! KEEP IT CLEAN, BUT *FIGHT!* EVERY MINUTE OF THAT GAME!!



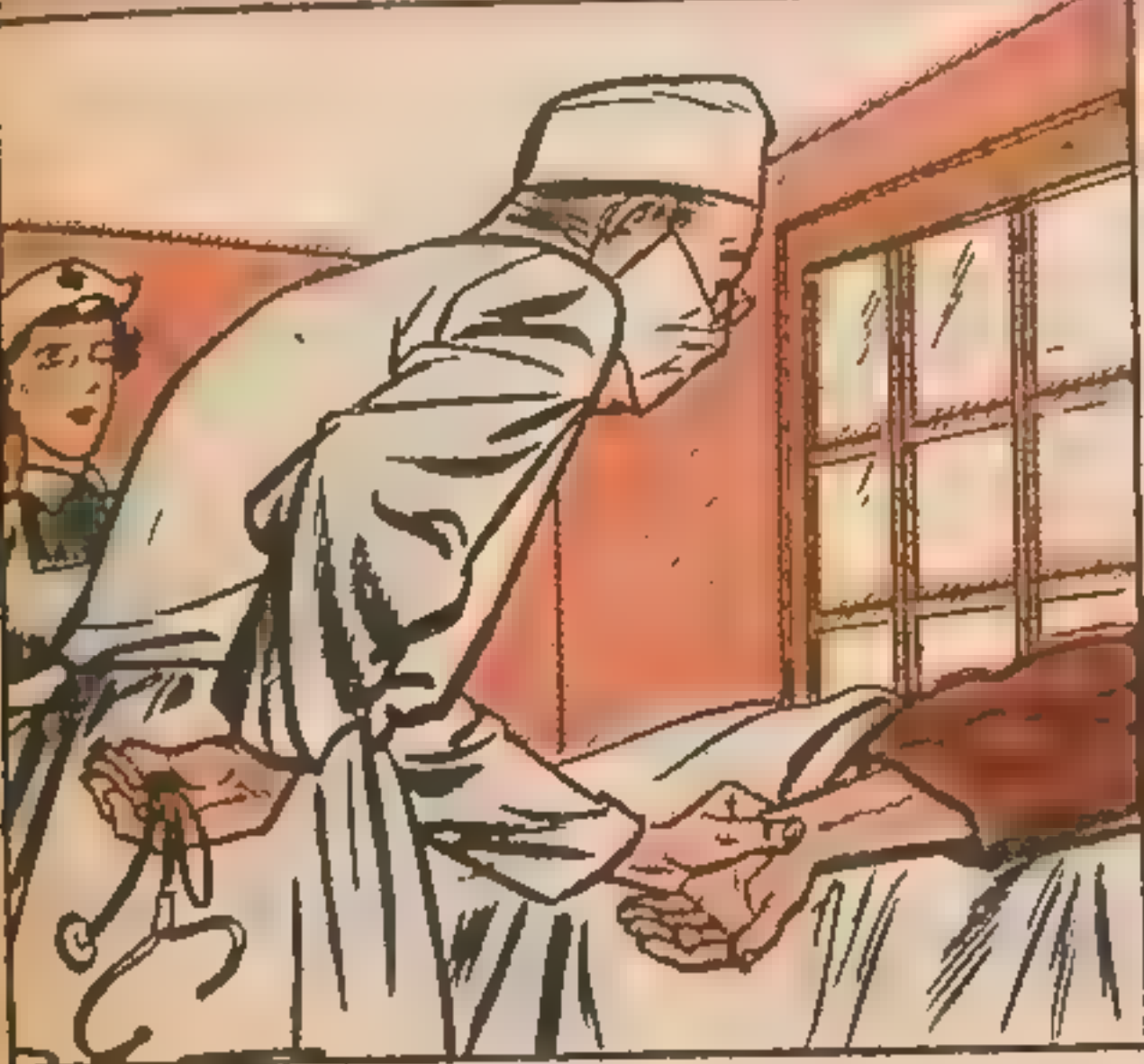
YAHOOO! GO GET 'EM, YOU CANADIENS!!

NOT QUITE SO MUCH LIKE KNITTING, NOW, IS IT?



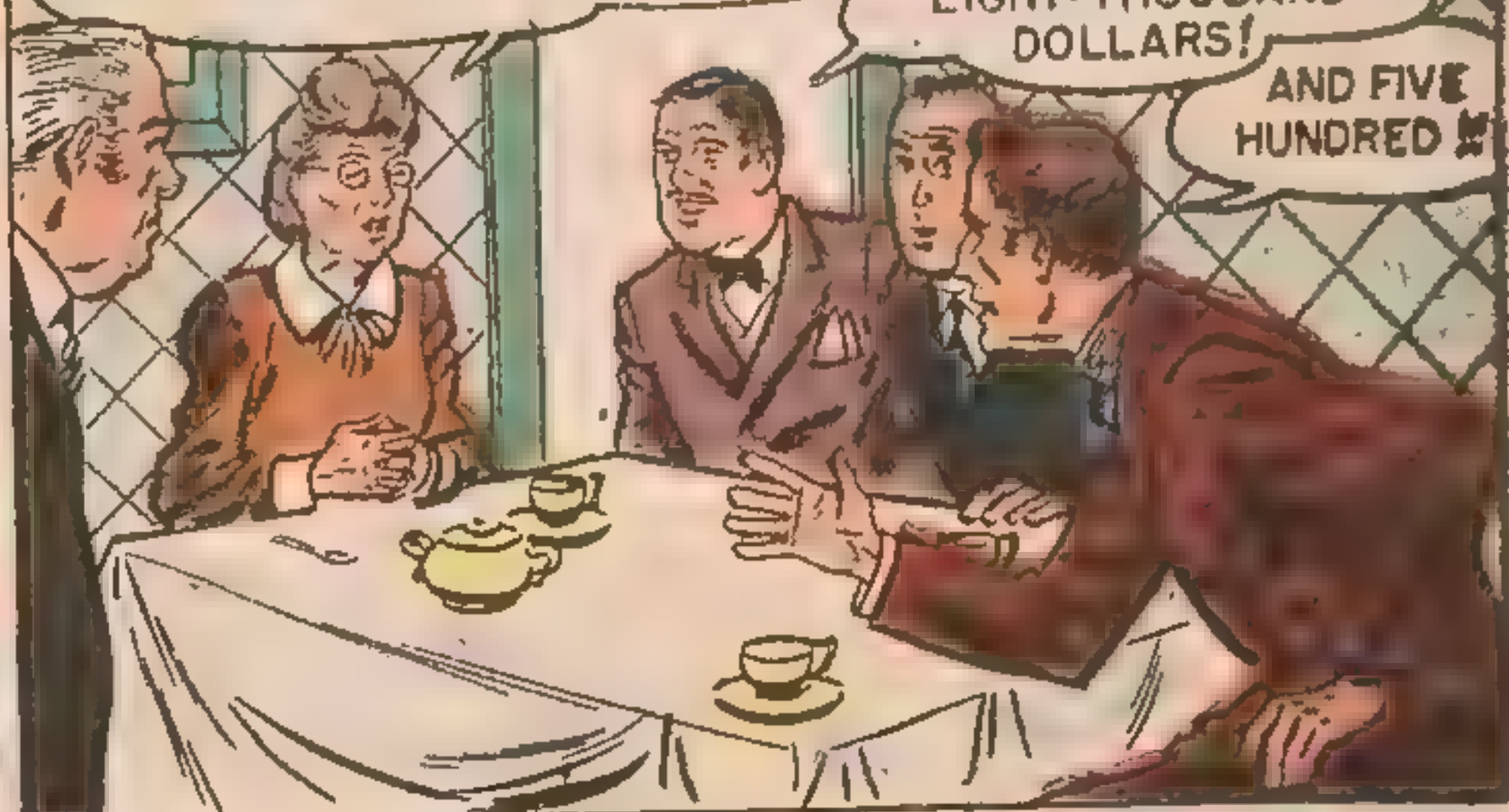


...AND INFLUENZA IT WAS! IT STRUCK DOWN EVERY MAN ON THE TEAM. OUR STAR DEFENSE MAN, JOE HALL, DIED AND KENDALL HIMSELF, BADLY STRICKEN, NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS!



"A FEW MONTHS LATER, MRS. KENDALL PUT THE TEAM UP FOR SALE..."

WELL, GENTLEMEN, I'VE EXPLAINED THE CIRCUMSTANCES. MY HUSBAND'S HEALTH WILL NO LONGER PERMIT HIM TO MANAGE THE CANADIENS AND HE WISHES TO SELL. IT GOES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!



EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS!

AND FIVE HUNDRED!

"SEVERAL INTERESTS WANTED THE CANADIENS, AMONG THEM JOE HART, WHO HAD FOLLOWED THE TEAM'S EXPLOITS FOR MANY YEARS!"



I BID TEN THOUSAND!

I MAKE IT ELEVEN!!

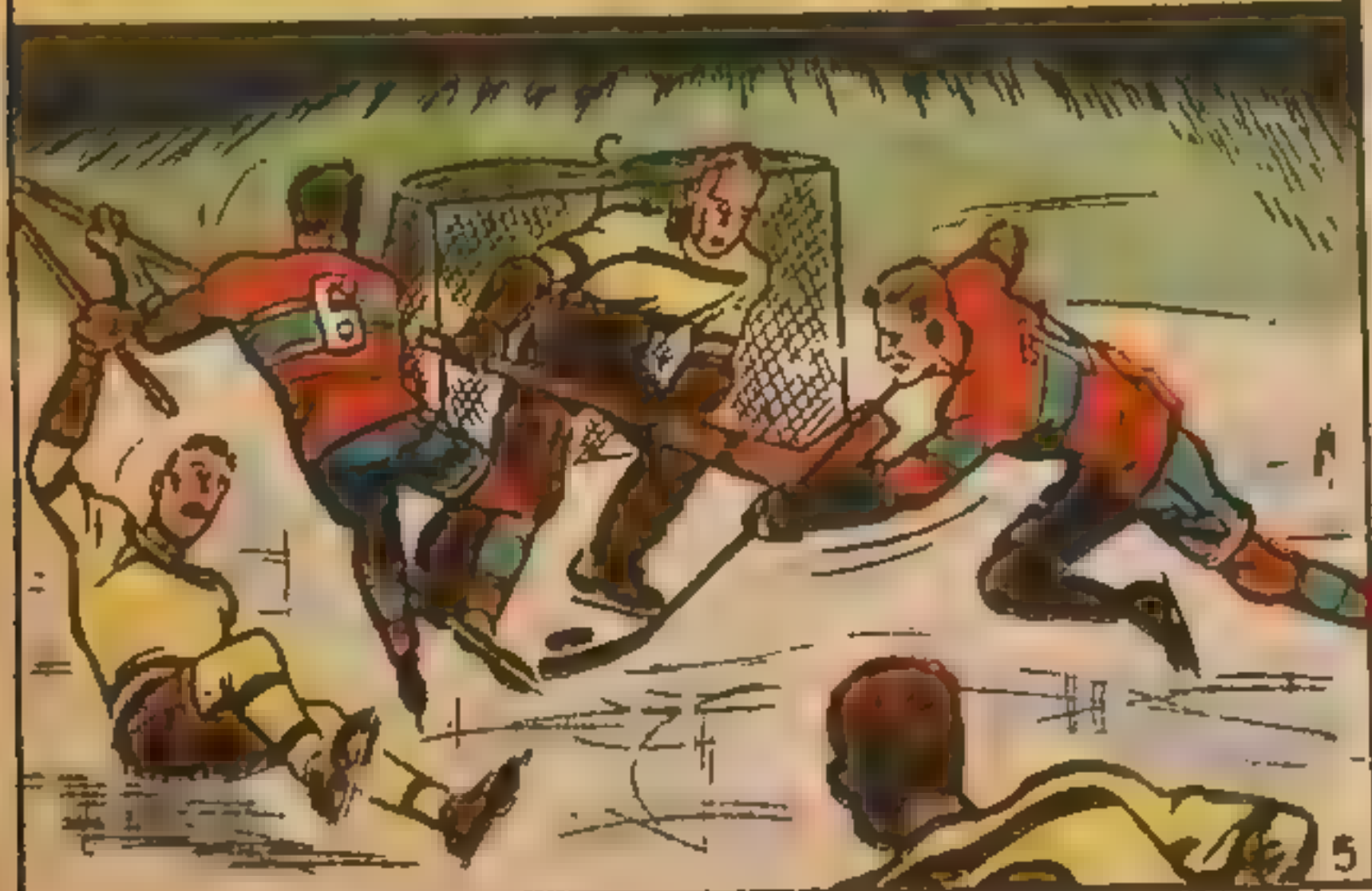
THAT LETS ME OUT!

HERE, TOO! IT'S YOUR COOKIE, HART!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I ALWAYS DID WANT THIS TEAM!!



"UNDER HART'S MANAGEMENT, THE TEAM TOOK HONOR AFTER HONOR, ADDING FOUR MORE STANLEY CUPS TO THEIR COLLECTION... A FEAT THAT HAS NEVER BEEN BETTERED BY ANY OTHER CLUB..."



WE'VE BEEN A GREAT TEAM IN THE PAST, AND FIGURE ON BEING AN EVEN GREATER TEAM IN THE FUTURE! DOES THAT GIVE YOU A STORY?

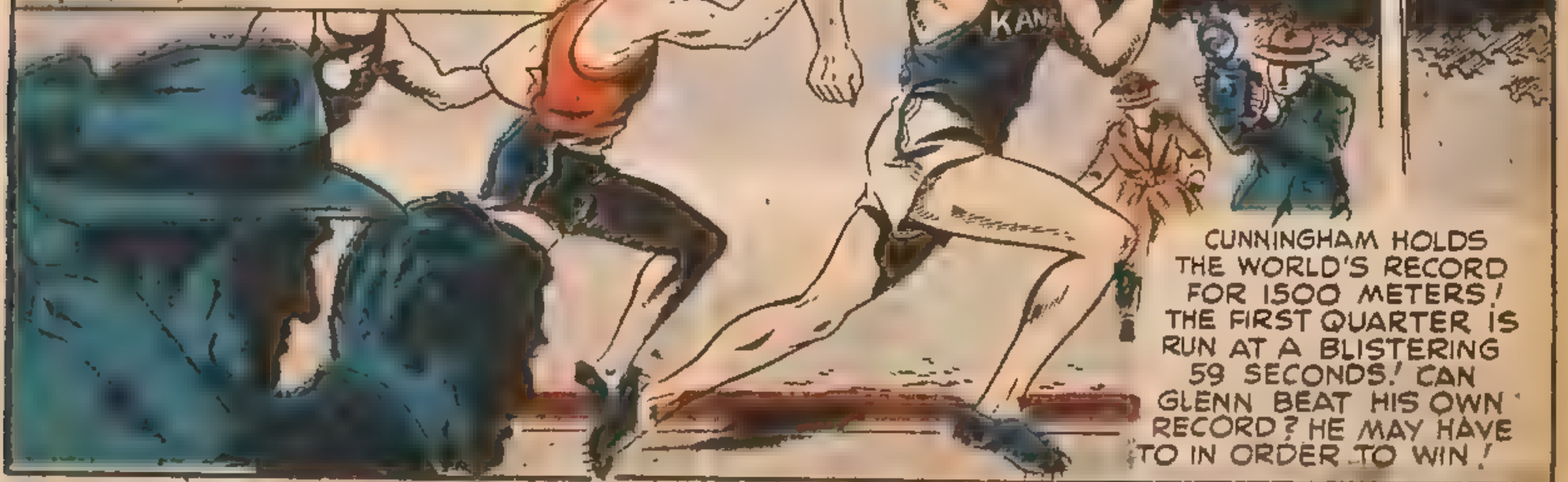
IT SURE DOES, CAPTAIN! THANKS! I'LL BE ROOTING FOR YOU IN DETROIT THIS YEAR! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU NAB THAT CUP AGAIN!



...AND THEY DID!

FAST COMPANY

IT IS FEB. 22, 1936, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY. THE 1500 METER RACE, SLIGHTLY LESS THAN A MILE OF GRUELING EFFORT, IS ABOUT TO BE RUN. WORLD FAME WILL GO TO ONE OF THE TWO MAIN CONTESTANTS, GENE VENZKE OR GLENN CUNNINGHAM!



CUNNINGHAM HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR 1500 METERS! THE FIRST QUARTER IS RUN AT A BLISTERING 59 SECONDS! CAN GLENN BEAT HIS OWN RECORD? HE MAY HAVE TO IN ORDER TO WIN!

IN THE HOME STRETCH IT'S CUNNINGHAM AND VENZKE. THEN THE IMPOSSIBLE OCCURS! VENZKE PULLS UP, EVEN WITH CUNNINGHAM!



THE CROWD LETS OUT A ROAR AS VENZKE PASSES CUNNINGHAM! WITH A LAST-MINUTE LUNGE, THE GREAT PENN MILER HITS THE TAPE AT 3 MINUTES, 49 AND 9/10 SECONDS... A NEW WORLD RECORD!



THEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT CUNNINGHAM HAD ALSO BROKEN HIS OWN WORLD'S RECORD... ONLY TO RUN A SECOND TO THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMP... GENE VENZKE... THE FAMOUS PENN MILER.

NO SIGN—NO STEAK

A TRUE STORY

JOHN McGRAW, the scrappy manager of the New York Giants, bit his lip and scowled. Spring training had begun and all his players were signed except one. But this one was important—Big Jack Scott, the pitcher McGraw counted on heavily to help win the pennant.

The raw-boned ace was a hold-out. The Giants were willing to raise his salary but the country hurler had tall ideas when it came to money.

McGraw was amazed one day when he saw Scott come into the hotel lobby. The broad-shouldered flinger had his suitcase in his hand.

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to be a hold-out," the manager shouted.

"Reckon I just want to work out with the boys. Mebbe after you see my stuff, you'll pay me what I'm worth."

"What you're worth! I'll tell you what you're worth. You are the biggest headache on the ball club," roared Mac.

But the field boss of the club wasn't being exactly truthful. Scott was not a problem child. He was a man who obeyed orders and played hard to win, but he knew what he wanted, and he was determined to get what he wanted.

The big pitcher put on his uniform and joined the team in a

workout. He took it easy the first day, merely running around the outfield and shagging flies. In two days' time Scott was in fair shape. He began to pitch in batting practice. His curve had a mid-season break; his speed was all there. He had the best hitters on the club missing the ball by a foot. And they had some pretty good hitters on the Giants in McGraw's day.

"Mr. McGraw, I think Scott is going to have a great year. He's got a lot of stuff on the ball," said one of Mac's catchers.

"Yeah, but you must sign a contract to play ball in the National League. And if he don't sign one soon, he can take his stuff to Paducah," growled the small but tough manager. But deep down he was worried. He could ill afford to do without Scott. Twenty game pitchers are scarce in any bullpen. He knew it. So did Jack Scott.

For several days the hurler worked out with the team although he was unsigned. McGraw fretted and fumed, club officials pleaded and scolded, but Scott did not sign up.

Various fellow players approached the holdout but he was not to be intimidated. No salary increase, no contract.

And so opening day came closer with the big Southerner still unsigned. The Giants were

scheduled to play an exhibition game.

Jack Scott sat chewing tobacco in the dugout all through the game. The Giants' pitcher was a rookie who was really burning them in that day.

McGraw sat in the dugout making comments mostly for Scott's benefit. He praised the rookie's curve ball as the best on the club. He said his speed was blinding. He called the young player the best pitcher on the team. All through the game he did his best to burn up Scott. But the big ace only went on chewing and said nothing. And if anyone got burned up it was the manager himself.

The Giants won and Mac was pleased at the way his players were coming along . . . but he sure had it in for Scott.

★ ★ ★

The next day when Jack appeared at the clubhouse, he found the door barred to him. Mac had given orders that no unsigned player was to work out with the team. Jack disappeared for the rest of the day. However, in the evening he joined his teammates at dinner. To queries as to where he had been all day he preserved a deep silence.

The next day McGraw had Scott watched. He found that the big athlete was spending his time over at a sandlot playing ball with some kids.

The manager sputtered when he heard that one. He called the big fellow up to him and jacked up the offer the club had given him. The pitcher excused himself but replied that he had to have what he wanted, else he would not play with the Giants. The other players thought their manager was going to have a fit. He ranted and raved and then walked away from Scott.

★ ★ ★

But Scott did not sign, nor did he go home. McGraw ordered the ban on Jack lifted and allowed him to work out with the club. Still that did not soften the pitcher. He stuck to his guns.

The club was going to have a scrub game and the holdout asked to pitch for one side. Mac let him pitch.

All afternoon, the best hitters on the club swung against the big flinger. But batter after batter strode up to the plate, swung at the air and then sat down. It seemed as if the big boy did not want his buddies running the bases on a hot afternoon. He had all his stuff—plus. In the fourth inning the opposing first baseman who usually hit around .330 got a scratch single. In the seventh, two opposing batters bunched a walk and a hit to make it men on first and third with only one out. But Scott fanned the next hitter with the bat on his shoulder. And the following hitter managed to raise a weak pop-up to the mound which Scott speared with his bare hand.

John McGraw turned to one of his coaches and said, "If I knew then what I know now, I'd sooner have driven a truck for a living than become a manager."

The following morning, the traveling secretary who had been away visiting a sick relative, rejoined the club.

"How is training progressing, Mr. McGraw?" he asked.

"Fine," barked the manager.

"And how about Scott? Is he ready to sign? I hear he is in camp."

"Don't talk to me about that fellow. I don't want to have a thing to do with him," shouted Mac.

The secretary remarked, "He may not have signed up but he is still eating us out of profits for the year."

"What do you mean by that?" snapped the manager.

The man replied that since Scott was eating in the hotel his food bills were being charged to the club. The big pitcher was known as the best eater in both leagues. Indeed, his appetite was as sharp as his curve.

Something clicked in the crafty manager's brain. "Come here," he said to the secretary. The secretary and the manager got into a huddle. There was a lot of mysterious pow-wow going on. Then Mac turned away with a smile.

As the players took the field, Mac slapped Scott on the back. "How do you feel, boy?"

The players around them stared in amazement. They thought the heat had got McGraw.

All afternoon the "Little Napoleon" was as pleasant as he could be. The Giants sure thought that old Mac was slipping.

★ ★ ★

After the game the players went into their shower and then back to the hotel for dinner.

The dining room door was thrown open. As they marched in, the head waiter approached them and said, "Nice steaks today, gentlemen."

The door between the kitchen and the main room was open. An electric fan was blowing in aromas that made the players' mouths water.

Scott licked his chops. He loved steak, indeed he had been

known to eat five helpings of that delicacy at one meal.

Jack tucked the napkin under his chin and seized his knife and fork. He could hardly wait for the big platter which was to be put before him.

The waiter, who had the easy manner of all southern waiters, was slower than usual tonight.

The big pitcher growled, "How about some service at this table. What happened to that boy?"

★ ★ ★

The waiter came over with the biggest T-bone steak ever served to man or beast. Scott shut his eyes in anticipation. He was about to dig his knife into the meat when he heard a roar.

"Scott! What the heck do you think you're doing here? Don't you know that players who haven't signed can't eat here?" Mac was glowering in front of him.

"But, boss," he said hoarsely, "I'm starved! I'm hungry, Mr. McGraw."

McGraw wouldn't budge an inch. Scott offered to pay for his meal but the manager turned a deaf ear.

He pointed to the exit. "Out of the dining room! Unsigned players can't eat on the club. Those are the rules."

Tears came into the eyes of Scott. "Mr. McGraw, I'll sign. But please let me finish my dinner. I haven't eaten since this morning."

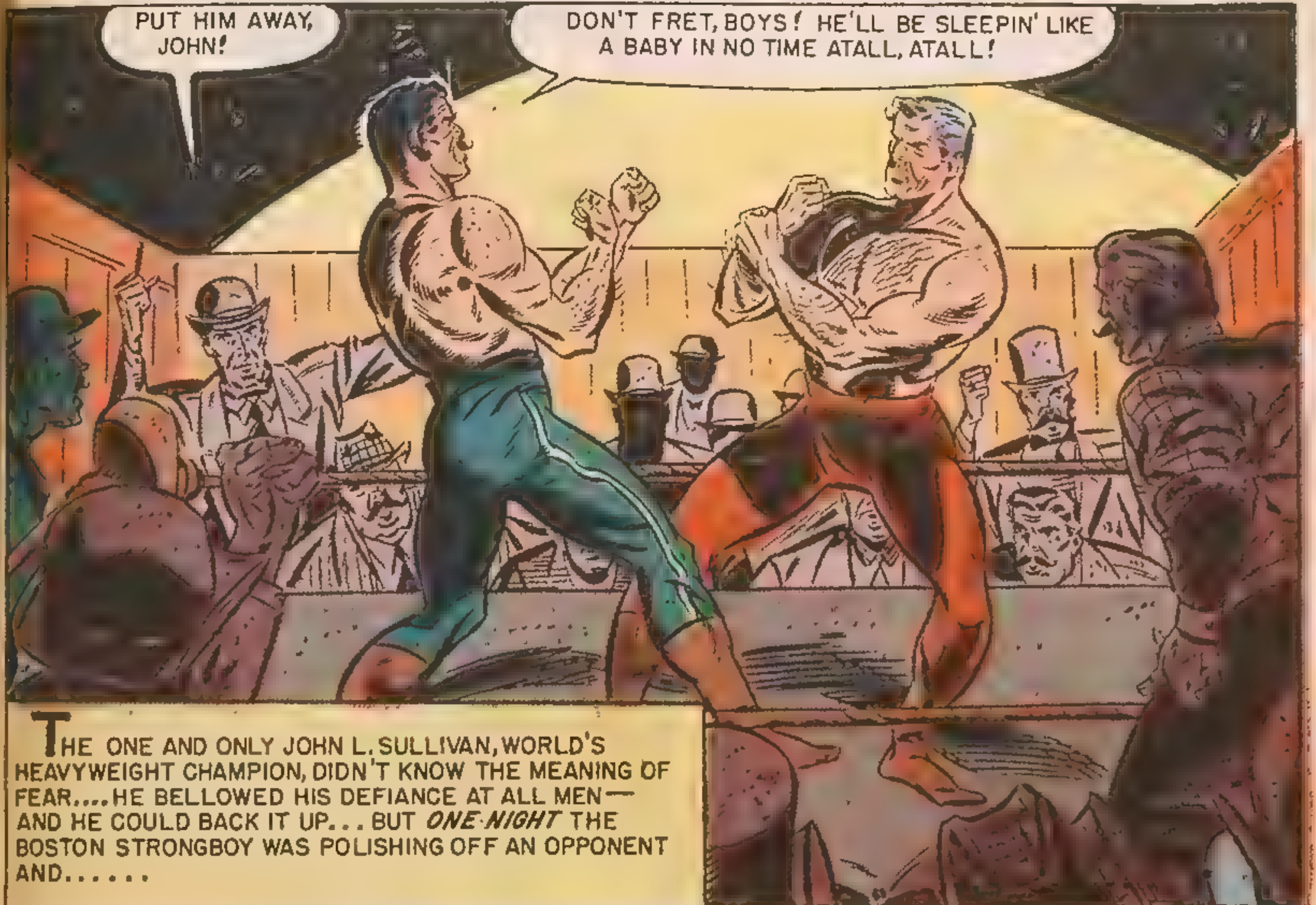
"Not until you have signed this contract."

The Giant manager had both contract and pen in his hand. Weakly the big fellow took the document and McGraw's pen. His mouth was drooling as he scrawled "Jack Scott" on the dotted line. And then he went to work on the big steak—and he had no trouble at all finding the plate.

The End

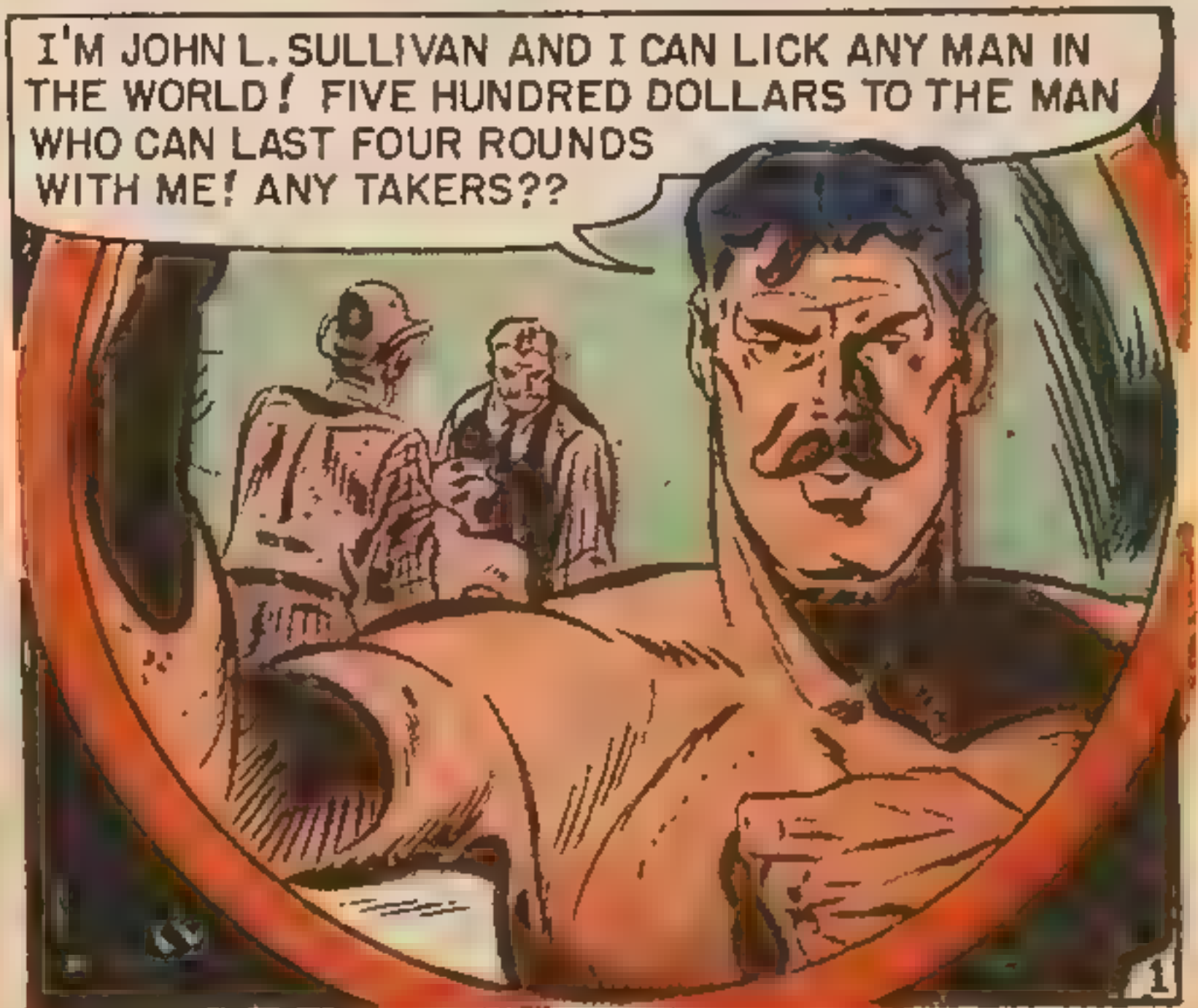
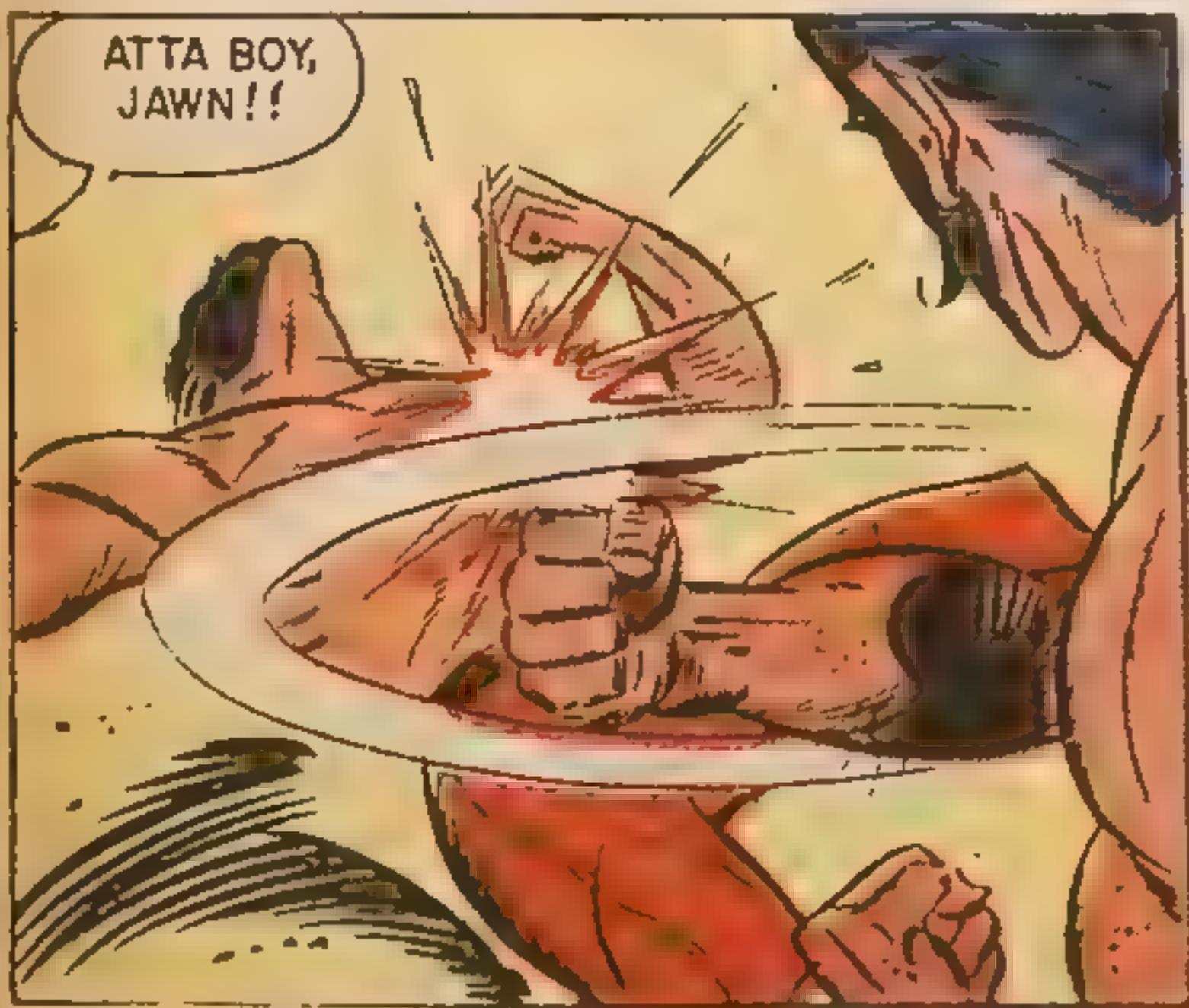
A REAL STORY

The MAN WHO SLAPPED JOHN L. SULLIVAN



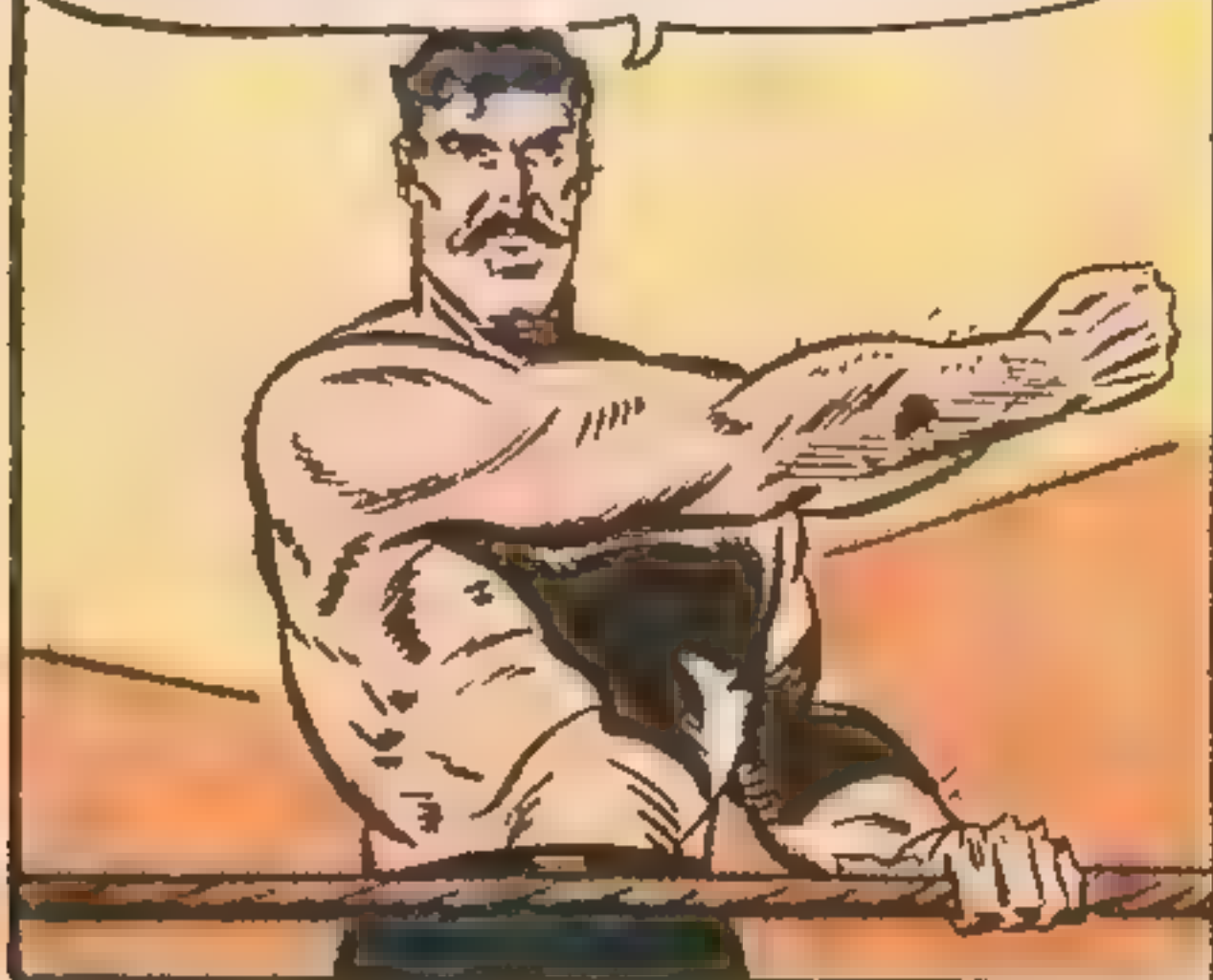
JOHN L. WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! HE DID HIS JOB LIKE A GOOD CARPENTER!

AND THEN AS HIS OPPONENT WAS CARTED AWAY...



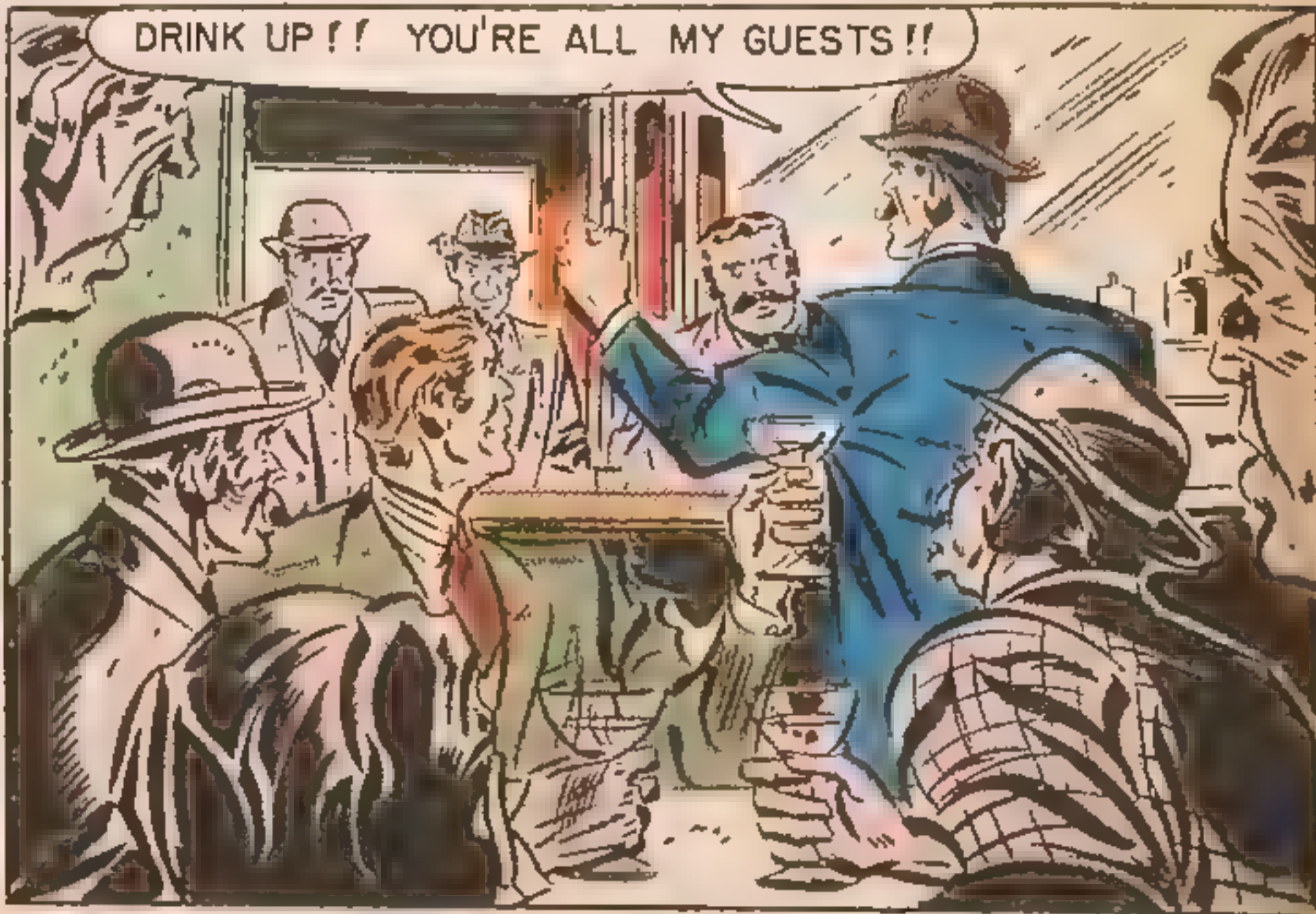
BUT AS USUAL THERE WERE NO TAKERS, FOR WHO COULD STAND UP TO THE MIGHTY JOHN L.??

ALL RIGHT THEN...IF THERE ARE NO TAKERS, LET'S ALL GO DOWN TO THE TAVERN-AND THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!

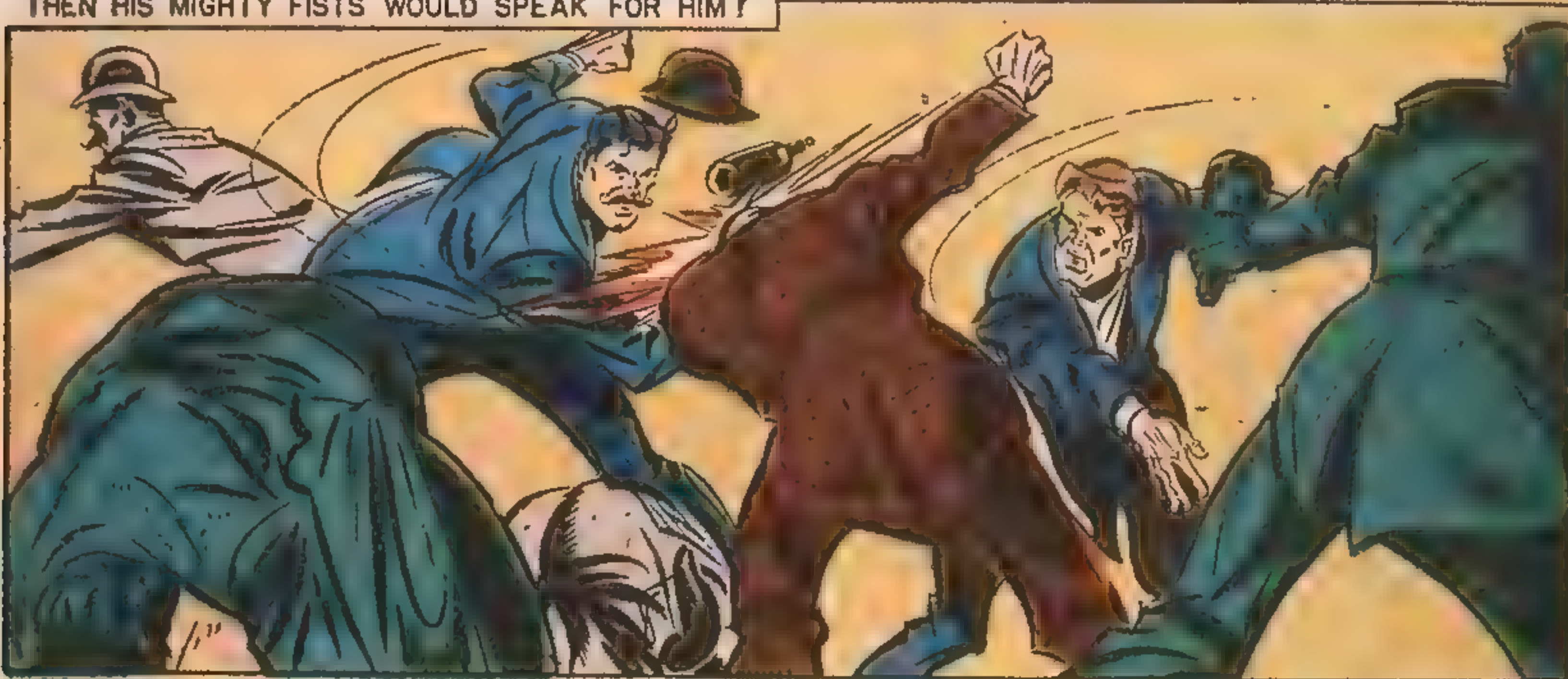


A BIG-HEARTED COMPANIONABLE MAN, SULLIVAN LOVED TO HAVE A CROWD AROUND HIM!

DRINK UP!! YOU'RE ALL MY GUESTS!!



SOMETIMES THERE WERE THOSE WHO MISUNDERSTOOD JOHN L.'S WHOLEHEARTED EXUBERANCE, AND THEN HIS MIGHTY FISTS WOULD SPEAK FOR HIM!



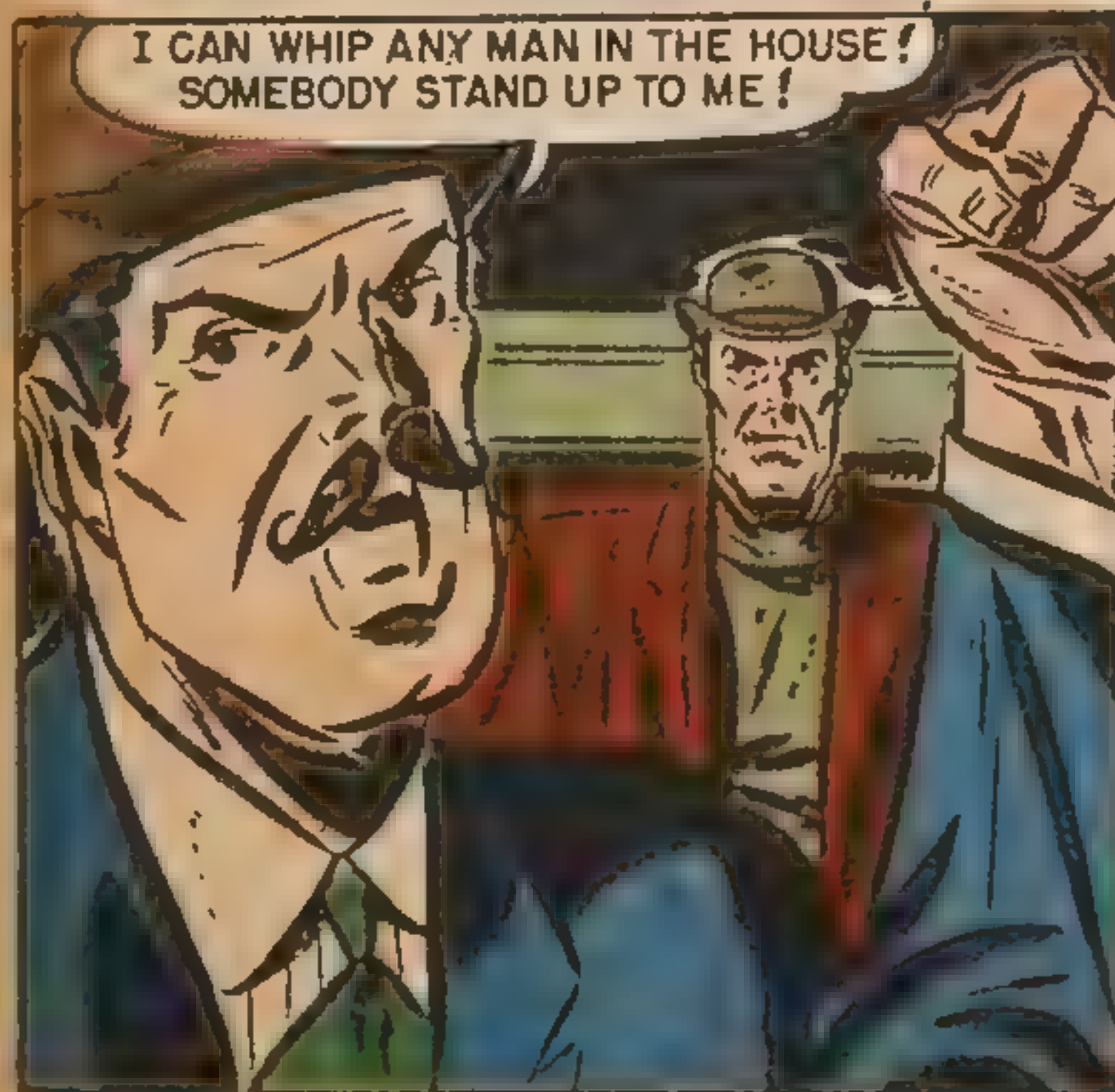
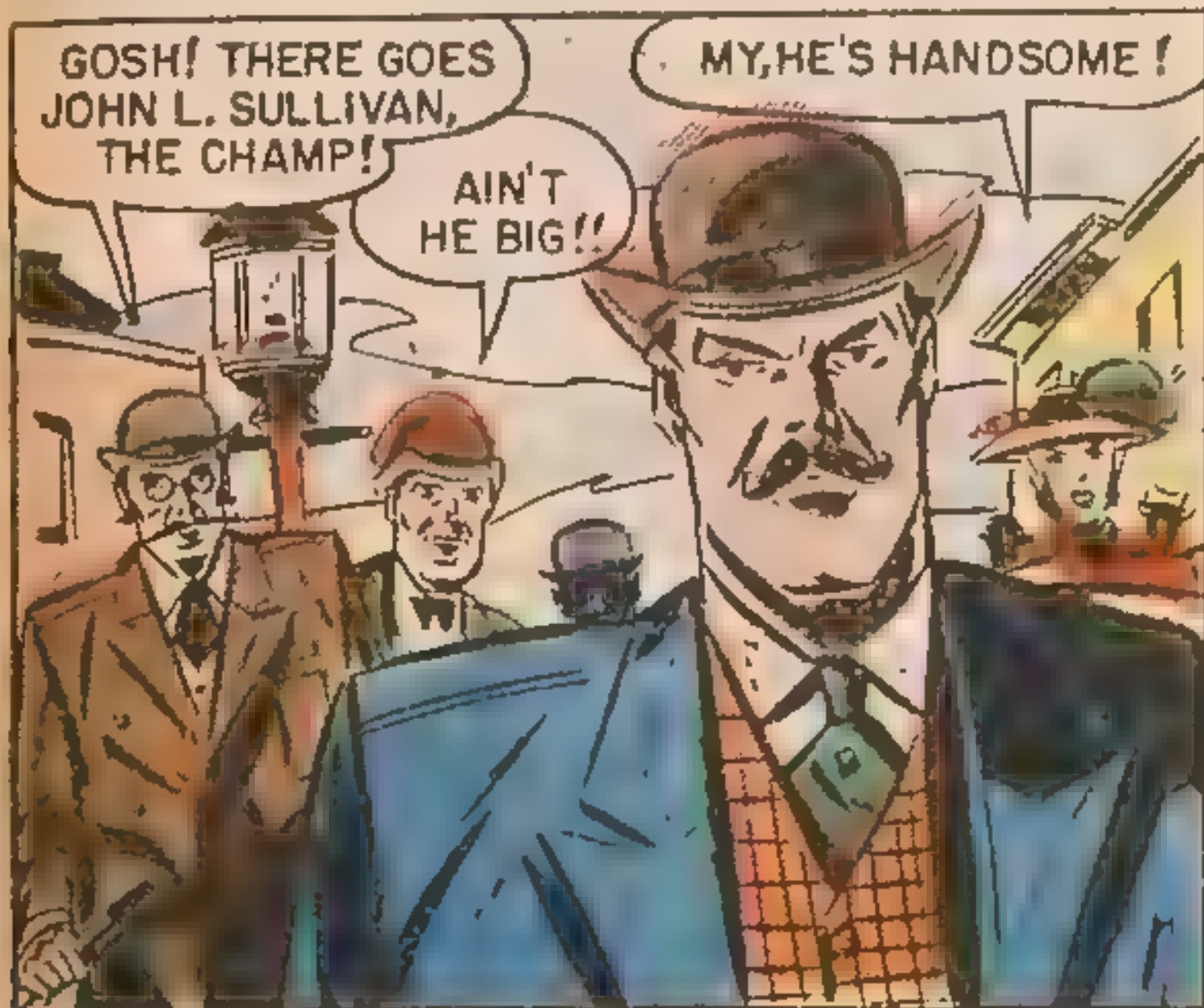
SURE AND A FINE WORKOUT THAT WAS! AND *NOW* ME BUCKOS...THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL CAN, STEP UP TO THE BAR...THE REFRESHMENTS ARE ON JOHN L.!!



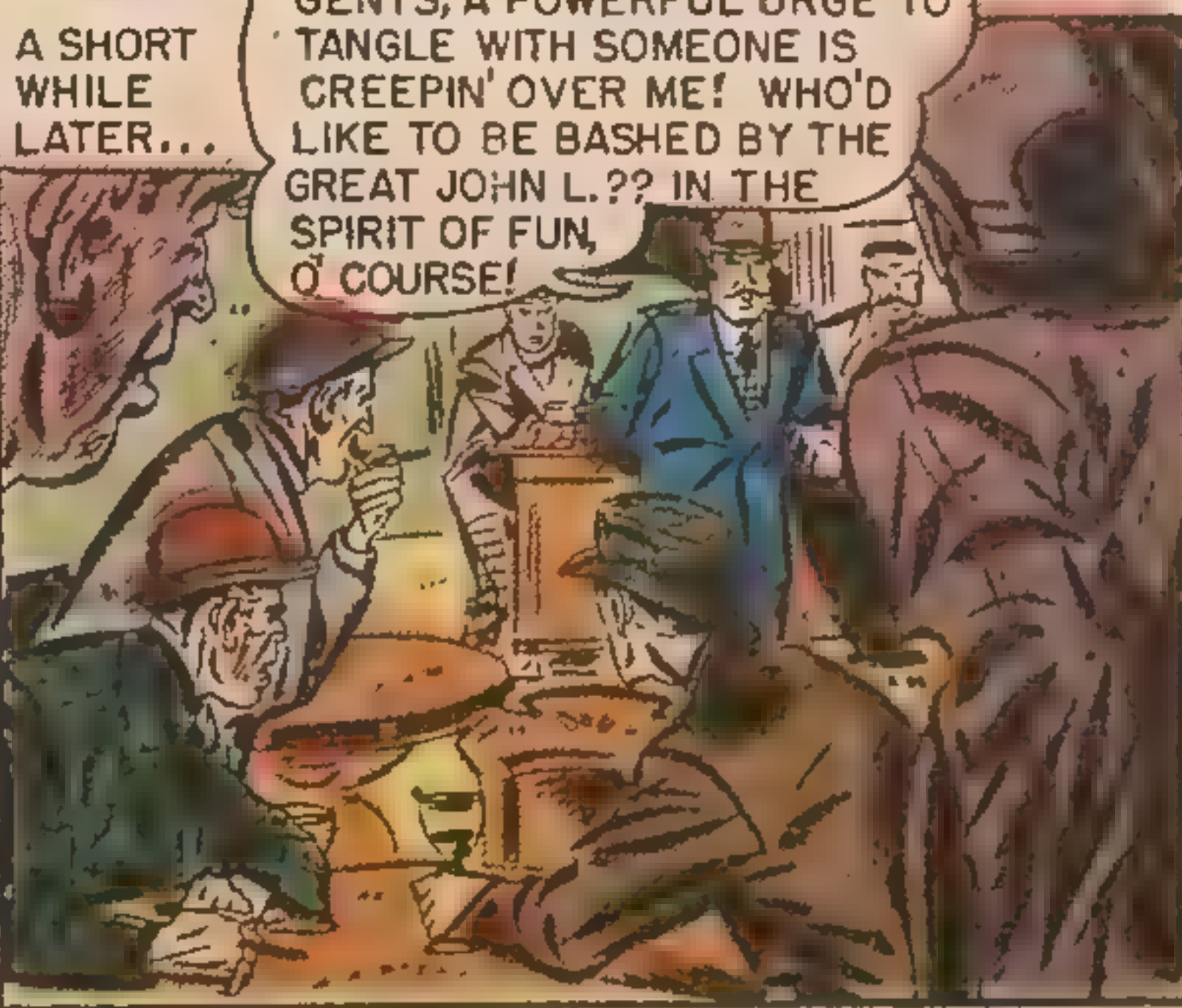
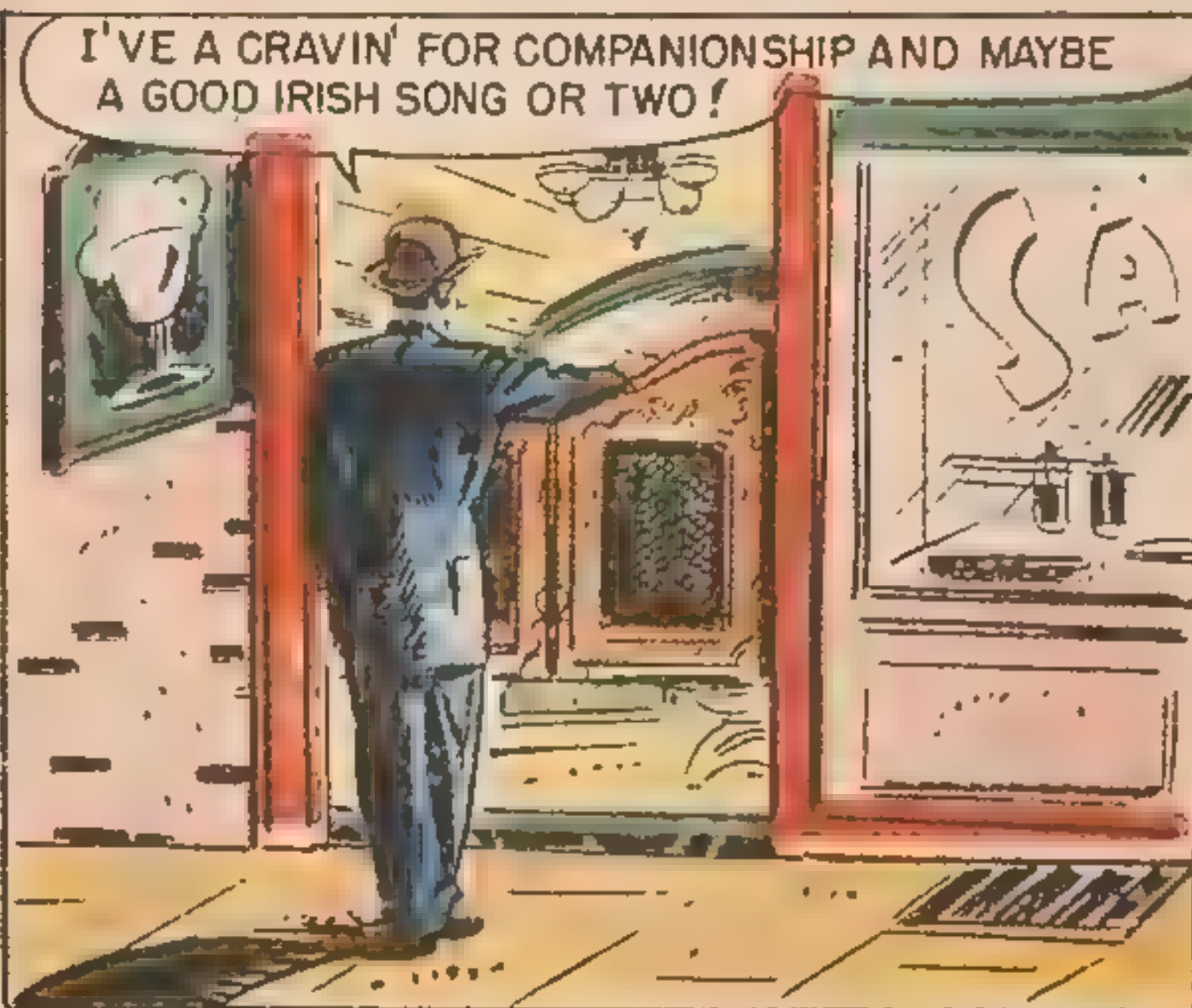
DRINK UP, LADS...AND GOOD HEALTH! NEXT TIME REMEMBER THAT I'M JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD AND I CAN WHIP ANY MAN IN THE PLACE!!

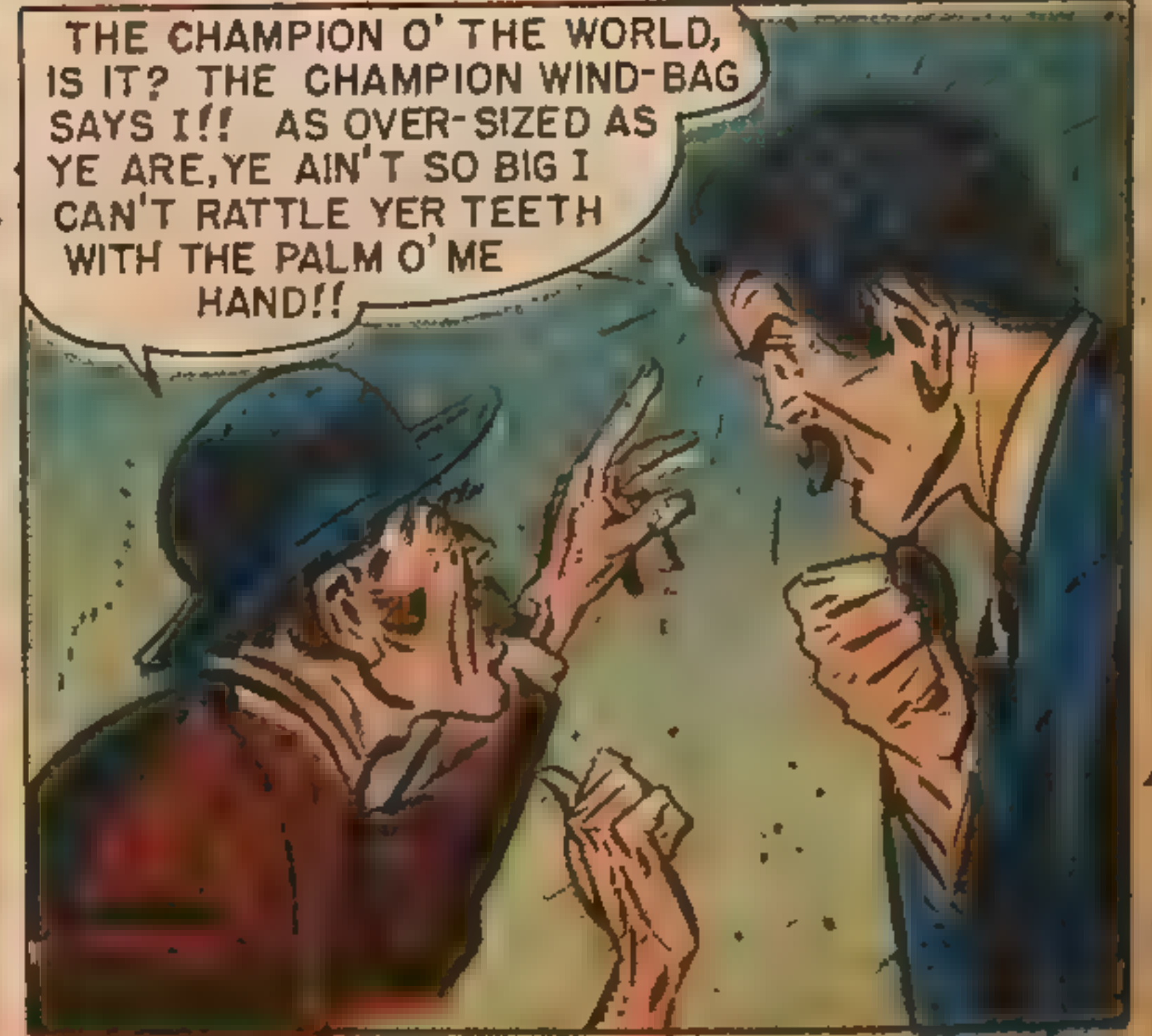
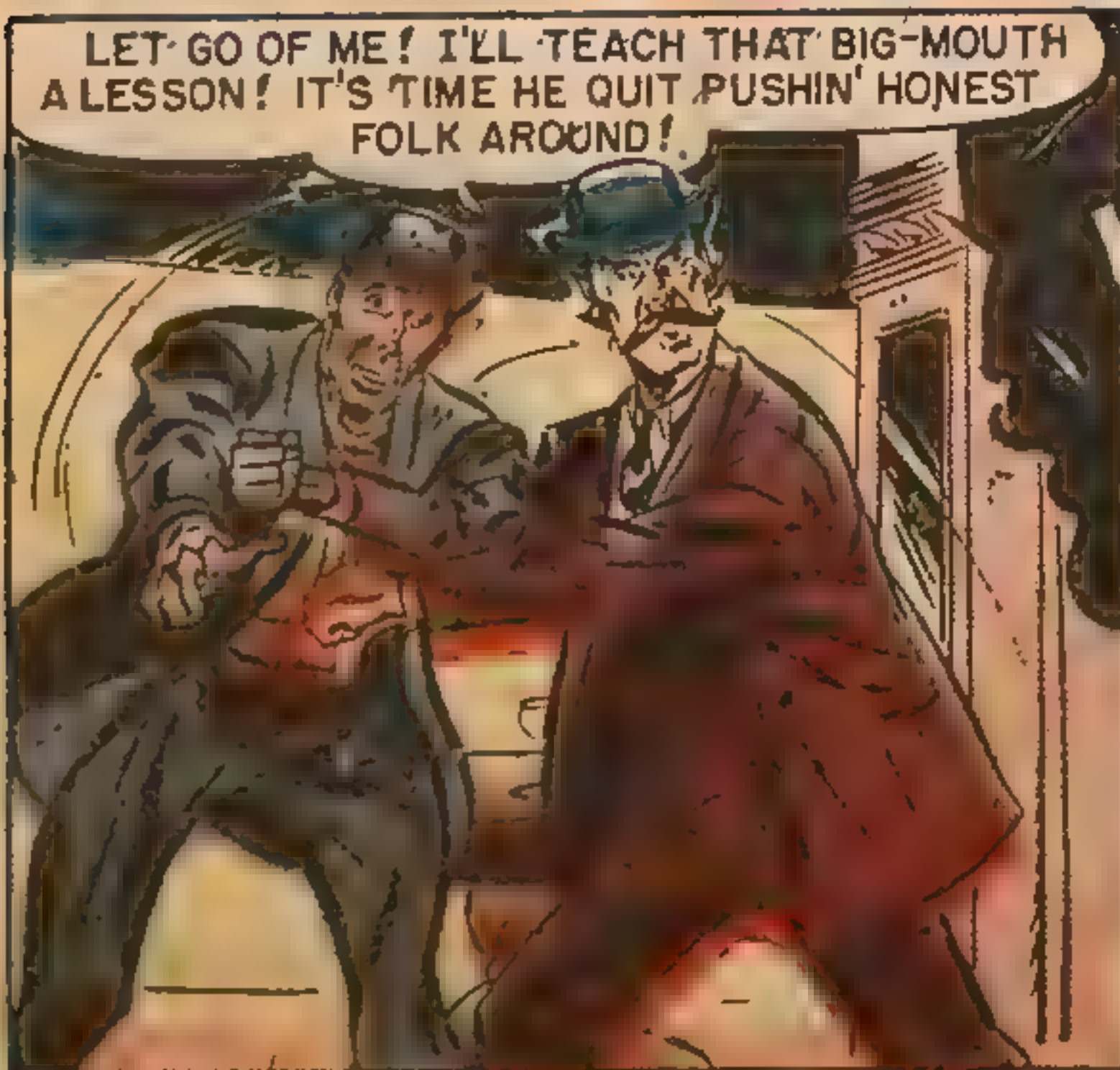


THE BOSTON STRONGBOY WAS THE IDOL OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND WAS RECOGNIZED AND ADMIRERD EVERYWHERE HE WENT.



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT IN BOSTON, JOHN L. WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME...

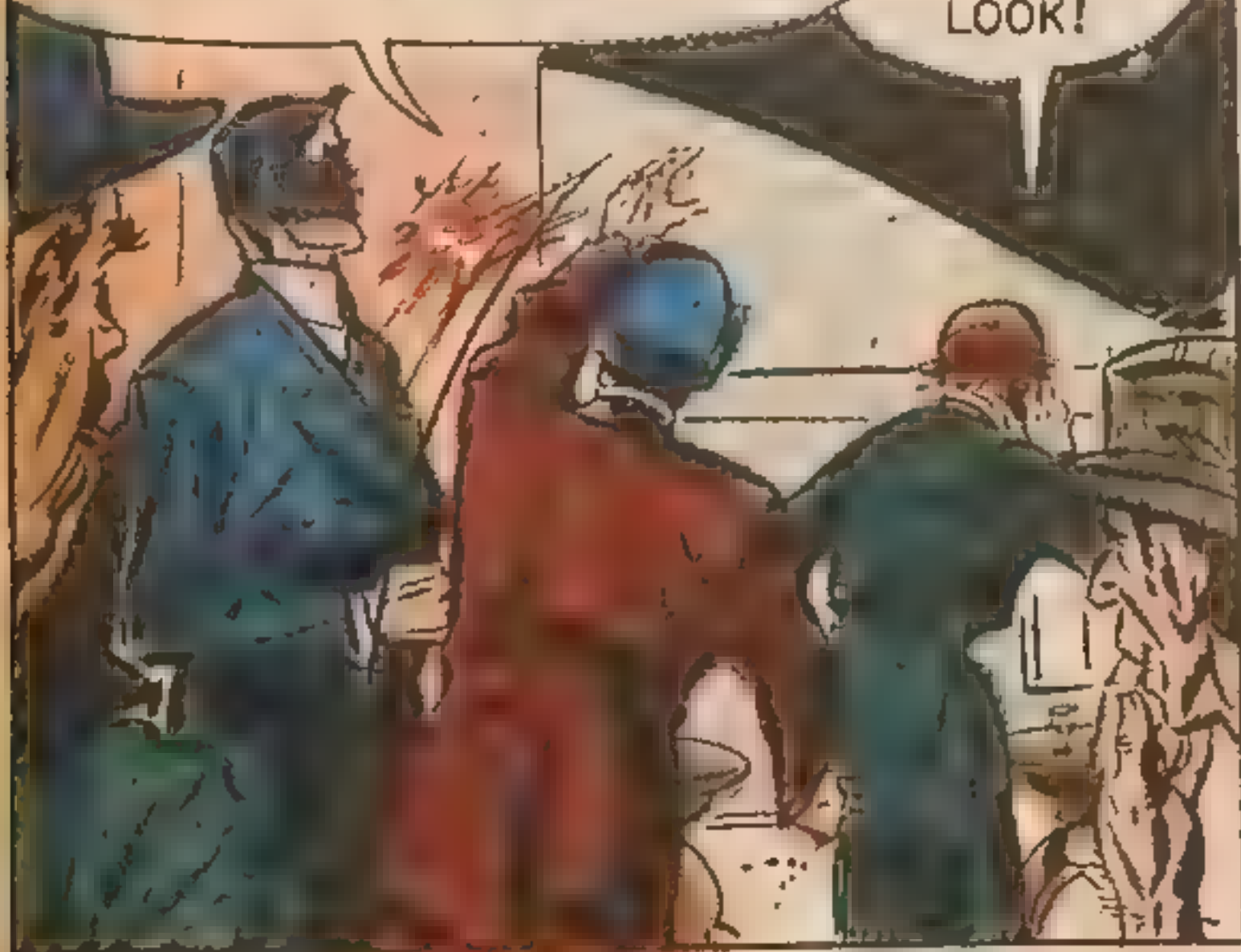




AND THEN...

THERE! THAT'S FER YER
BOASTIN' AN' YER SHOWIN' OFF!!

FAITH AN'
IT'LL BE
MURDER!
I CAN'T
LOOK!



MERCILESSLY, THE STRANGER POUNDED THE
BOSTON STRONGBOY, AND THEN ADDED INSULT
TO INJURY!

THERE! MEBBE THIS'LL COOL YE OFF AN'
TEACH YE NOT TO GO AROUND LORDIN' IT OVER
YER BETTERS!

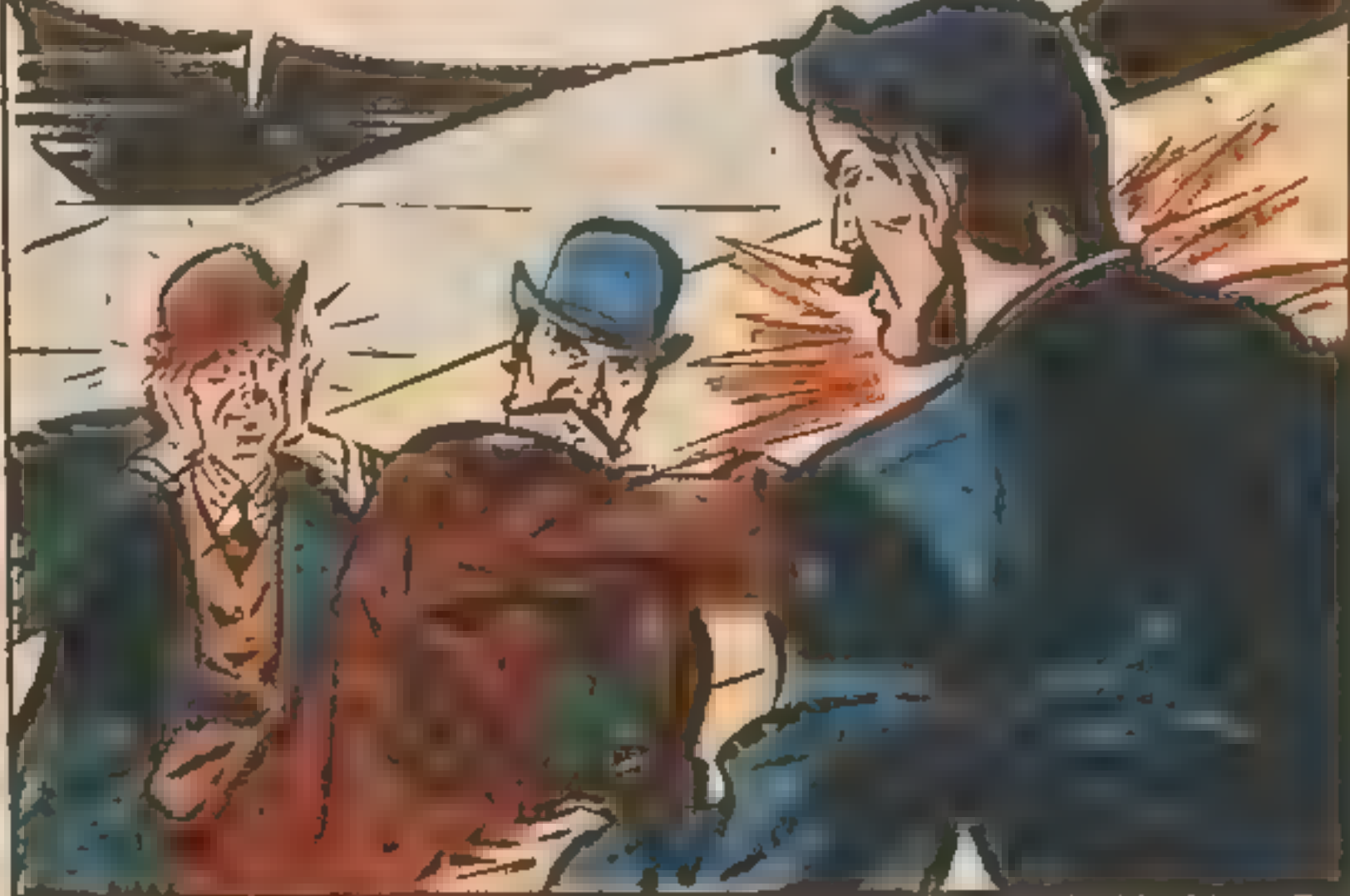


HE'S ME OWN FATHER!!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION OF THE
WORLD WAS STRUCK AND HE MADE NO MOVE TO
DEFEND HIMSELF!

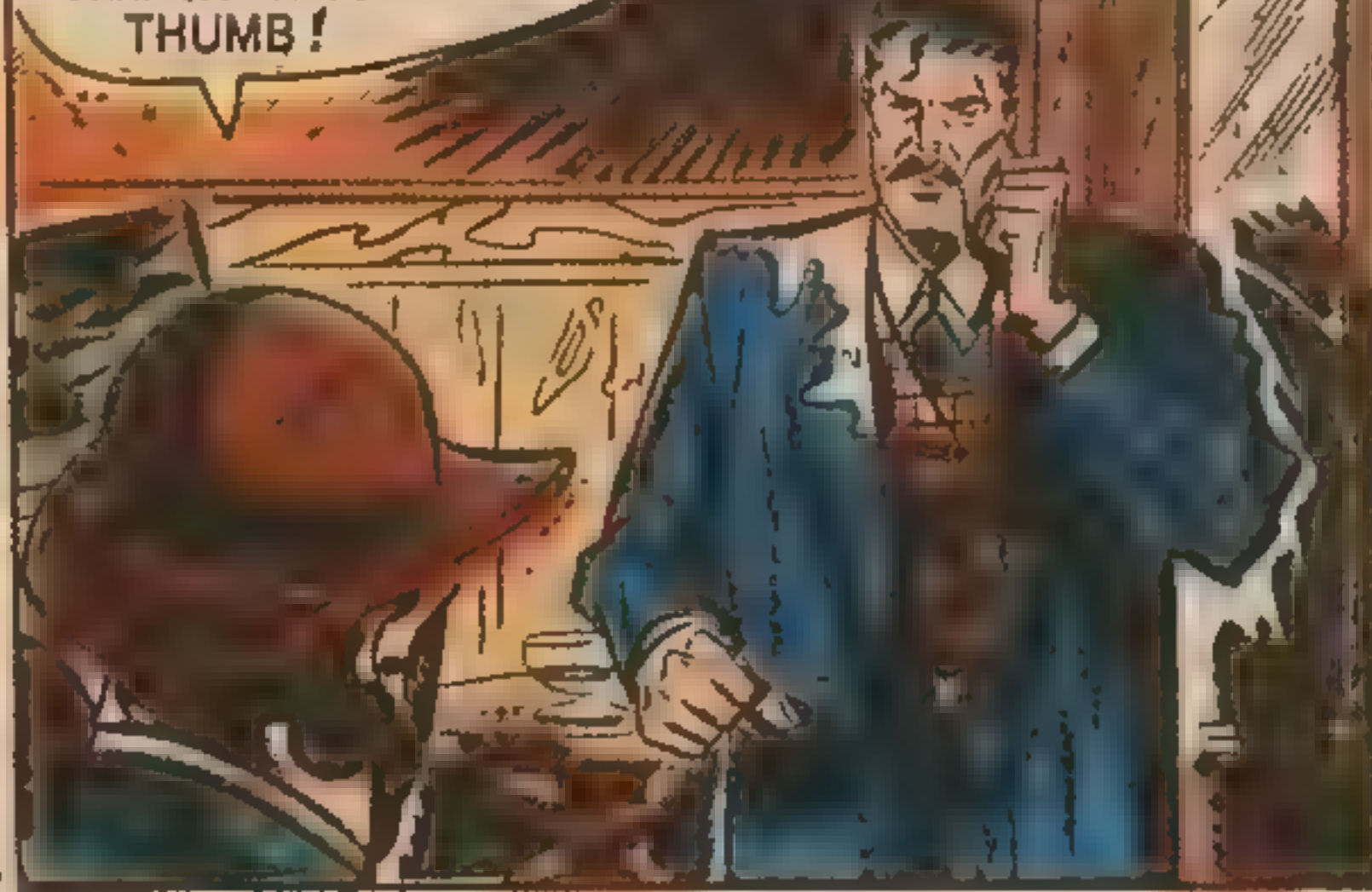
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! THE LITTLE FELLER
IS BELTIN' JOHN L.!



THEN, THE LITTLE MAN WALKED OUT LEAVING A
HORRIFIED SILENCE BEHIND HIM!

JOHN L., ME BOY! WHY DID YE
STAND FER IT? WHY, YE
COULD'VE CRUSHED
HIM WITH YER
THUMB!

THERE'S A
REASON! AND
A GOOD ONE!



BUT DON'T ANY OF THE REST OF YOU GET IDEAS!
I CAN STILL LICK ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE! DO I HEAR
ANYTHING TO THE CONTRARY?

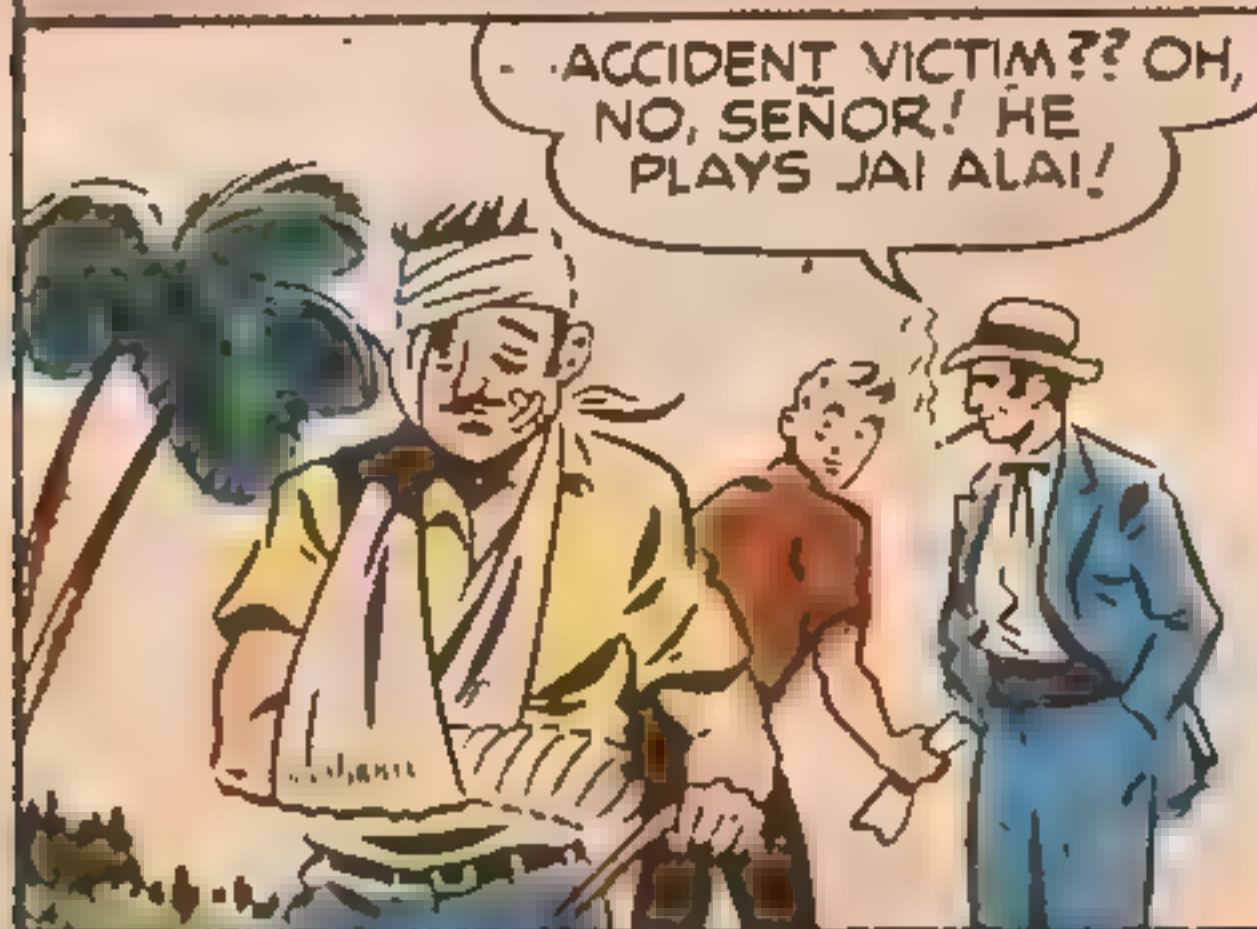


THE END.

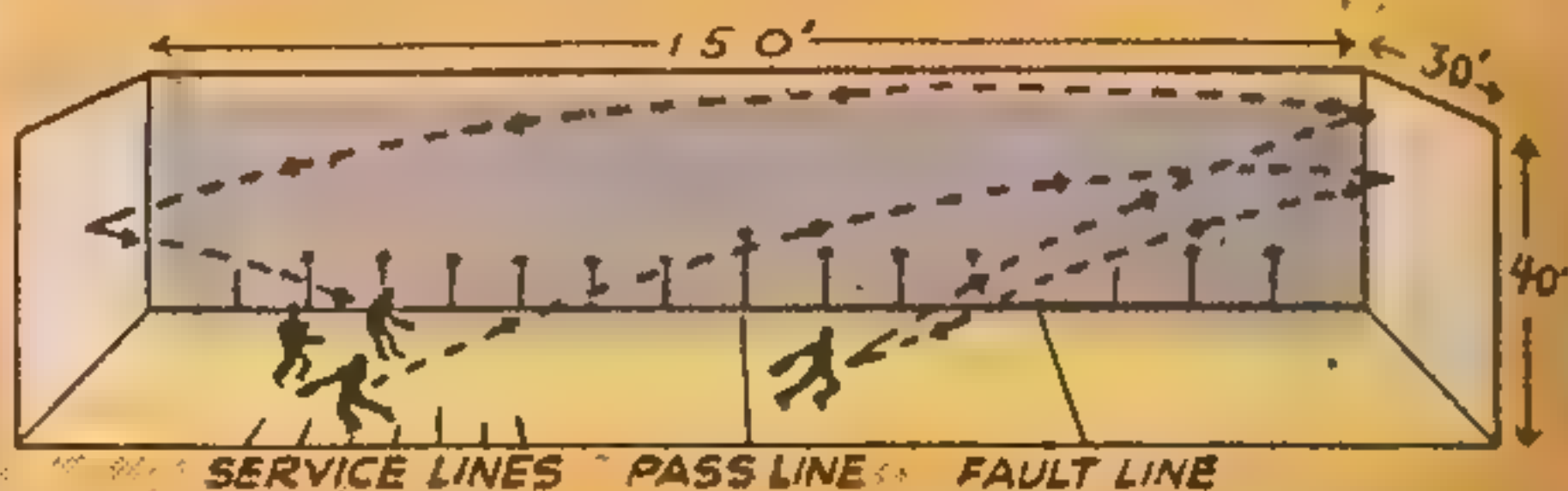
JAI ALAI

LIGHTNING ON A COURT

JAI ALAI ORIGINATED IN THE PYRENEES BACK IN THE 16TH CENTURY. IT IS REPUTEDLY FASTER THAN TENNIS AND MORE DANGEROUS THAN FOOTBALL OR LACROSSE!

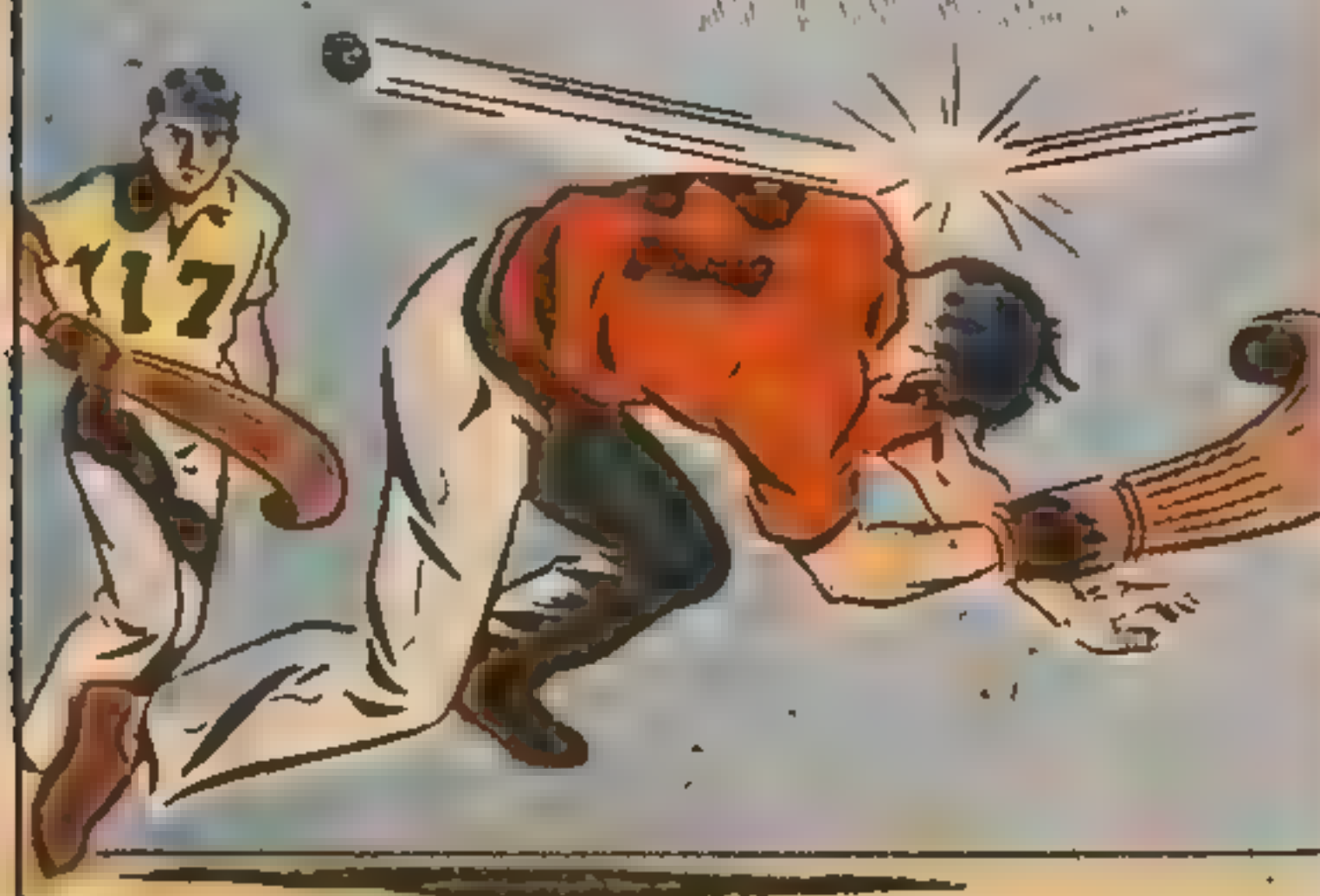


ROUGHLY, JAI ALAI (PRONOUNCED HI-LI) IS HANDBALL PLAYED IN A 3-WALLED COURT WITH A BALL SLIGHTLY SMALLER BUT HARDER THAN A BASEBALL...

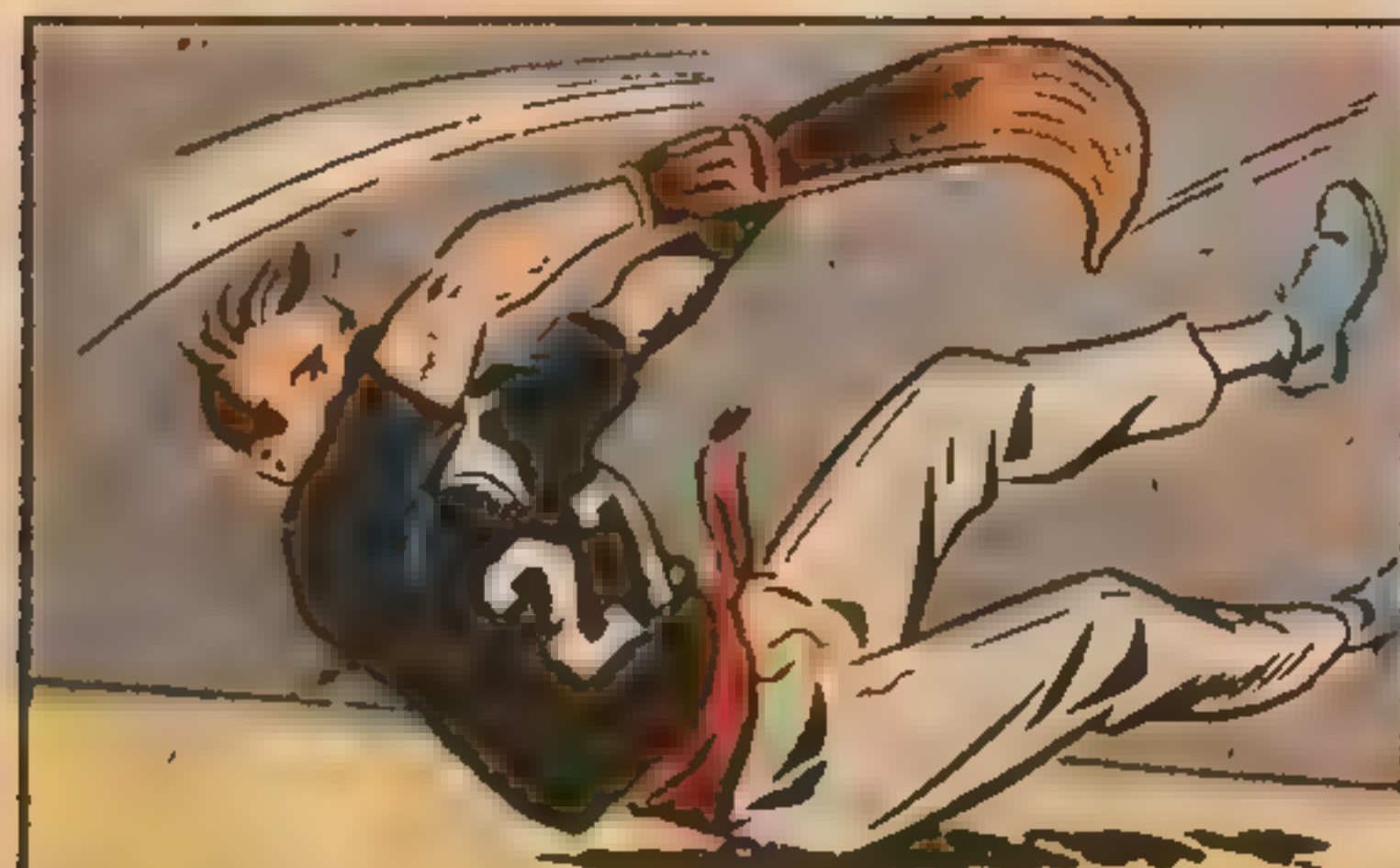


THE PLAYER ON THE SERVICE LINE THROWS TO THE FRONT WALL. THE BALL HURTTLES BACK TO THE FIRST PLAYER WHO IN TURN SLAMS IT BACK TO THE REAR WALL.

THE SPEED OF THE BALL IS SO GREAT THAT IF A PLAYER IS STRUCK, IT CAN CAUSE SERIOUS INJURY OR EVEN DEATH.



PLAYING THE WALL FOR A "SKIMMER" SHOT!

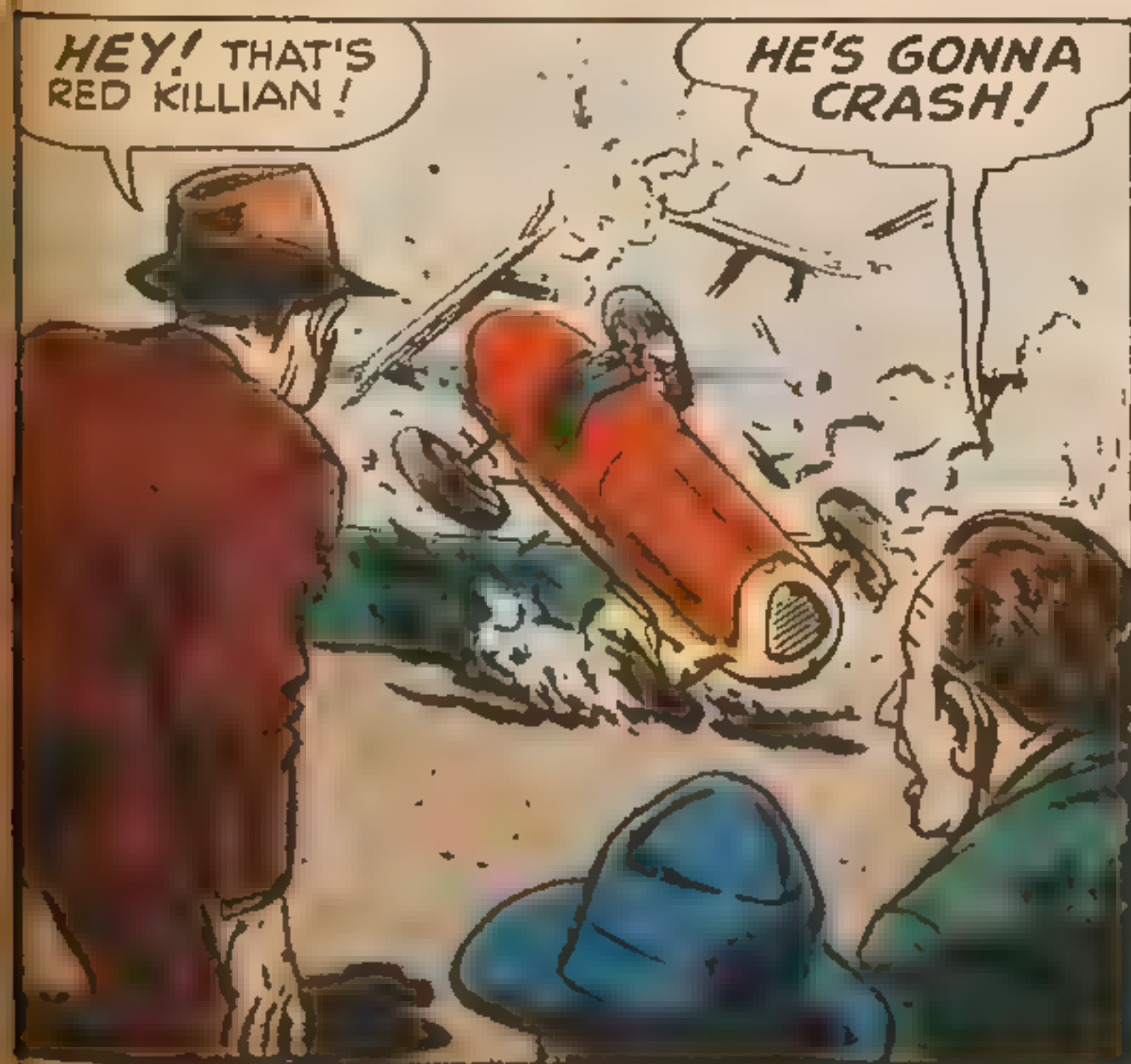
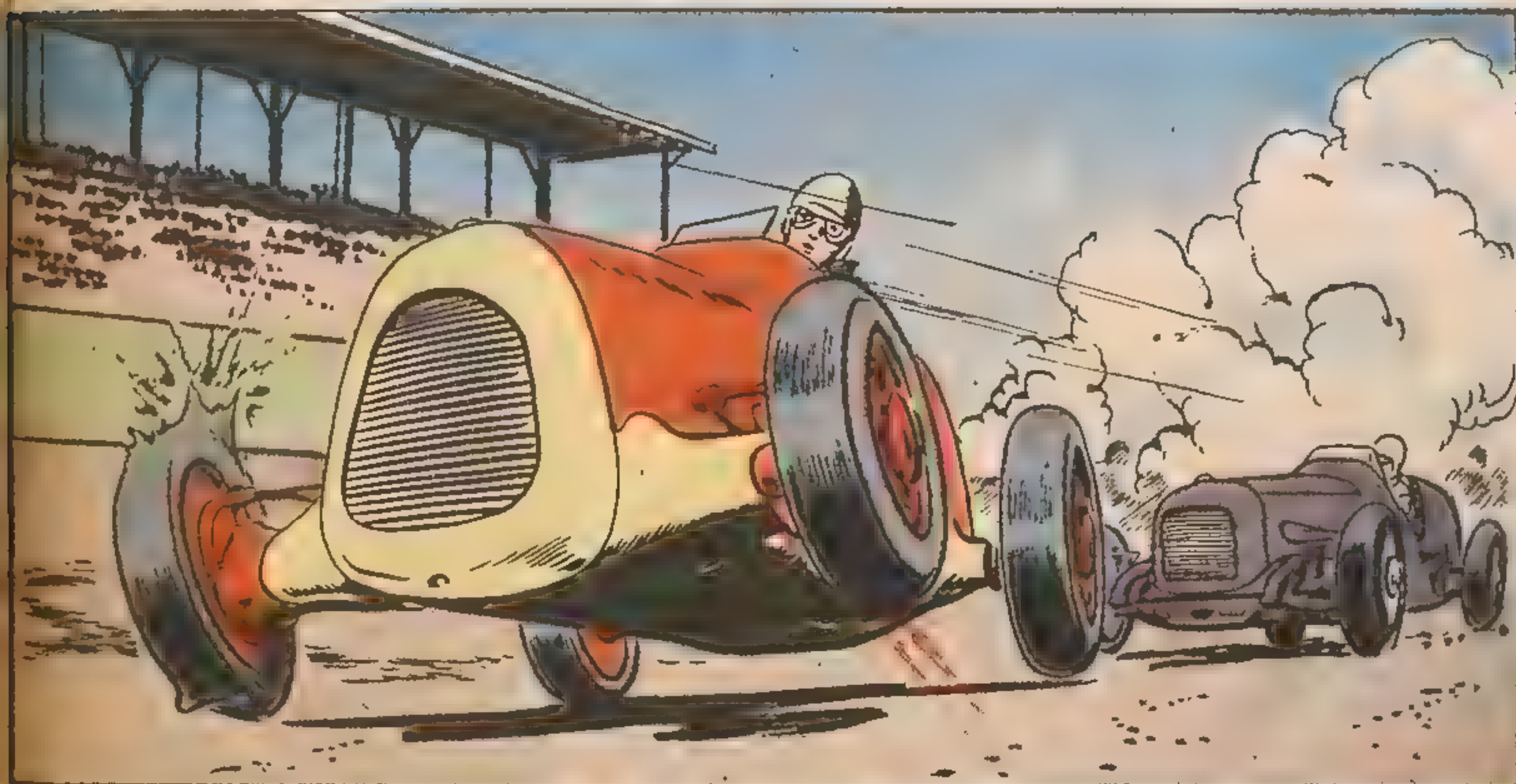


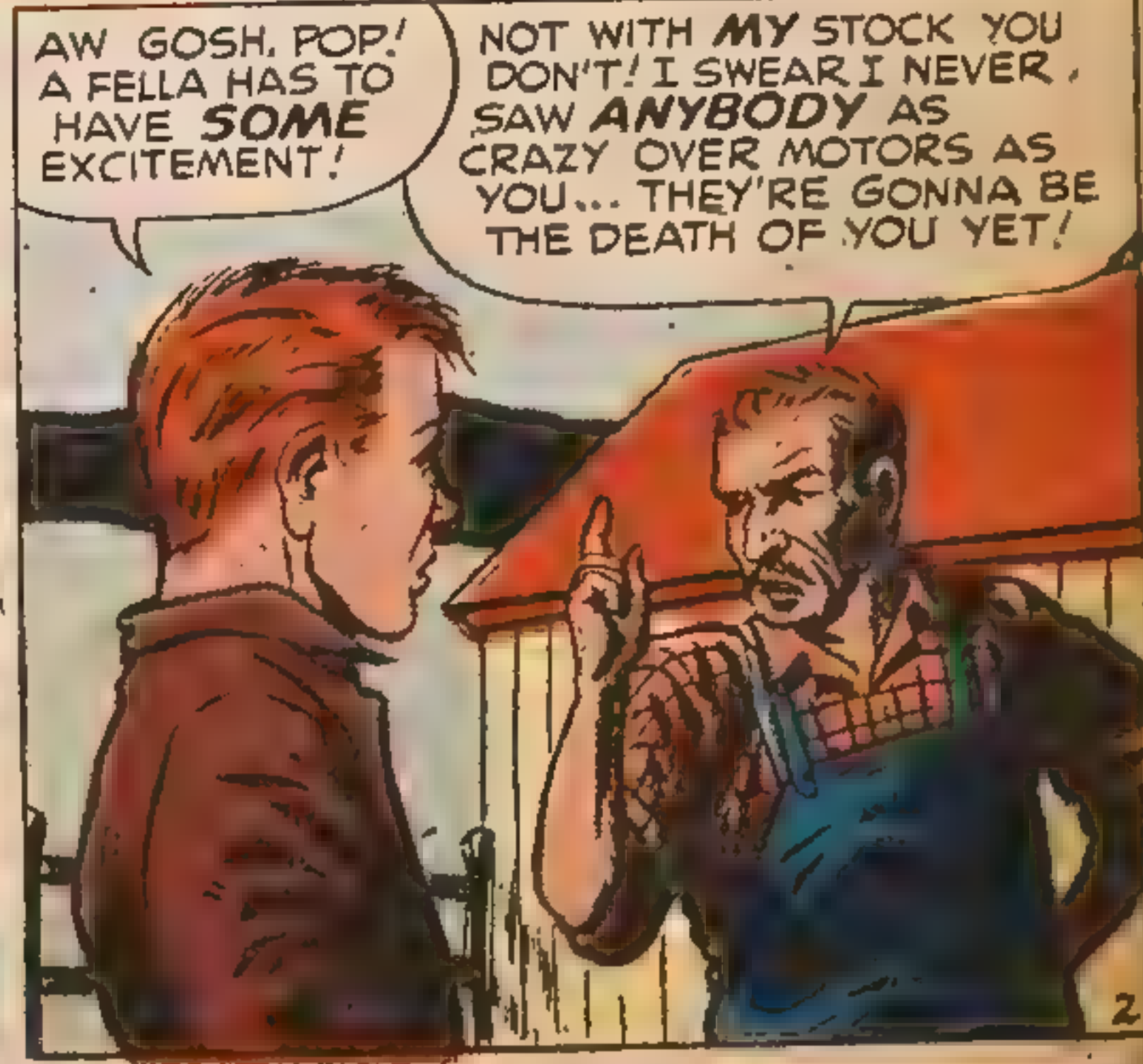
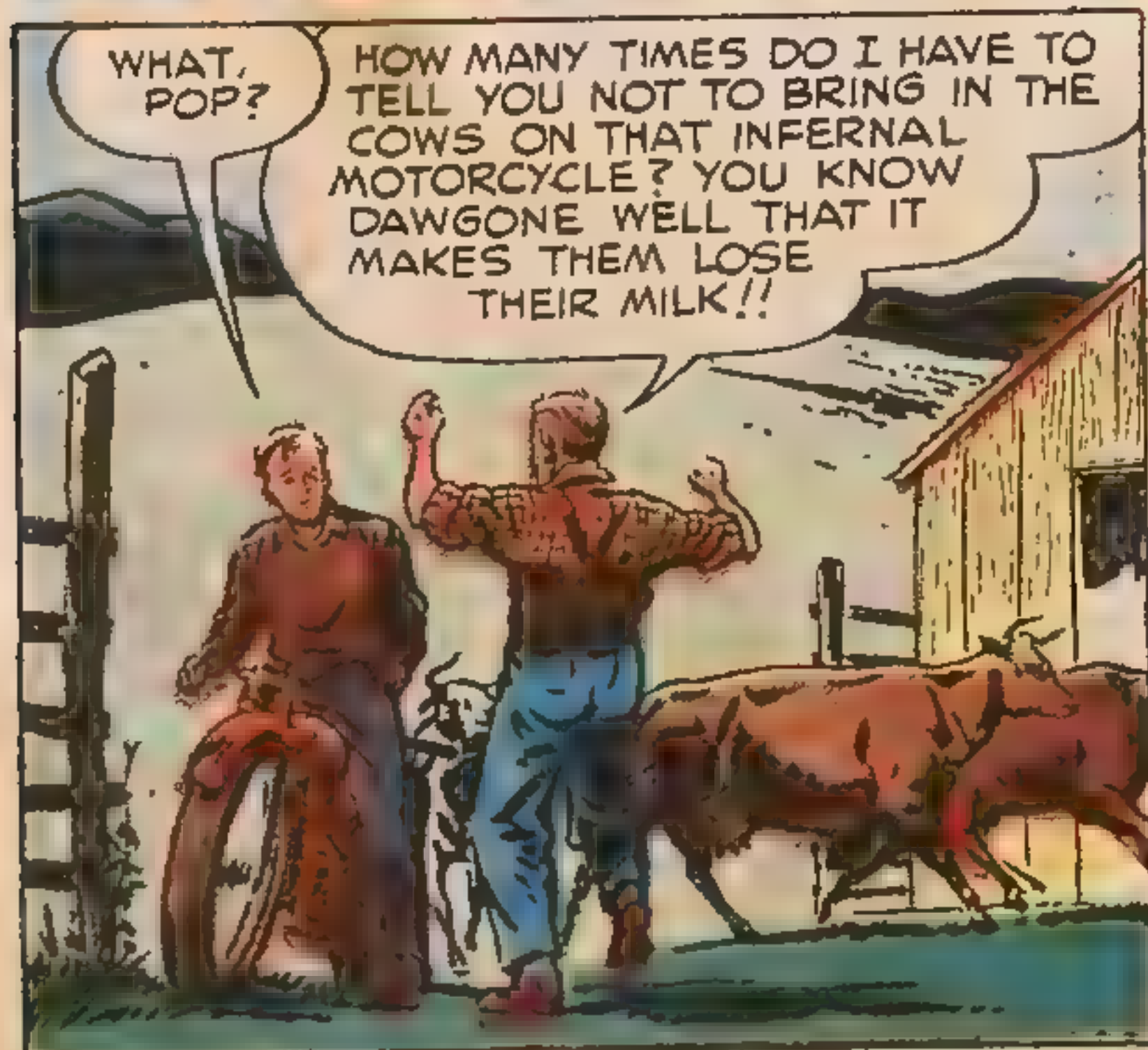
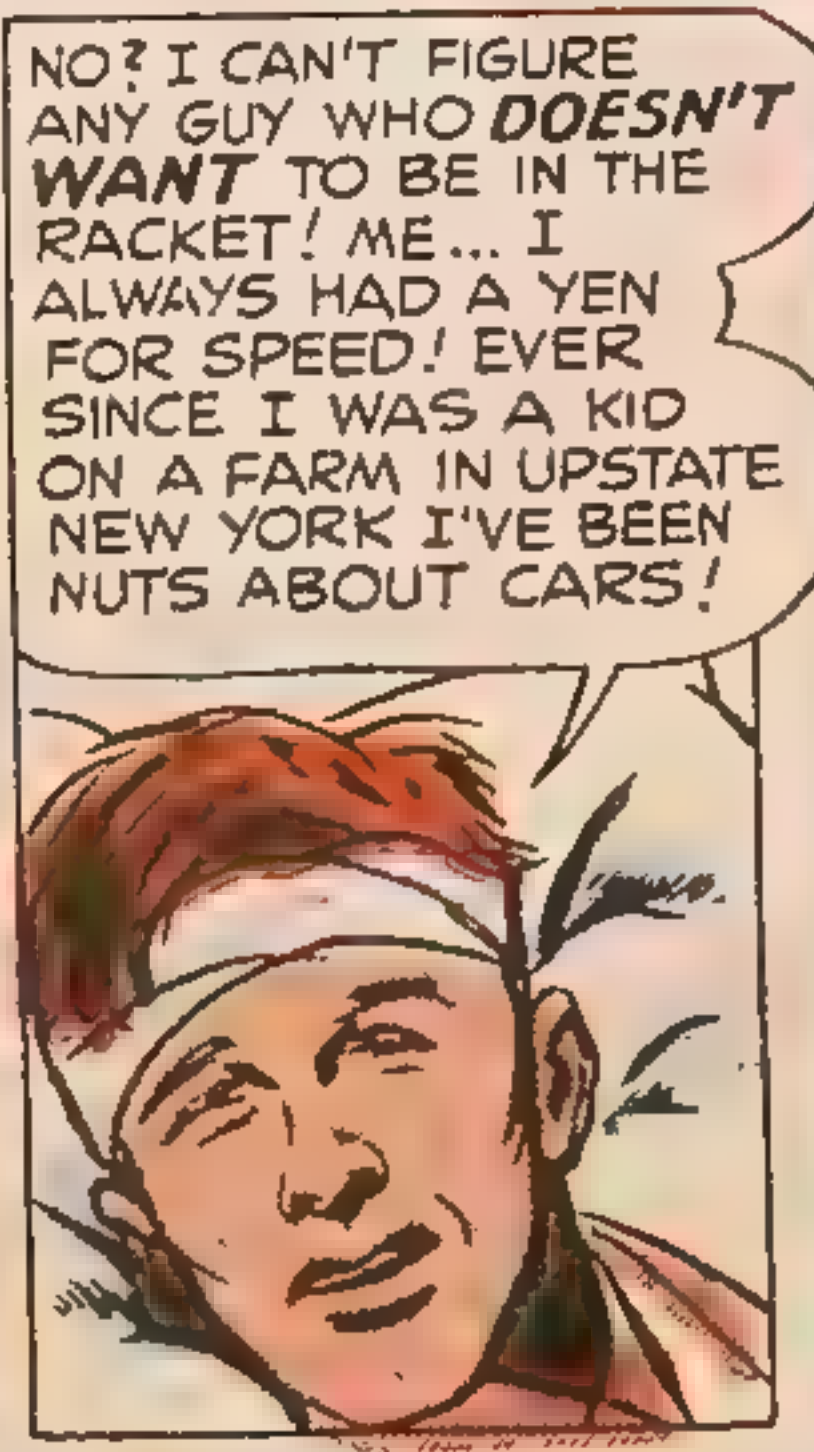
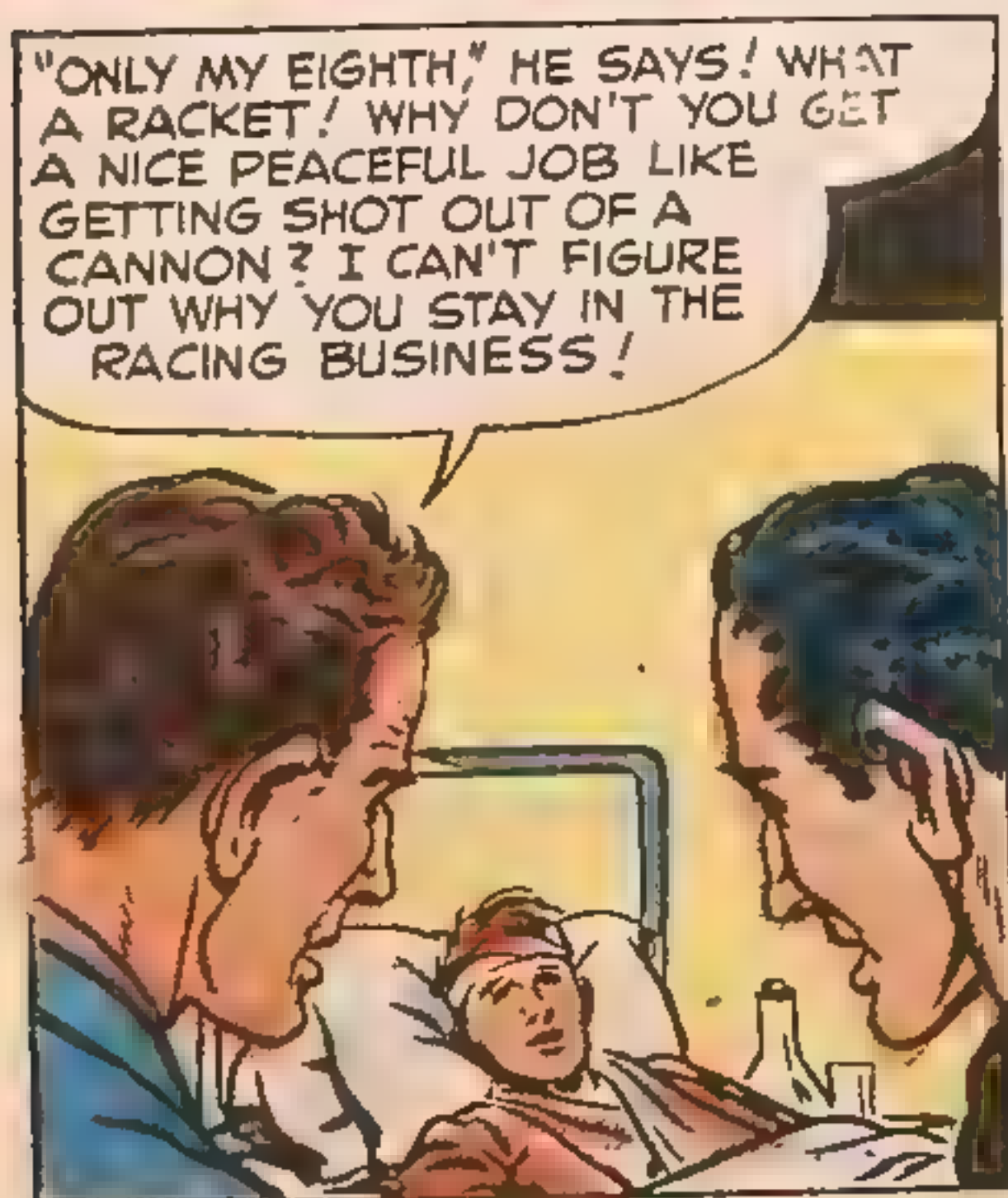
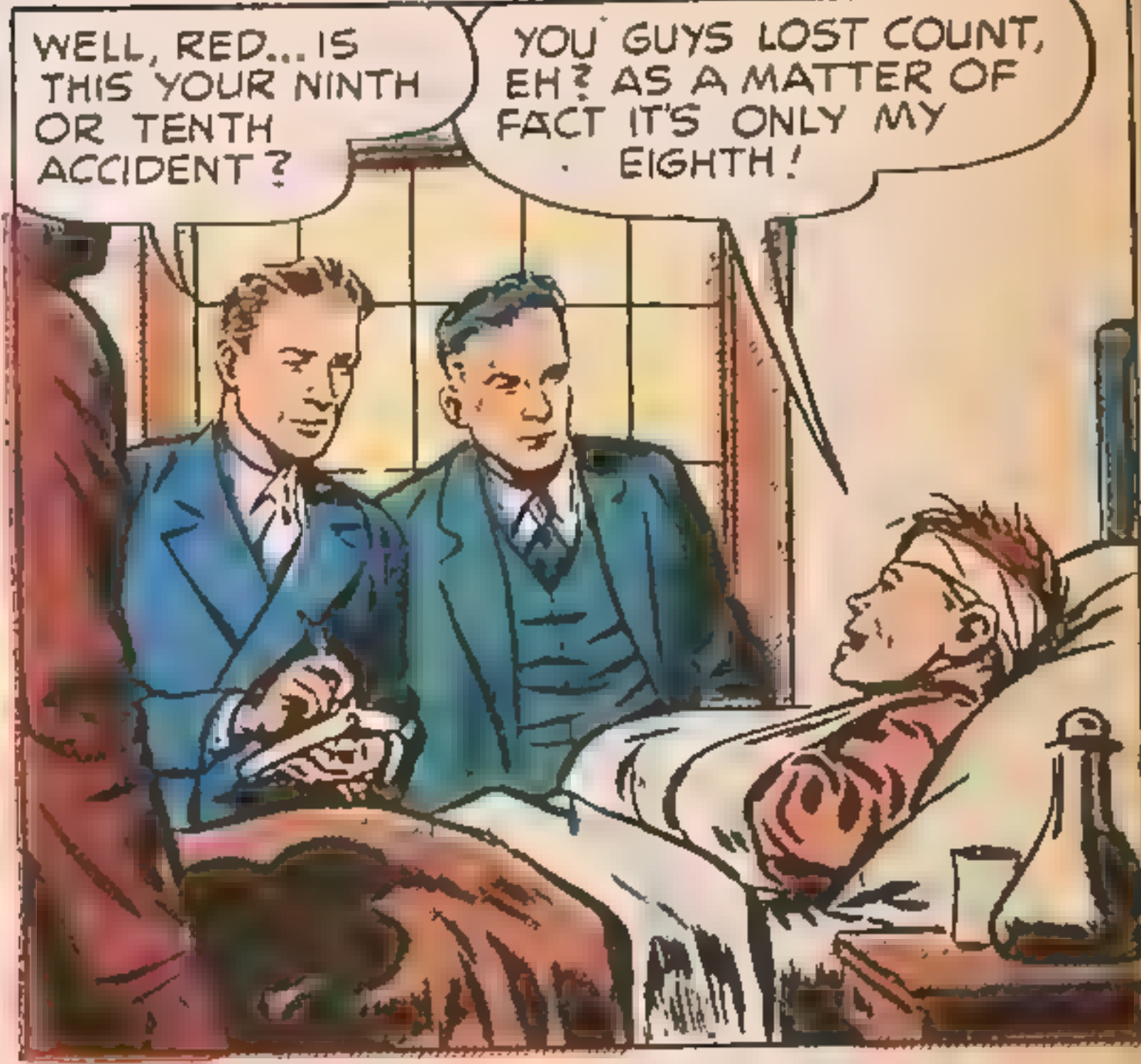
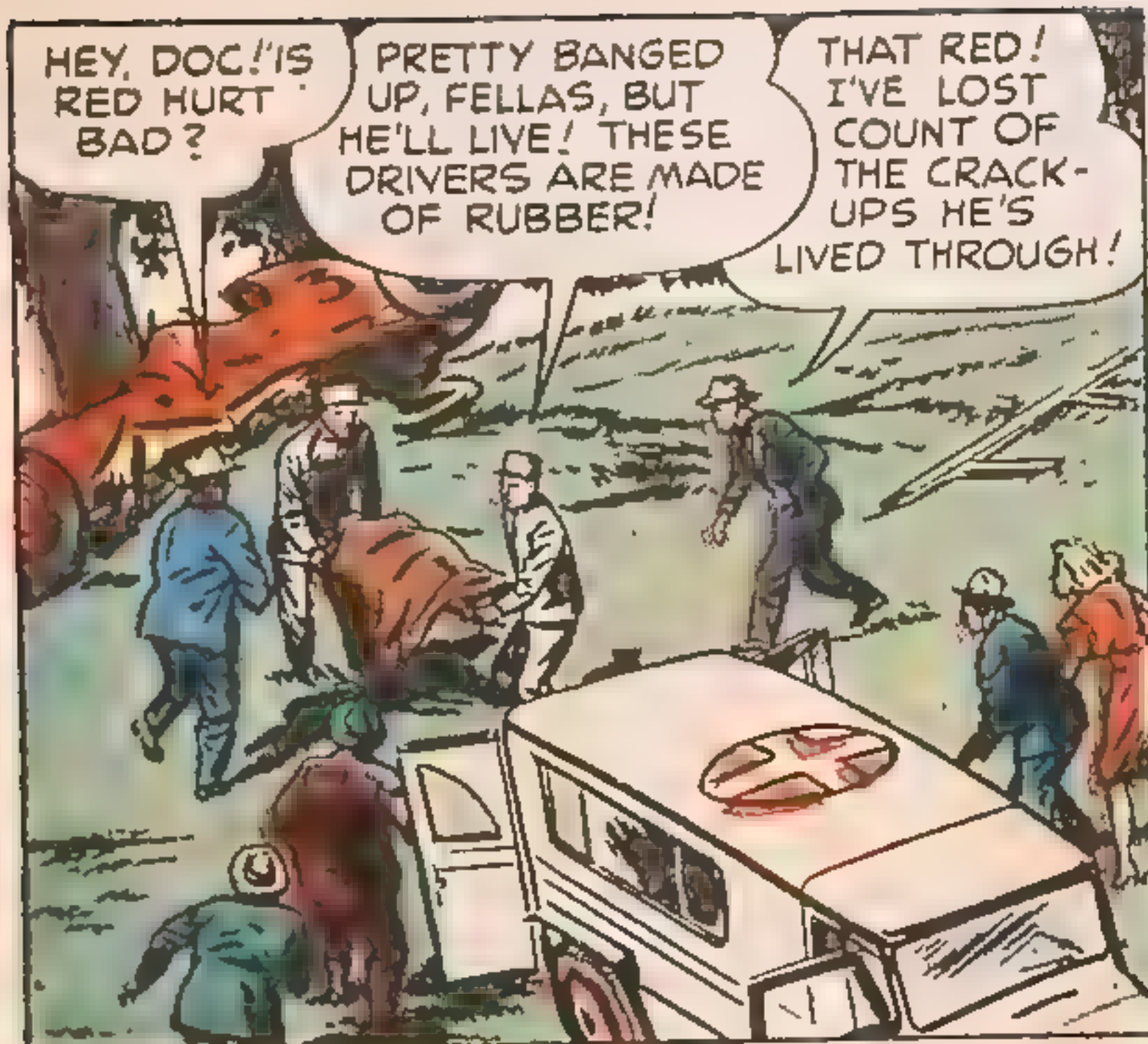
PLAYERS WILL DO THE IMPOSSIBLE TO RETURN A SHOT... SUCH PLAY USUALLY HAS THE SPECTATORS SCREAMING THEIR THROATS RAW!

THE LIFE OF A JAI ALAI PLAYER DIFFERS GREATLY FROM THAT OF OTHER ATHLETES. HE BEGINS TO LEARN THE GAME AT AN EARLY AGE - USUALLY SIX. THE STRAIN OF THE SPORT RETIRES HIM AT AROUND 25 YEARS OF AGE.

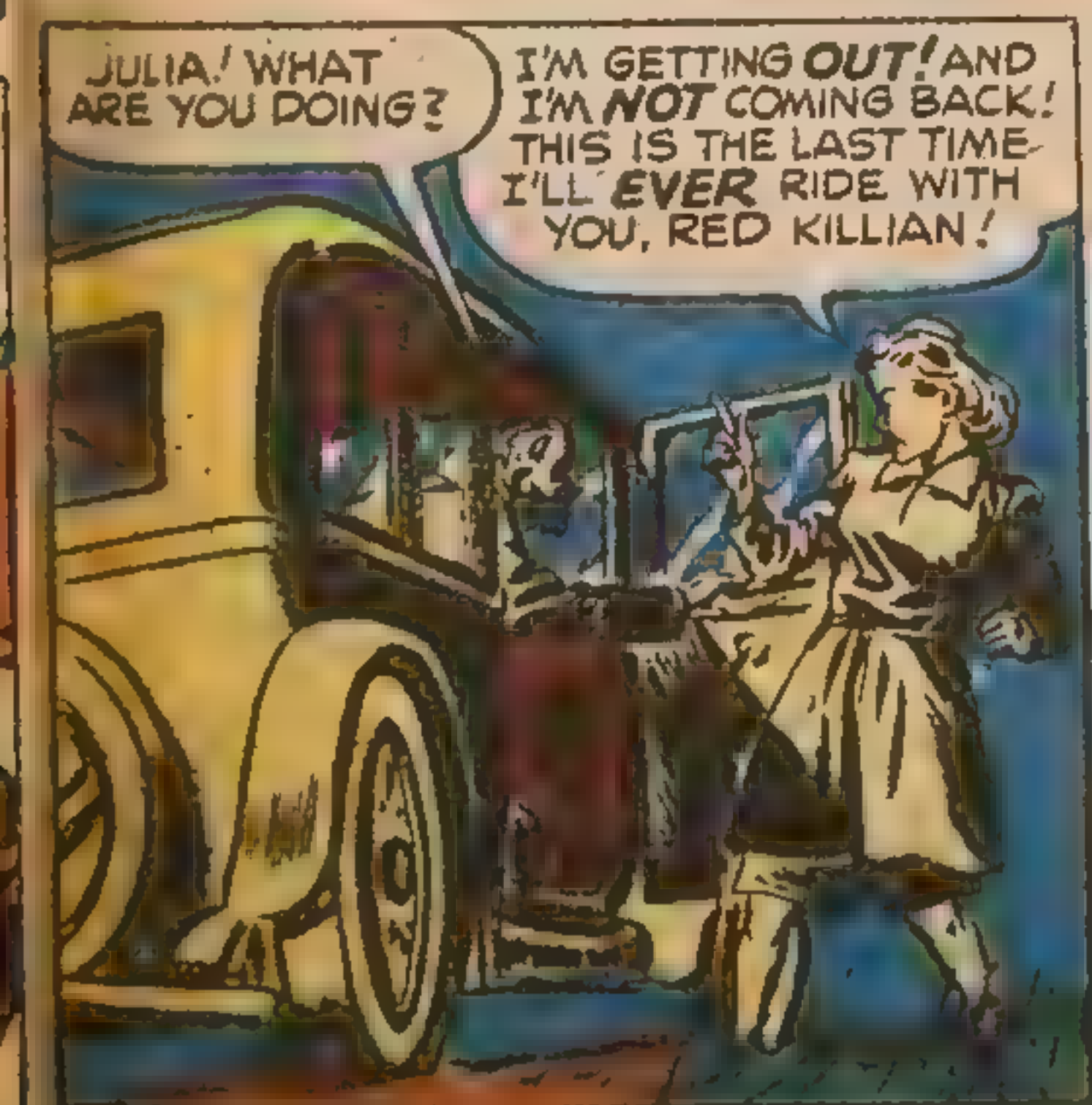
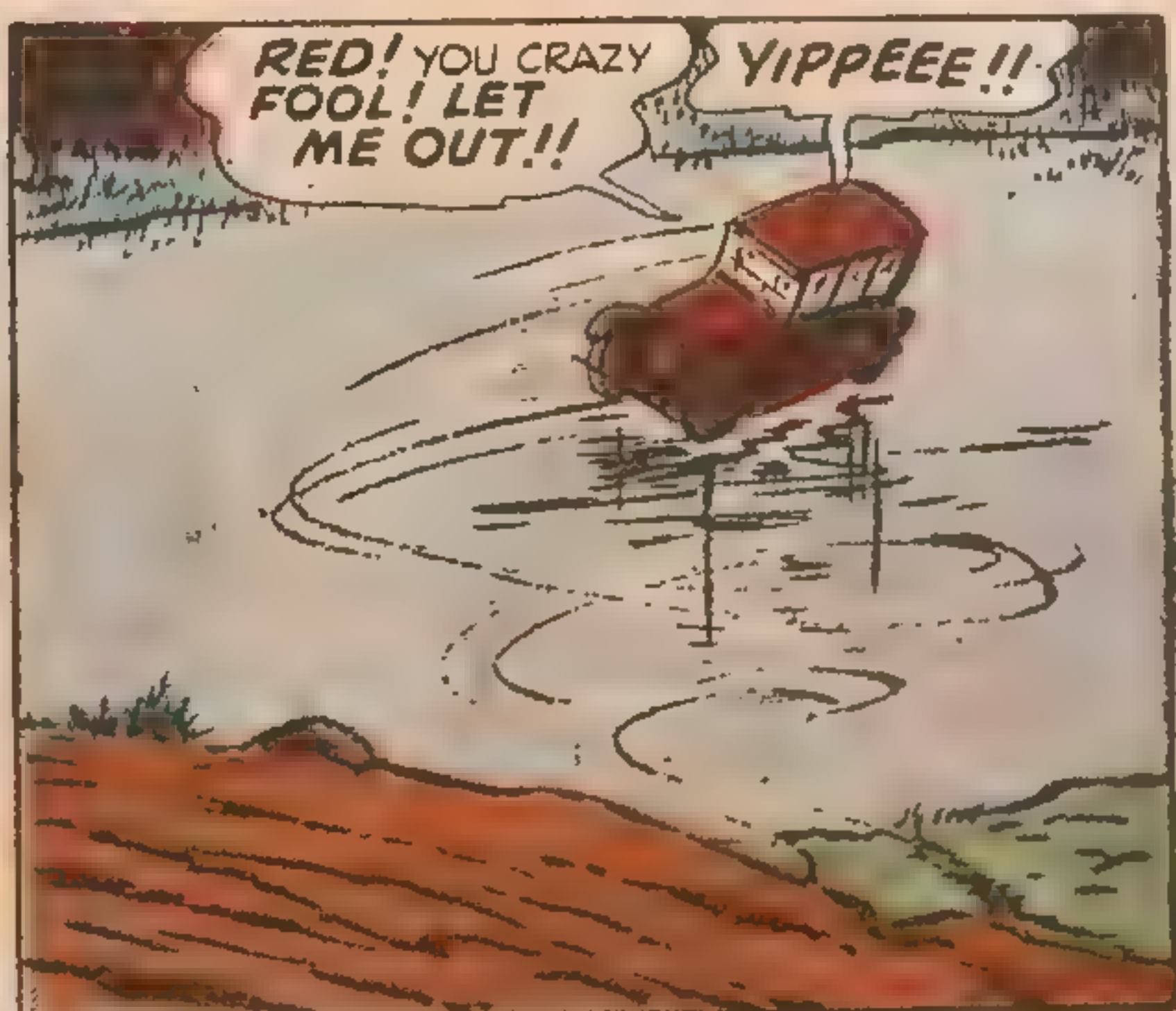
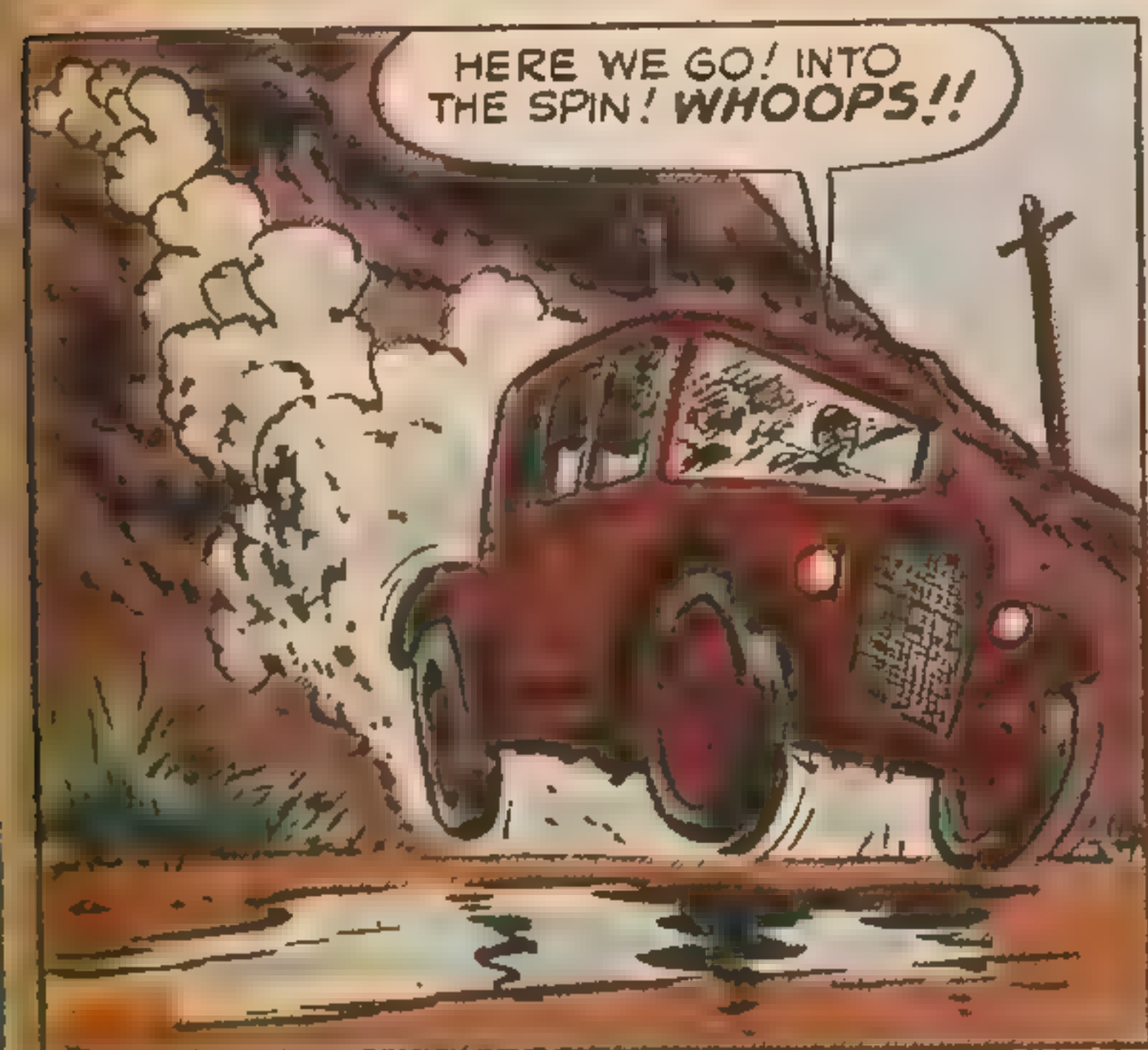
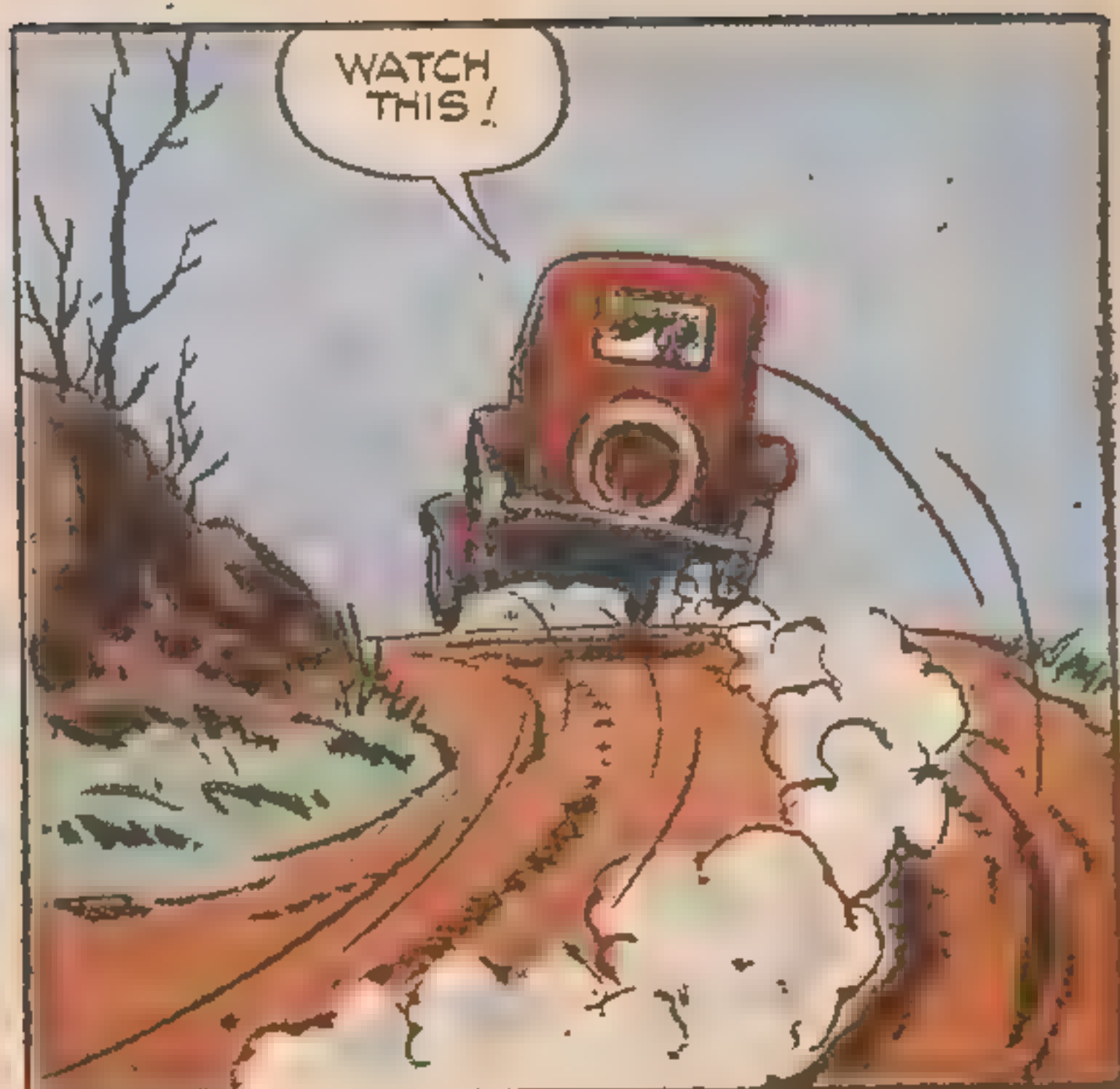
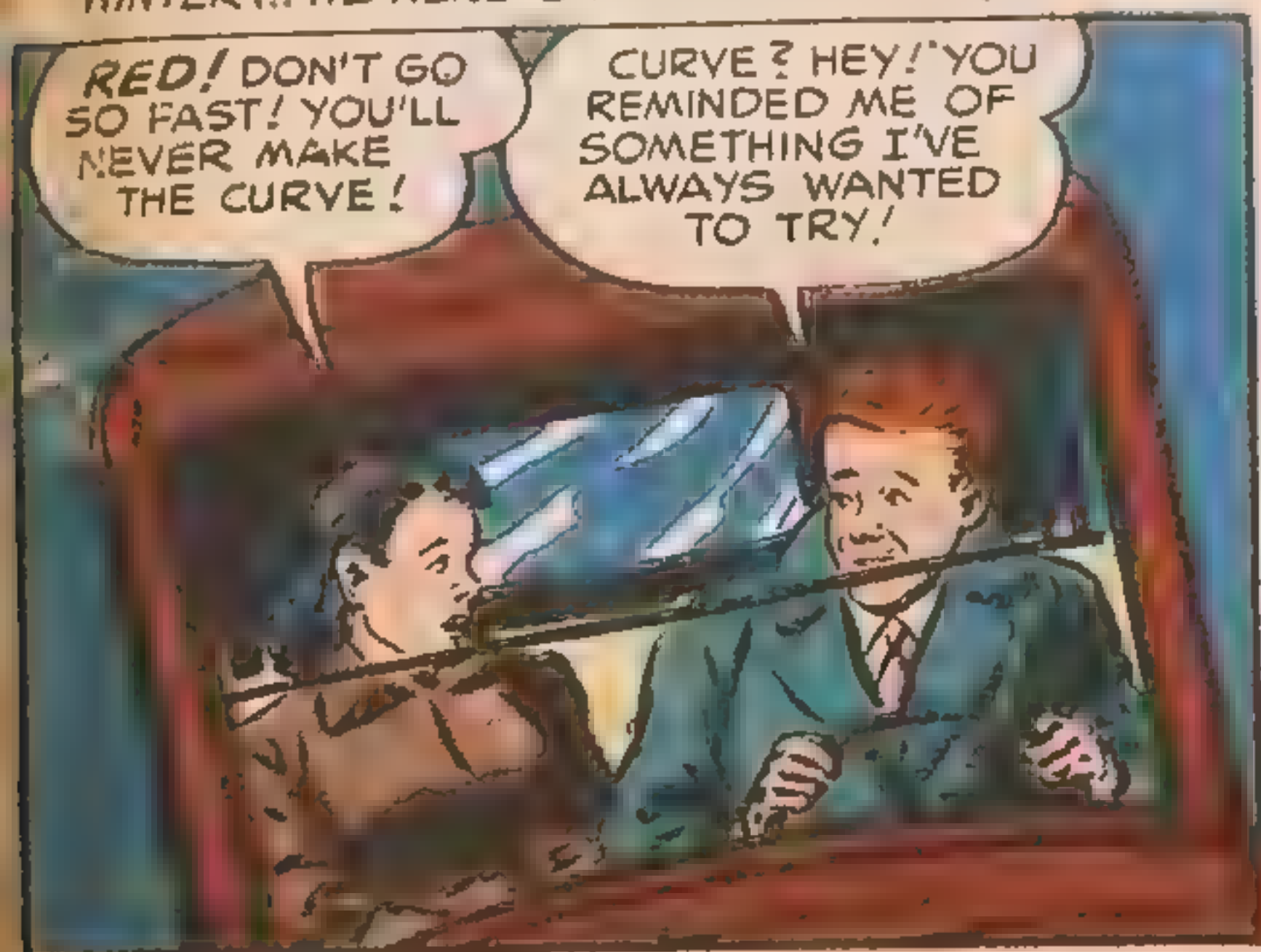
BURN UP THE ROAD

AUTO RACING IS A SPORT WHERE THE THRILLS ARE ONLY EQUALED BY THE DANGER THAT IS PRESENT WHEN HURLING PROJECTILES GOING OVER 100 MILES PER HOUR NUDGE ONE ANOTHER FOR ADVANTAGE. BUT WHAT IS A RACE DRIVER LIKE?... HOW DOES HE **GET** THAT WAY?.. FOR INSTANCE, LET'S PICK UP THE CAREER OF A DRIVER WE'LL CALL RED KILLIAN....

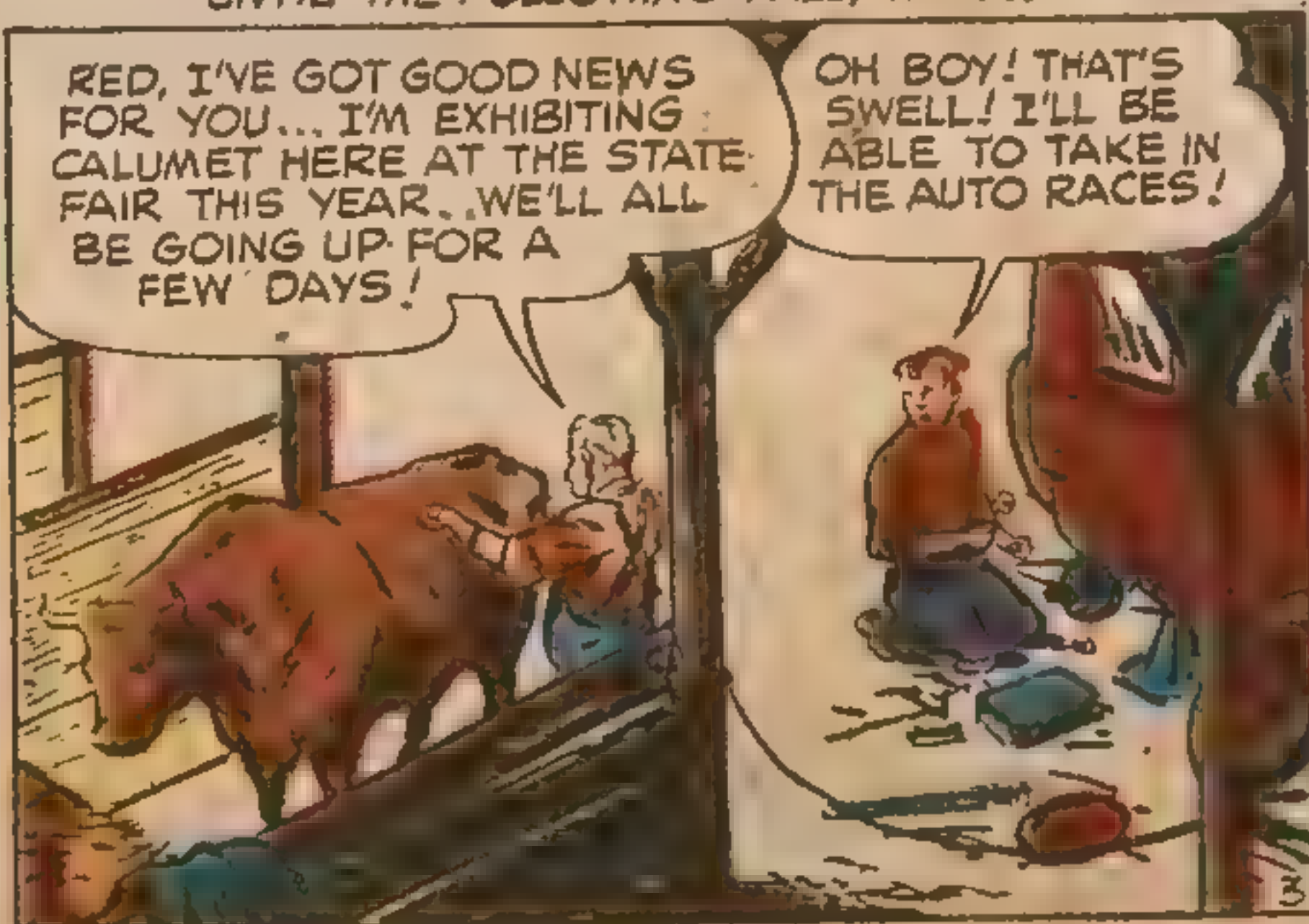




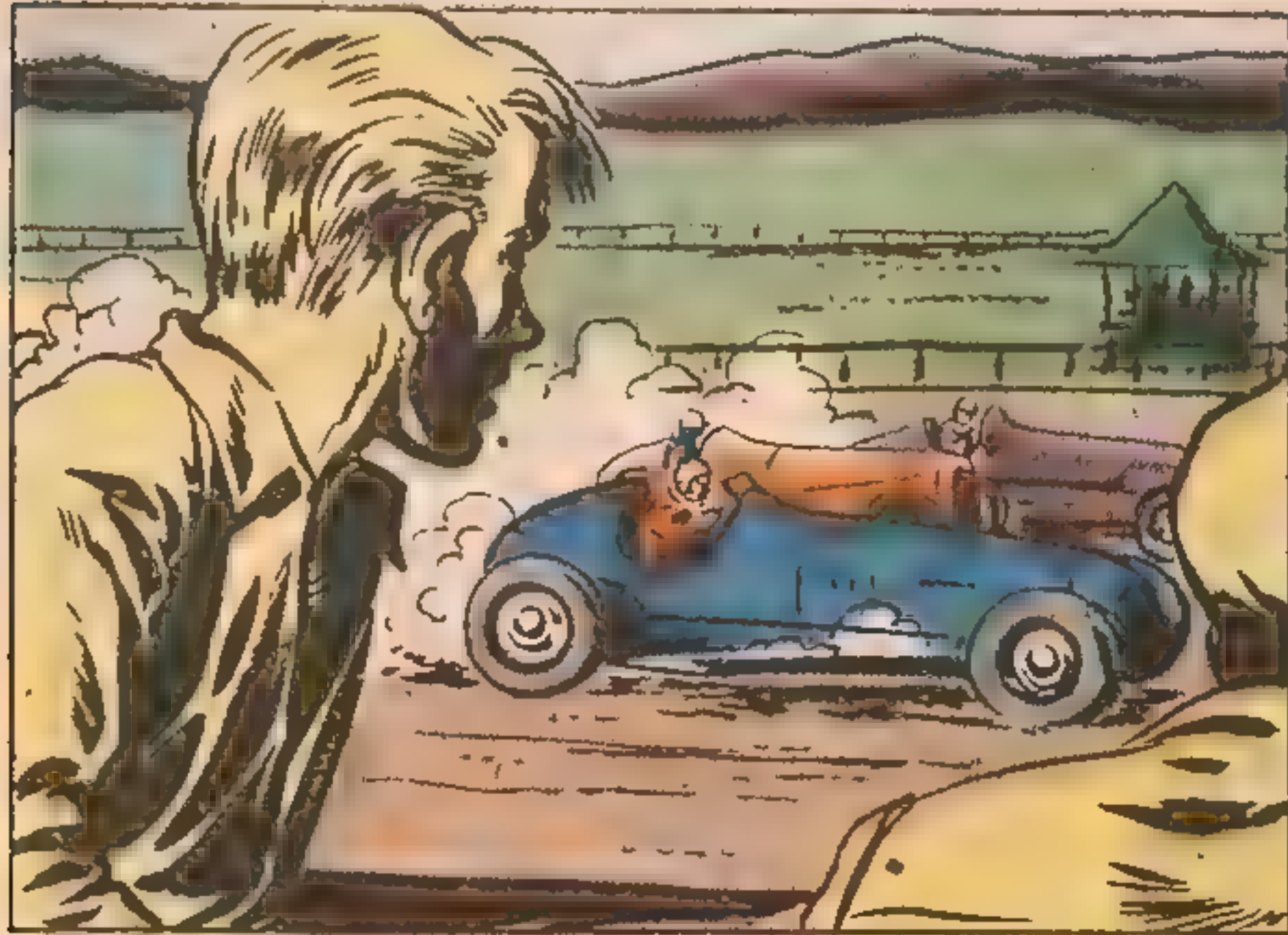
"MOTORS DIDN'T KILL ME, BUT THEY COST ME MY BEST GIRL...IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT THE FOLLOWING WINTER... WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO A DANCE..."



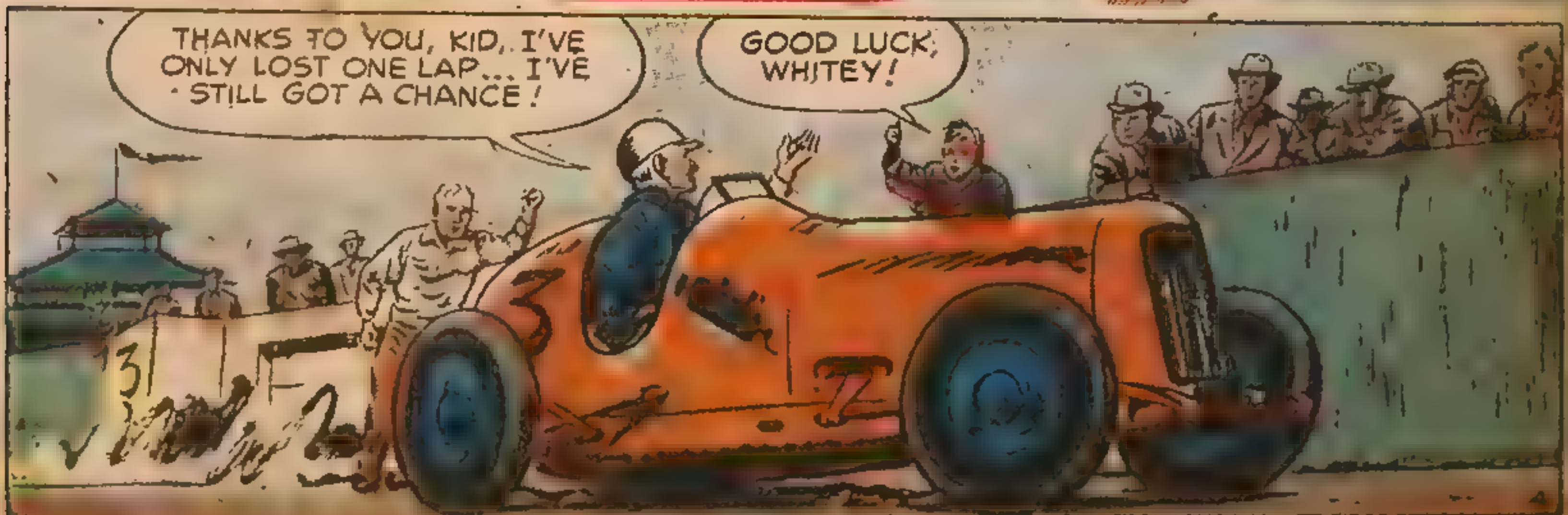
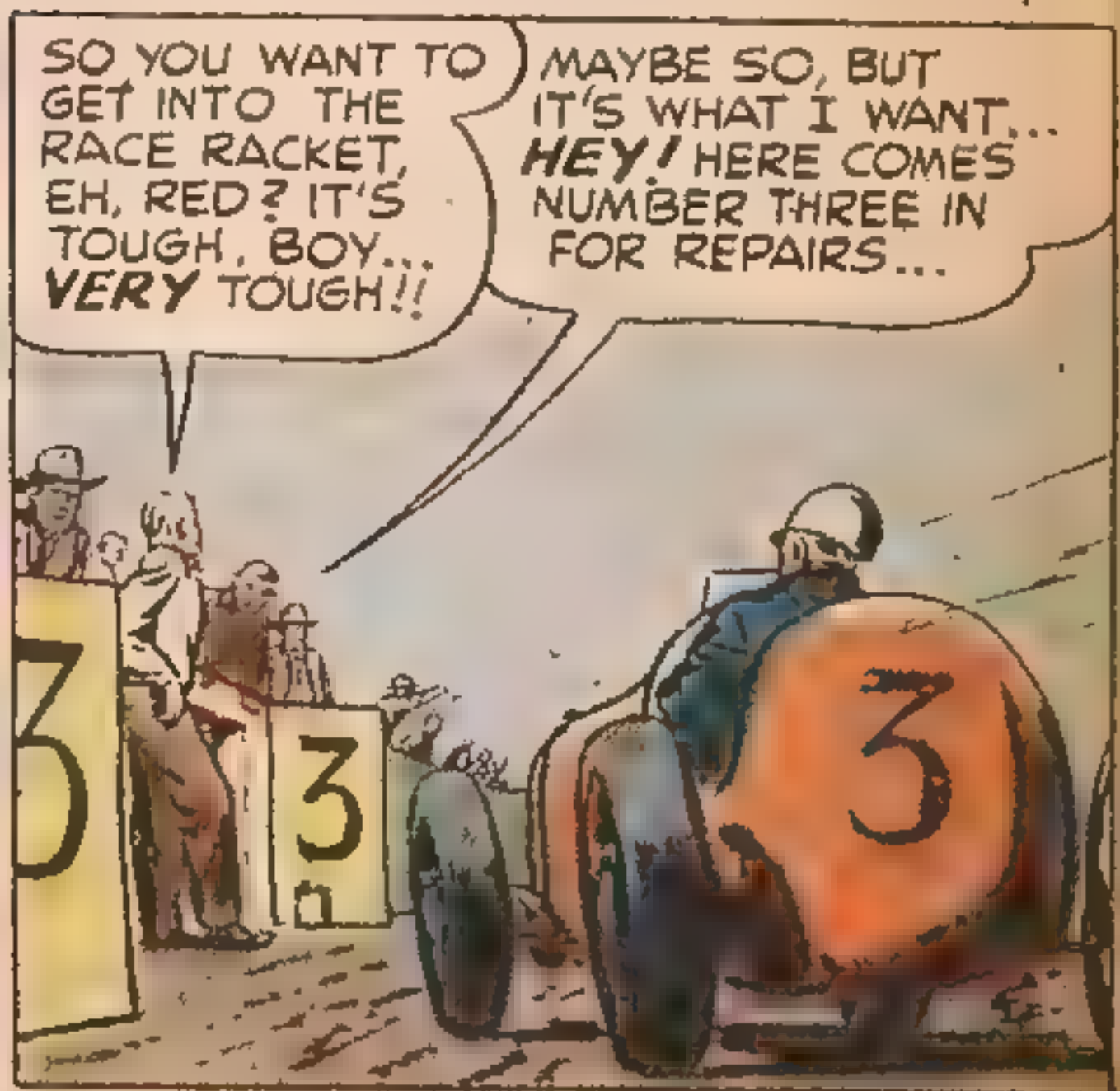
"HEH! HEH! IT WAS, TOO! SHE NEVER EVEN SPOKE TO ME AGAIN! WELL... AFTER THAT I STAYED ON THE FARM AND CONTINUED MESSING AROUND WITH MOTORS UNTIL THE FOLLOWING FALL, THEN..."



"THE RACES WERE SWELL! WHAT A THRILL! ALL I COULD DO THAT FIRST DAY WAS GAPE!"



"THEN THE NEXT DAY I BEGAN TO HANG AROUND THE SERVICE PITS."



YOU'RE IN, KID! A GUY THAT CAN SPOT THE TROUBLE AS FAST AS YOU DID IS THE GUY WE NEED! IT PAYS TWENTY A WEEK, GRUB, AND A PLACE TO SLEEP!

YOU MEAN ... (GULP)... A JOB?

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, AIN'T IT?

I'LL SAY IT IS! YIPPEEEEE! WAIT'LL I BREAK THE NEWS TO MOM AND POP!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE FAIR PULLS UP STAKES...

SO YOU'RE GOING WITH THE RACING CARS, SON! WELL IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY!

SAME HERE, RED! I FIGGERED YOU'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS SOME DAY... GOOD LUCK TO YOU, BOY!

YOU'RE BOTH SWELL! THANKS! ER... I GUESS I'LL BE LEAVING WHEN THE FAIR CLOSES!

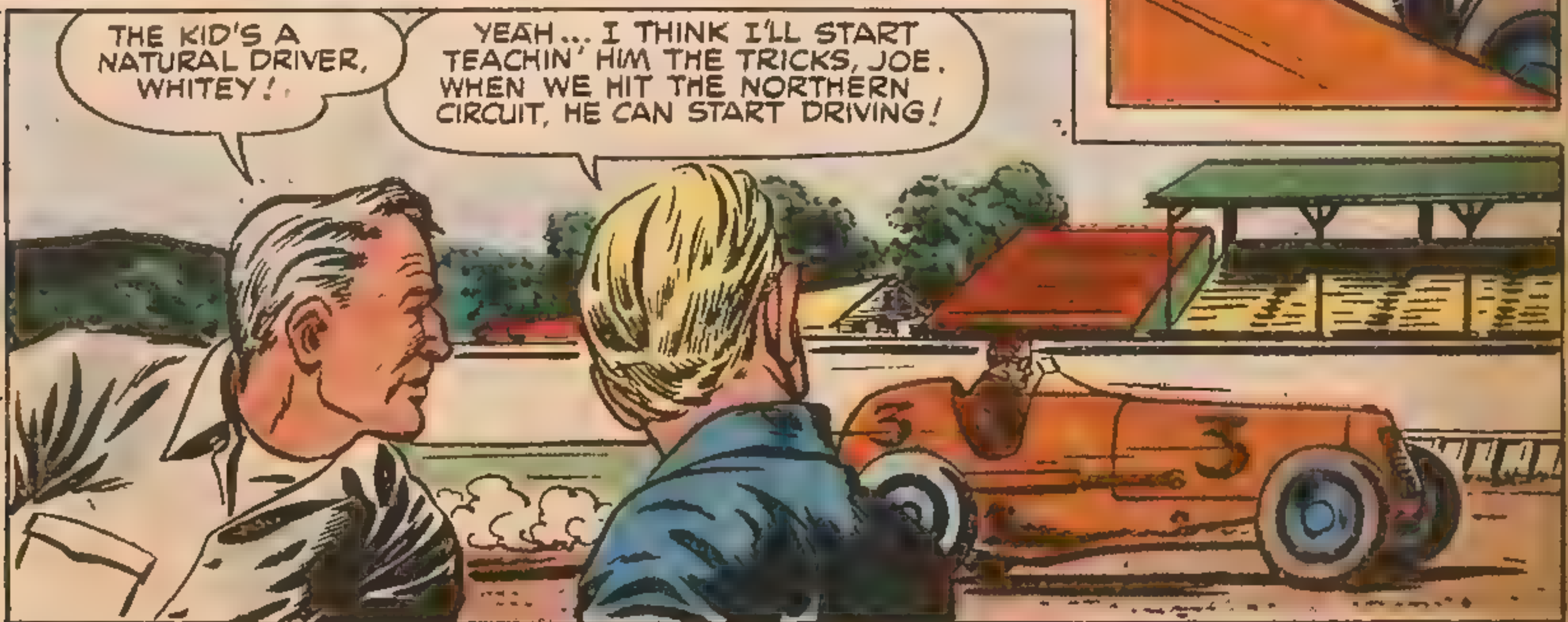
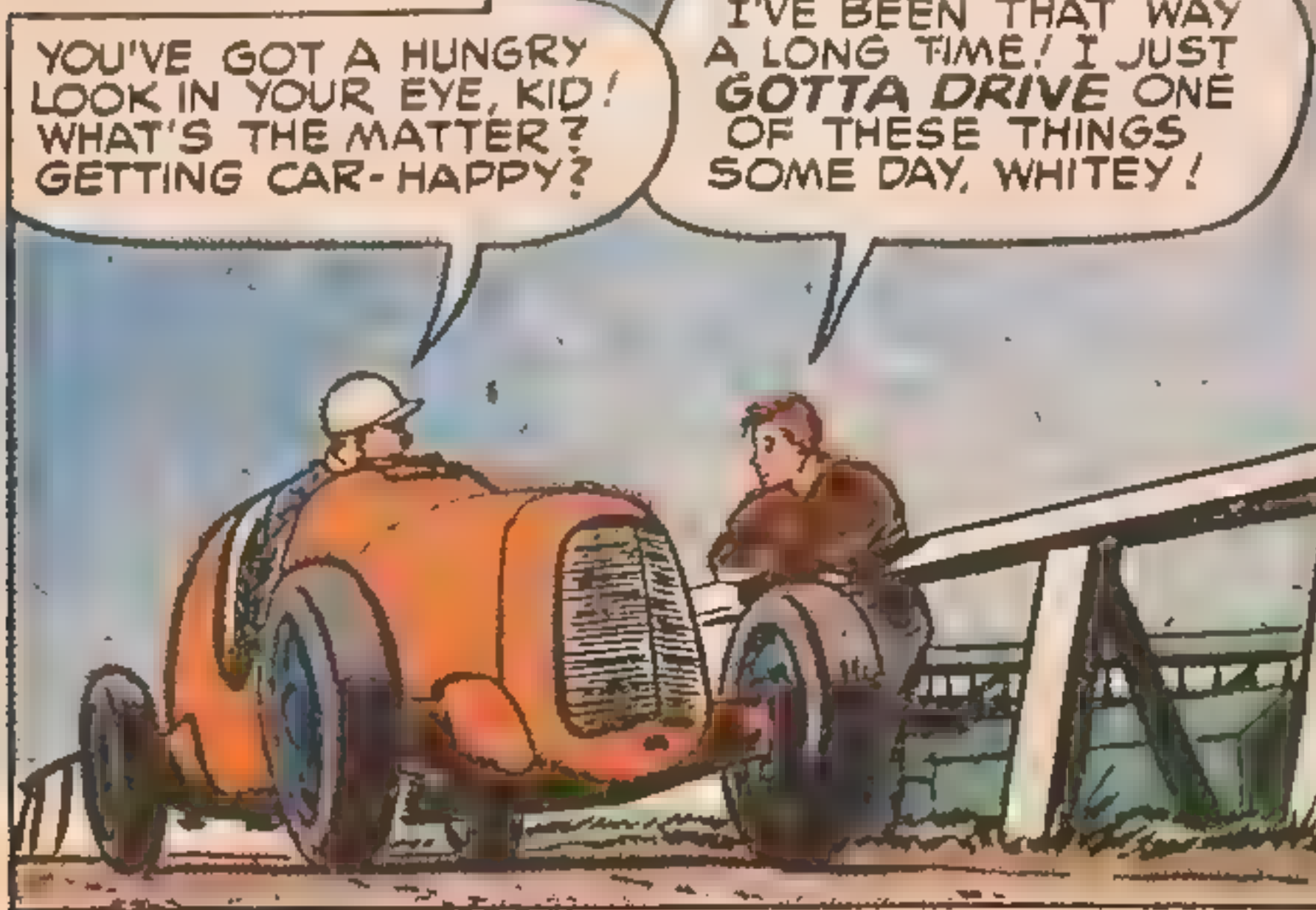
TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THIS JOINT, RED. YOU'LL HAVE THE DUST OF TEN THOUSAND MILES OF CINDER TRACK UNDER YOUR FEET BEFORE YOU SEE IT AGAIN!

YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!

"ALL THAT FALL AND WINTER WE FOLLOWED THE FAIRS, AND FROM MAINE TO MISSISSIPPI IT WAS JUST ONE DIRT OR CINDER TRACK AFTER ANOTHER!"

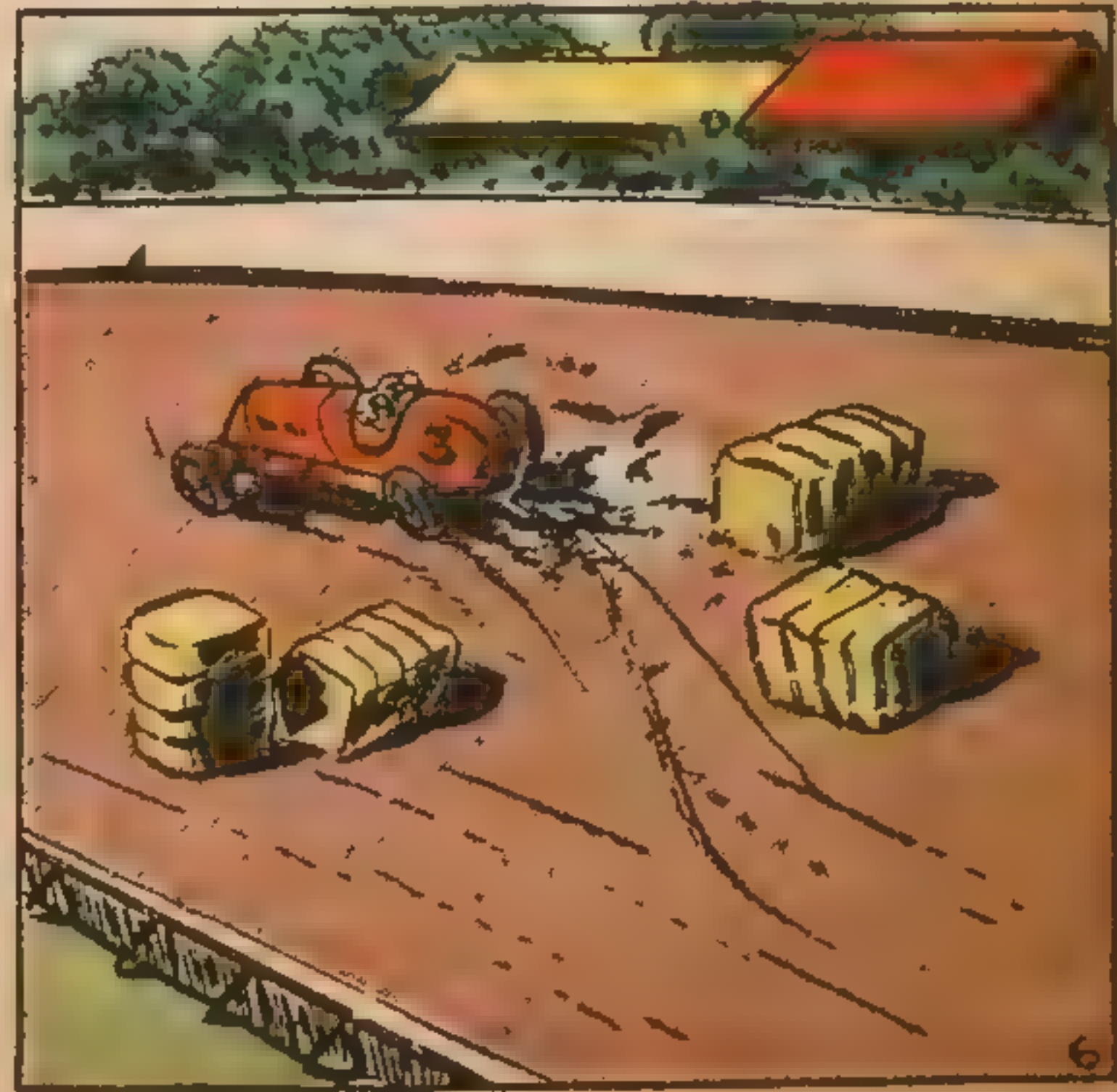
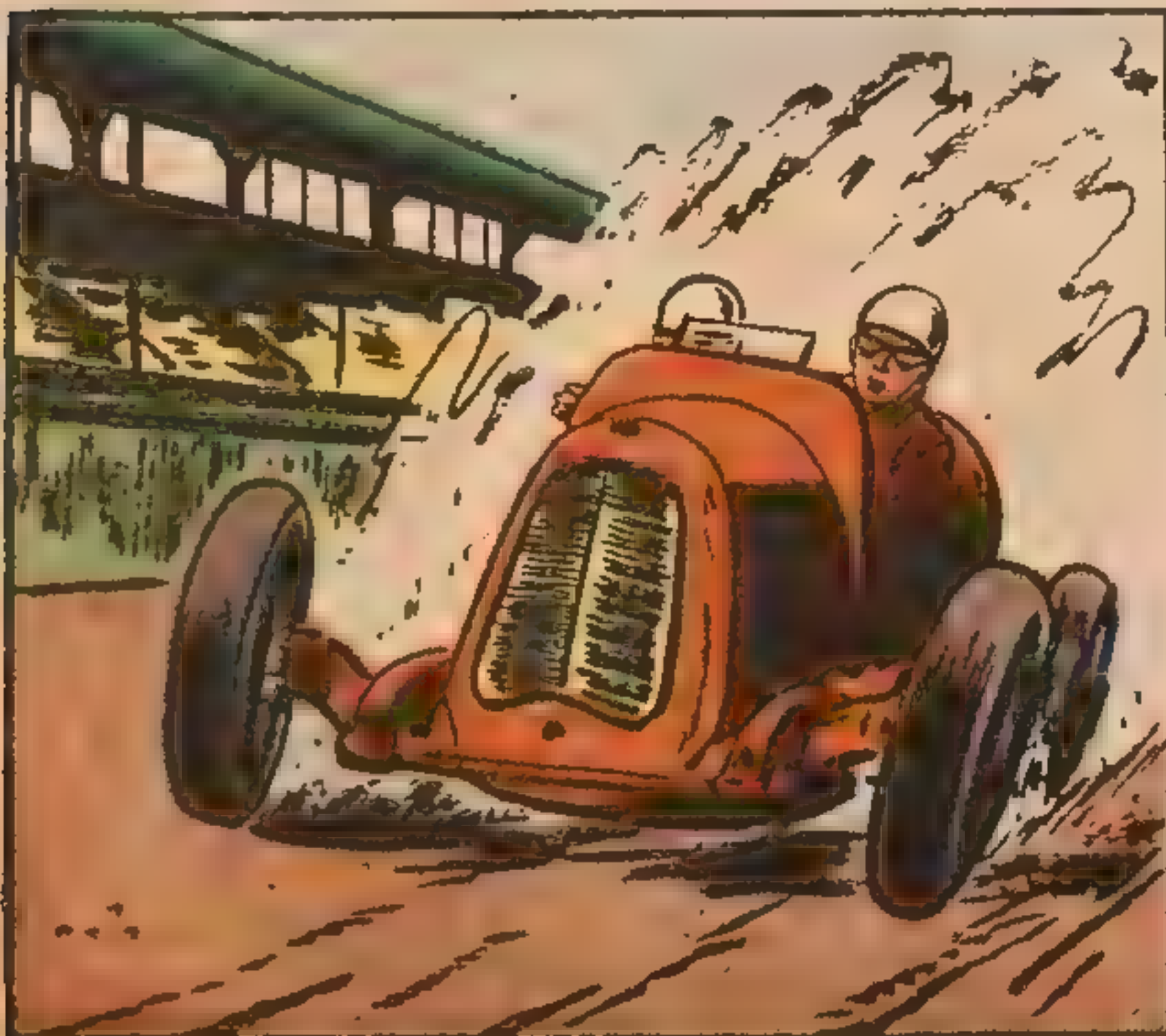
"AND ALL THIS TIME I'D BEEN LEARNING THAT THE RACING CAR IS THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE MOTOR WORLD. WHEN A PLEASURE JITNEY BREAKS DOWN, IT'S A JOB FOR A MECHANIC, BUT, WHEN A RACING MOTOR CONKS OUT... IT REQUIRES A SURGEON!"

"I WAS LEARNING TO DRIVE THOSE POWERHOUSES, TOO! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FIRST TIME... WHITEY, OUR DRIVER, HAD JUST PULLED IN WITH NUMBER 3 AFTER A TRIAL SPIN..."

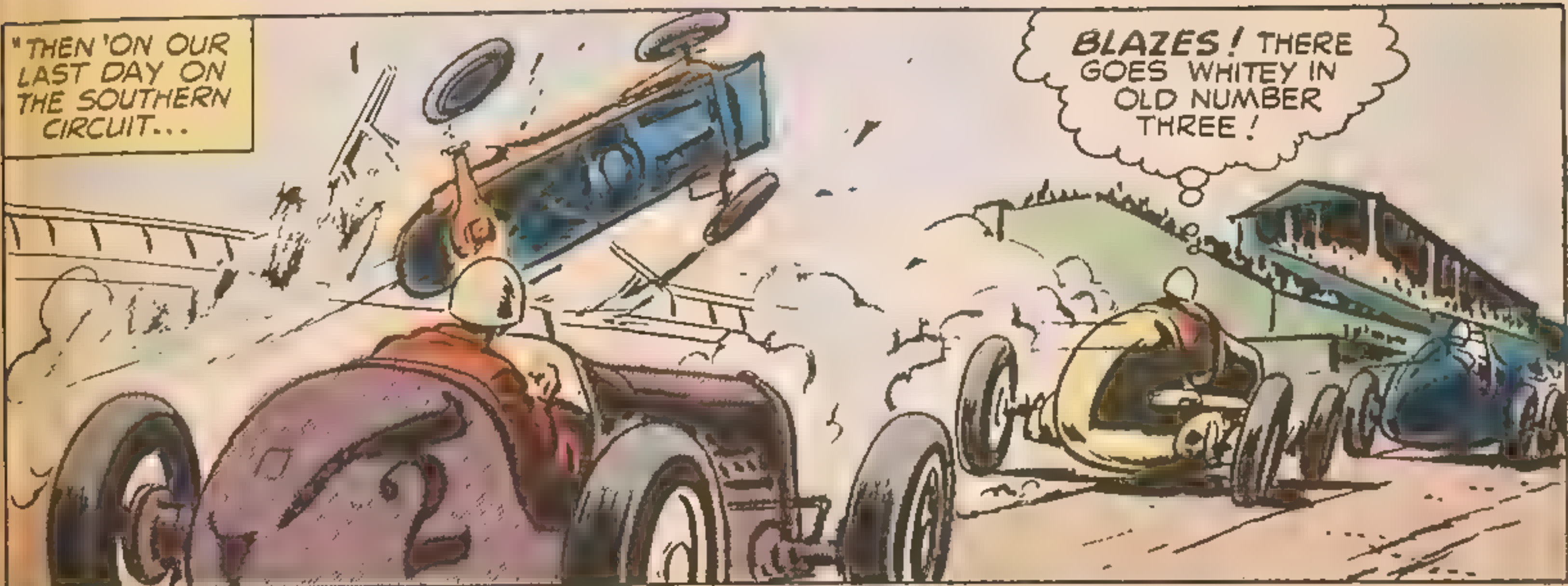


"AND WHITEY DID TEACH ME THE TRICKS... HOW TO TAKE A CURVE ON A DIRT TRACK-- BUT FAST!!"

"HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HOLES WHEN THERE'S A CRACKUP AHEAD..."



"THEN 'ON OUR
LAST DAY ON
THE SOUTHERN
CIRCUIT..."



BLAZES! THERE
GOES WHITEY IN
OLD NUMBER
THREE!



WHITEY!
WHITEY!

TAKE A DEEP
BREATH, KID.
THIS AIN'T GONNA
BE PRETTY!



SORRY,
MEN...
IT'S ALL
OVER!

NO! NO!!
IT CAN'T
BE! NOT
WHITEY!

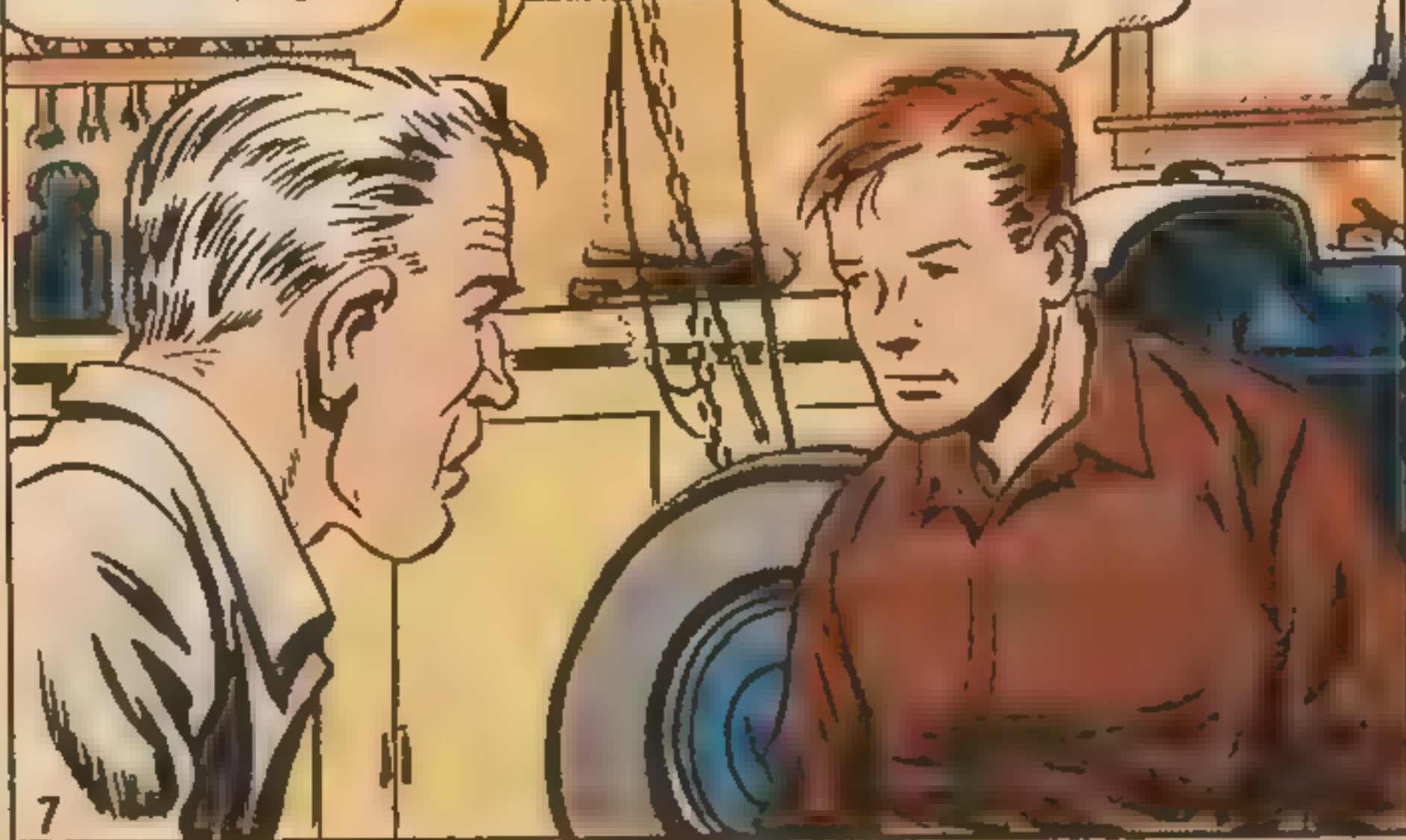
EASY, KID! YOU
HEARD WHAT
THE MAN SAID...
WHITEY'S DEAD!

"IN THE SHORT WHILE WE HAD BEEN
TOGETHER, WHITEY HAD PROVED HIMSELF
A GOOD AND TRUE FRIEND... I HATED
TO SEE HIM GO..."



WELL, KID... WHITEY'S GONE...
BUT YOU AND ME, WE HAVE
TO GO ON LIVIN'... IF YOU
STILL WANT TO BE A RACING
DRIVER, NOW'S THE TIME TO
SPEAK UP!

YOU KNOW ME, JOE!
THE ITCH IS THERE AND
IT'S TOO DEEP TO
SCRATCH! WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT ON YOUR
MIND?



WELL, RED... THE AMBITION OF ALL OF US "HOT-ROD" MEN IS TO SEE A CAR OF OUR OWN IN THE 500 MILE INDIANAPOLIS SPEED CLASSIC. THAT'S THE **BIG TIME!** AND NOW, AFTER 40 YEARS OF FOLLOWING THE TRACKS I'VE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO BUY THE CAR TO WIN IT! I WANT **YOU** BEHIND THE WHEEL, KID!



THIS IS JANUARY... WE GOT UNTIL MAY 30, NEARLY FIVE MONTHS TO BUY THE CAR AND GET YOU AND IT INTO SHAPE. WHAT D'YA SAY?

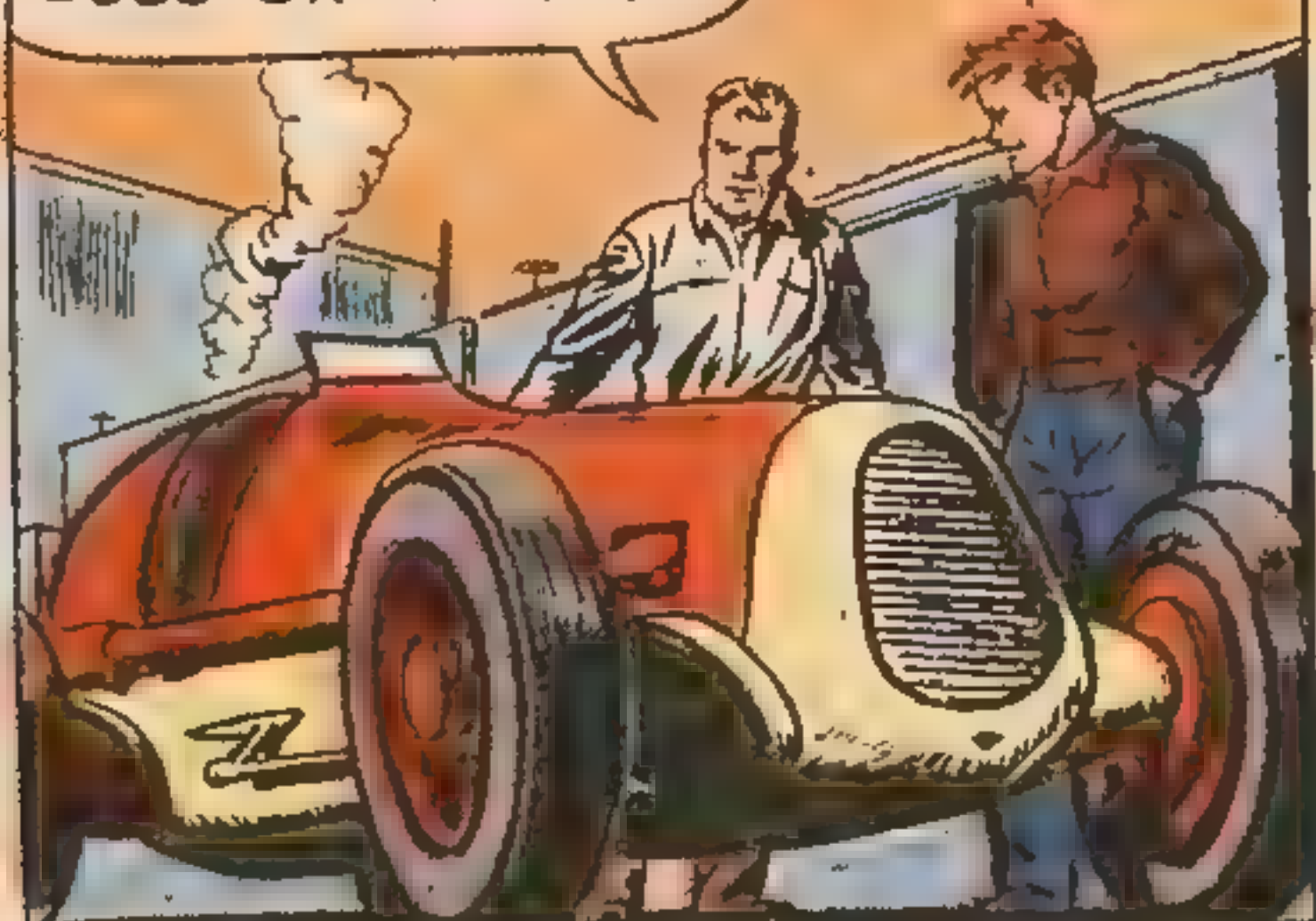
IT'S A DEAL!



"AND SO JOE BOUGHT THE NEW CAR..."

THERE SHE IS, KID. AN ITALIAN MADE MASERATI! ONE OF THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL JOBS ON WHEELS!

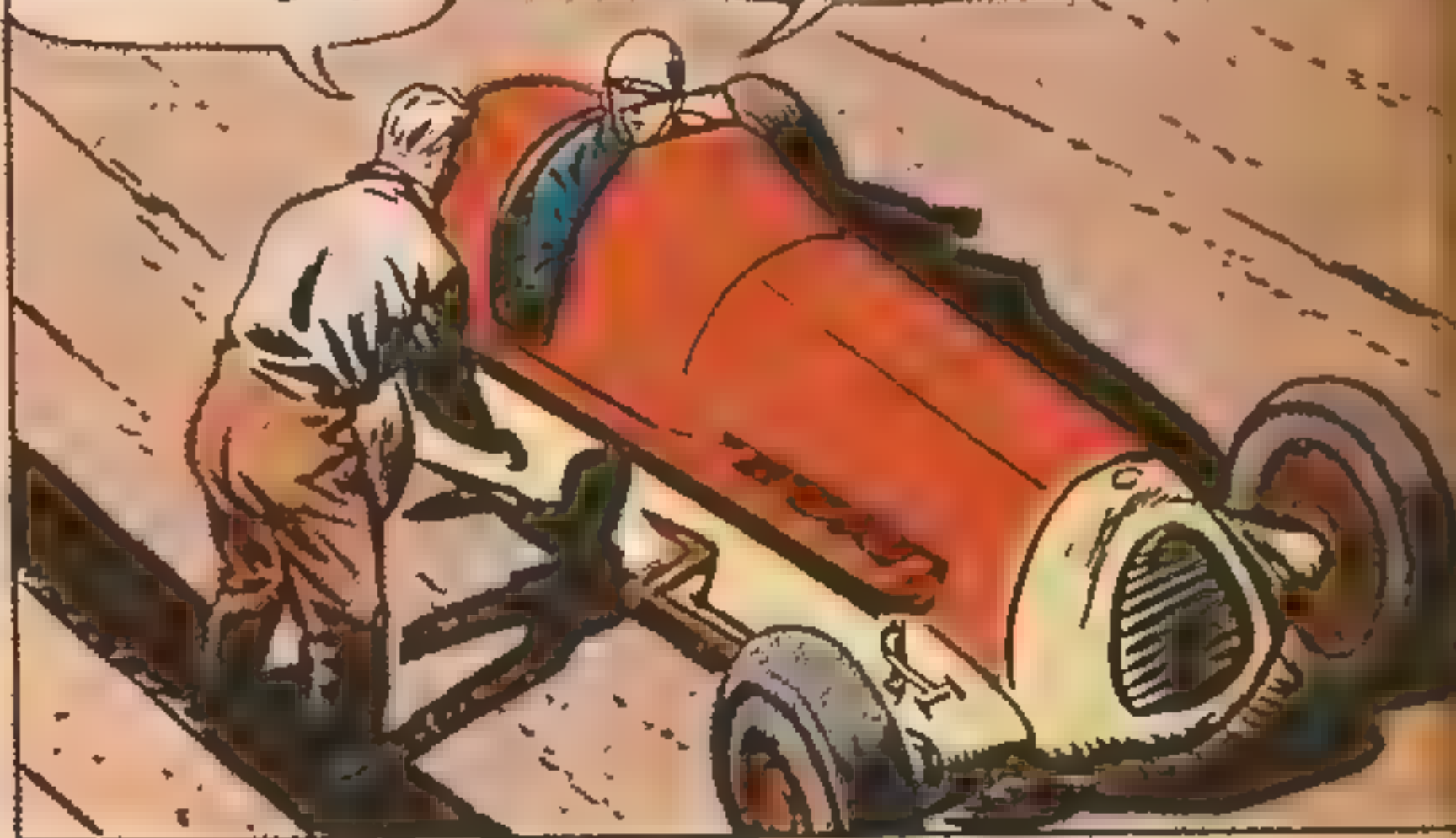
SHE'S A BRUTE, ALL RIGHT, JOE!



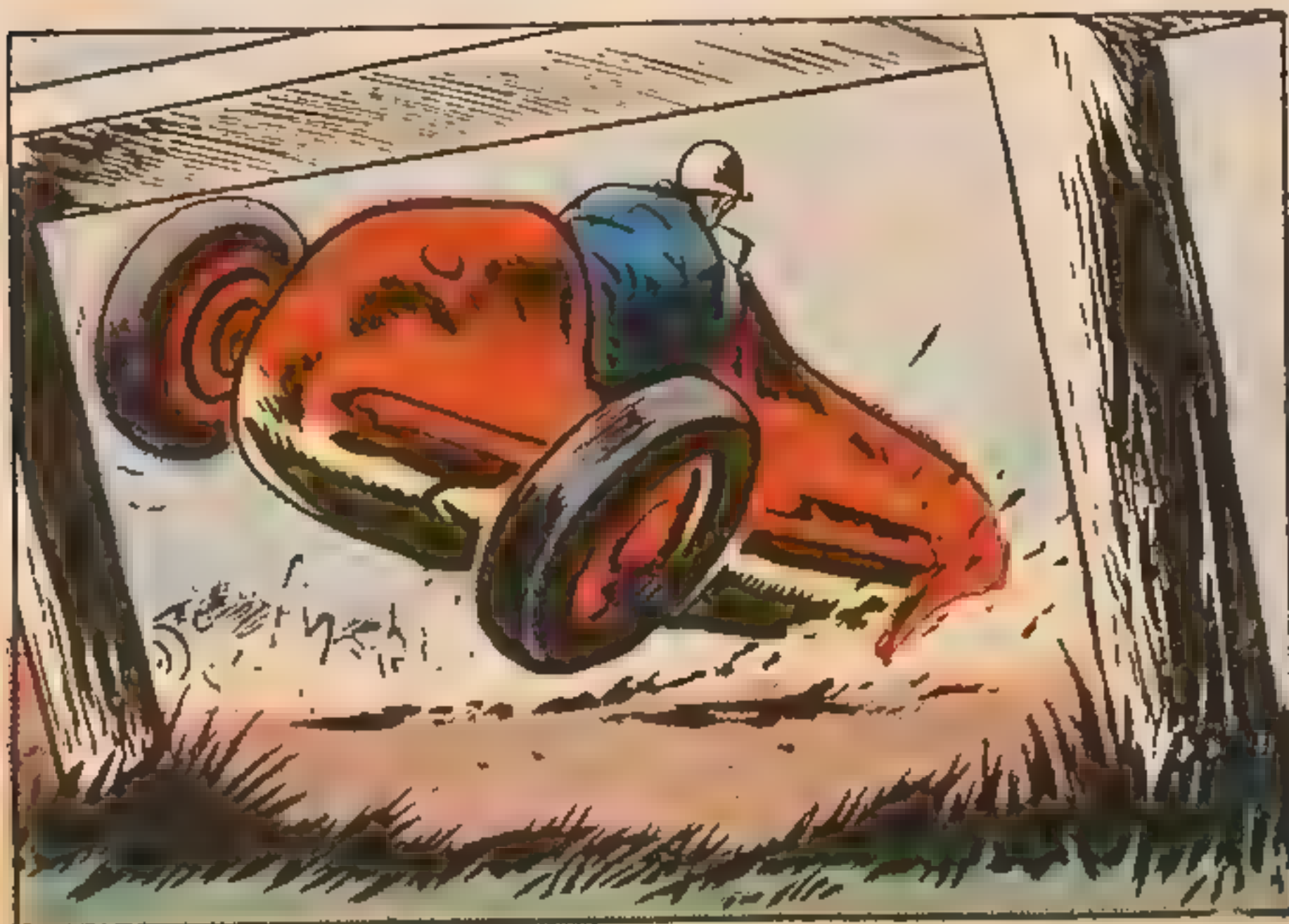
"WE FUSSED OVER THAT CAR LIKE IT WAS A NEW-BORN BABY, AND BY THE TIME THE INDIANAPOLIS CLASSIC ROLLED AROUND WE WERE READY... ALL THREE OF US."

GOOD LUCK, KID... AND HAPPY LANDINGS!

THANKS, JOE! GOLLY! THIS IS IT! THIS IS **REALLY** IT!

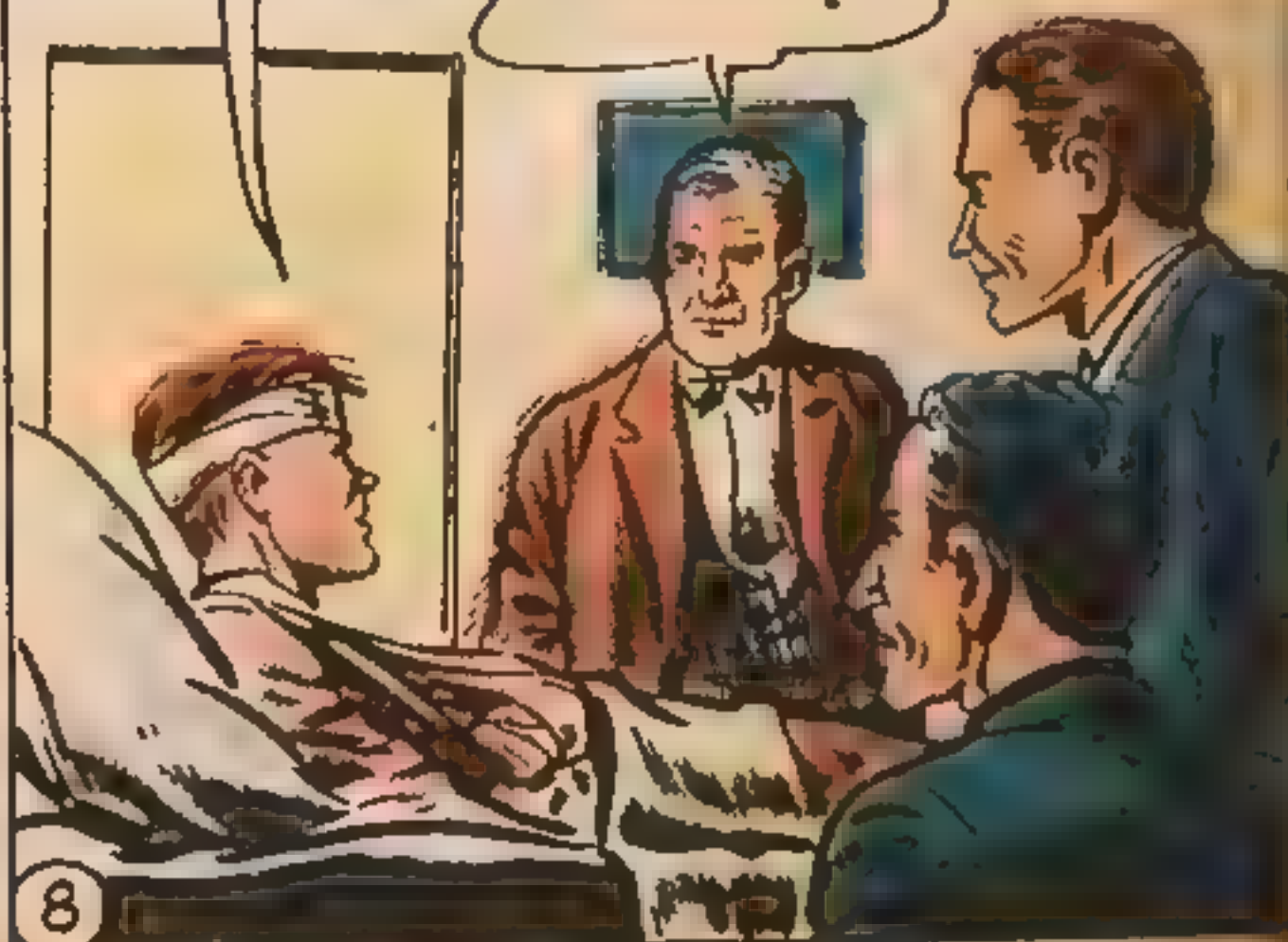


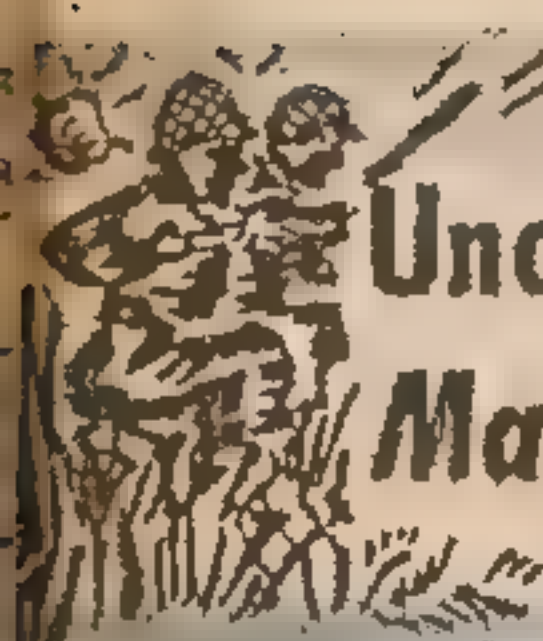
"THE MASERATI AND I WERE DOING SWELL UNTIL THAT BLOWOUT IN THE LAST LAP THREW US INTO A SPIN- AND I COULDN'T BRING HER OUT OF IT..."



IT FINISHED US FOR THIS YEAR, BUT WE'LL FIX UP THE MASERATI - AND NEXT YEAR WE'LL BE BACK! YES SIR! NEXT YEAR WE'LL **REALLY** BURN UP THE ROAD!

RIGHT!!





Uncle Sam bought 'em for his
Marines—now **YOU** can have 'em
SUPER BARGAIN!
WHILE THEY LAST!



Their handsome
jungle green
canvas tops can
be worn at the
full 12-inch
height—or half-
laced and smart-
ly folded down

Genuine
**“JUNGLE
BOOTS”**

Expertly Built to the U. S. Government's Ex-
acting Specifications for Our Crack Marines

- LIGHTWEIGHT FOR COMFORT!
- CHAMPIONS FOR TOUGH WEAR!
- WATER-REPELLENT AND INSECT-PROOF!
- ABSOLUTELY ROT AND MOLD RESISTANT!
- 12-INCHES HIGH FOR EASY SUPPORT AND COZY PROTECTION!

Note The Thick, Non-Slip Rubber Soles!

OUTFIT THE FAMILY! Sizes for Women and Boys as well as

Order several pairs — since these SUPER-BARGAINS will never happen along again! That's because every pair is genuine U. S. Government War Surplus BRAND NEW and worth much, much more — yet they're yours for only \$1.99 a pair if you act fast. These are QUALITY boots in every detail — built to give the easy-going comfort and lasting service Uncle Sam insists upon for his fighting men. So don't be misled by this ridiculously low price! We're positive you'll never again have a chance to invest \$1.99 so wisely — and remember, the more pairs you order the more money you'll save!

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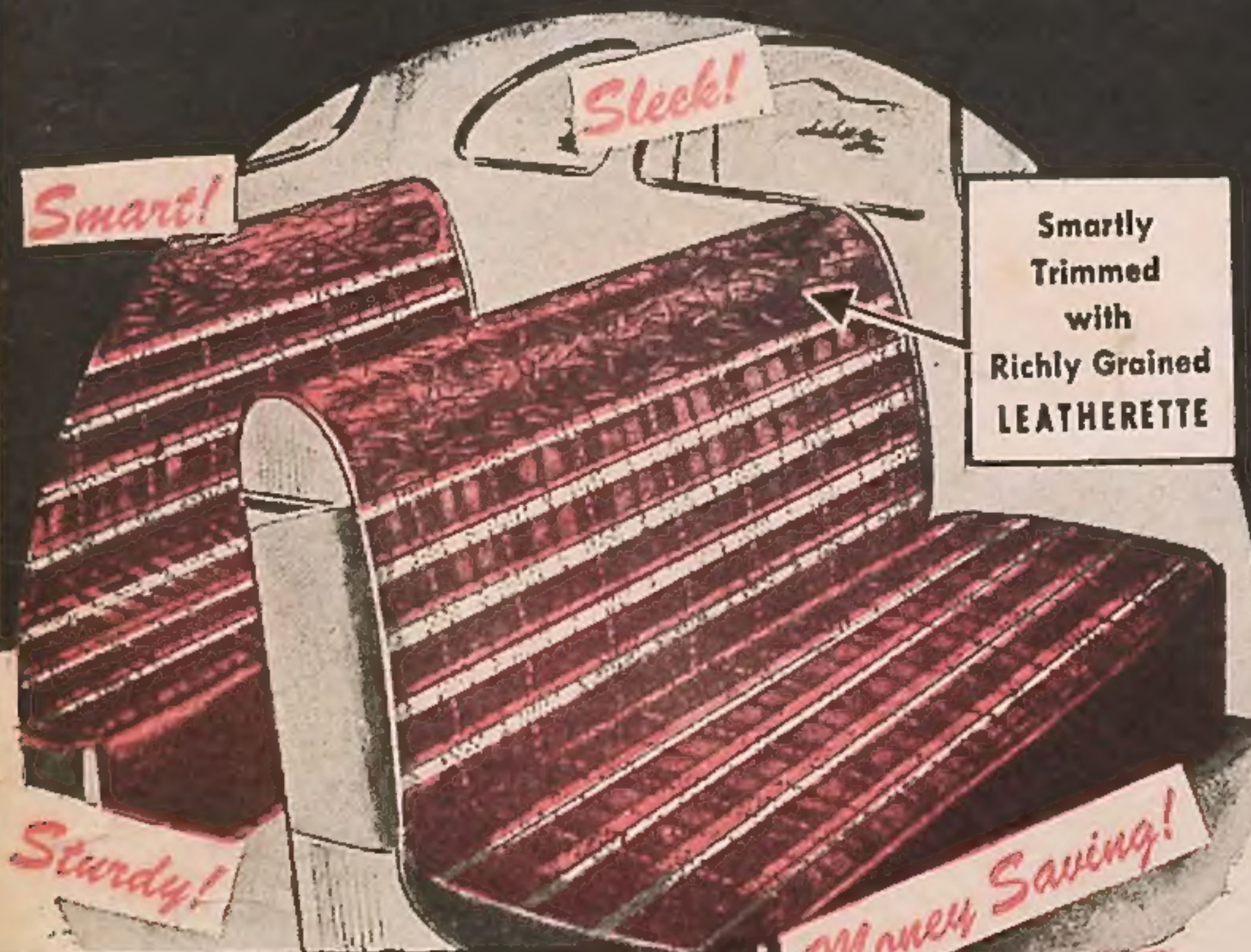
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